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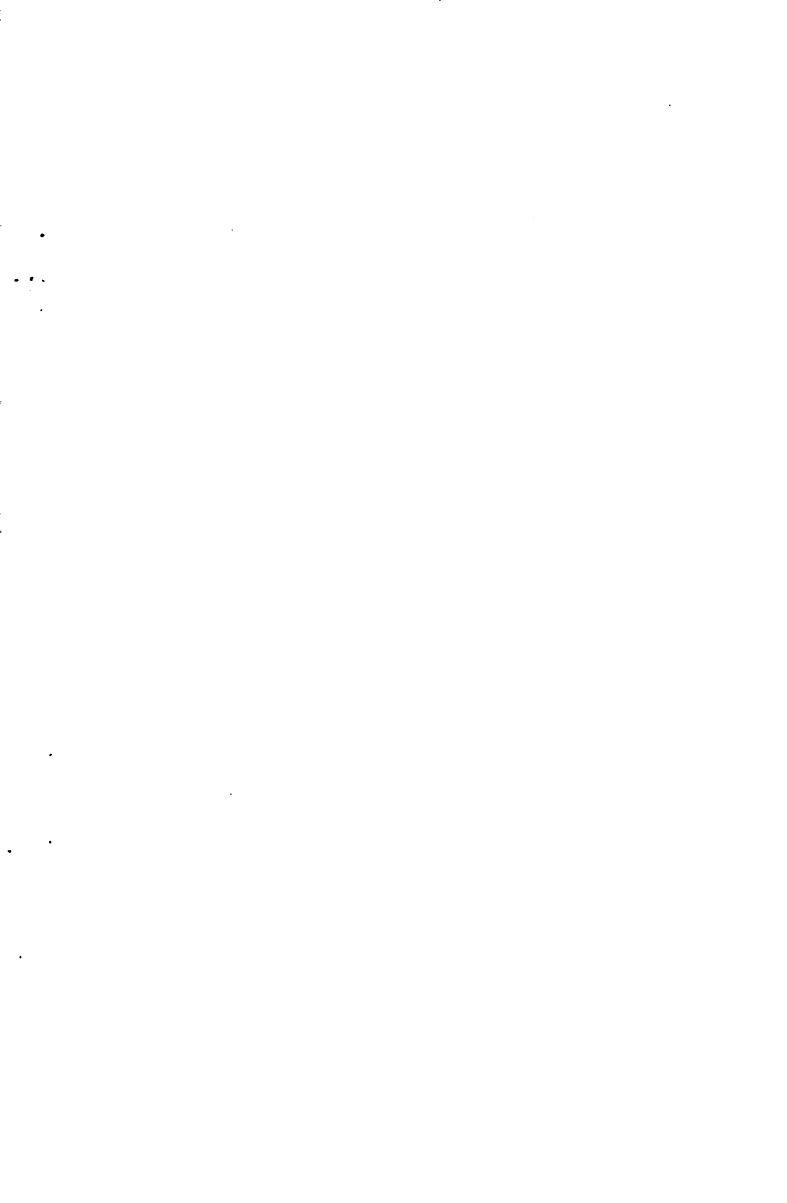
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FROM

C. F. Batchelder.....

.....Cambridge.....

.....





# THE TOKEN



FOR  
1834

Designed by A. M. Hoffman

Engraved by E. G. Gardner



# THE TOKEN

AND

## ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH.

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES BOWEN.

MDCCCXXXIV.





47 \* 25

**ENTERED**, according to Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, by **SAMUEL G. GOODRICH**, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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7

1833

## P R E F A C E .

It is now the seventh occasion upon which the Token has come before the public to solicit a share of attention and favor. While many of its companions, and some of its rivals, have ceased in their career, this work has been sustained, and with the generous aid of the community, we hope still to continue it.

We have before stated that the encouragement was inadequate to the great labor, risk, and expense of the publication. When it is considered that each edition of the work requires an investment of nearly fifteen thousand dollars, and that every process of the mechanical, as well as literary department, demands a degree of care, bestowed upon few other publications ; it is easy to perceive that at best the work is attended with a degree of hazard and responsibility, which nothing but the most liberal patronage on the part of the public could compensate.

In general, we have no reason to complain of the return which has been made for our exertions. If our pecuniary reward has been slight, the voice of approbation has cheered and sustained us ; and in spite of the vulgar preference, given by the poet to 'solid pudding' over what he deems 'empty praise,' so long as Providence gives us the strength, and the public bestow upon us their encouragement, we propose to continue our labors.

We have one thing to ask of the critics—the newspaper critics—on the part of our publisher. If they deem our work worthy of their notice, and meet with faults which merit exposure, we pray them not to permit their just indignation to overstep the modesty of truth and reason. We say this, with reference to some particular cases, in which injury has been done by the grossest misrepresentation. An editor in New York, in noticing the *Token* of 1833, declared among other things equally untrue, that a great part, and the best part of the volume, had been published before. The only foundation for an assertion so broad and so injurious was this; a single piece of poetry, consisting of two pages only, in the absence of the editor to Europe, was inserted, the same having been before in print, but without the knowledge of the individual who superintended the press.

So far as editorial character or feeling may be concerned, this matter is of little consequence; and on this score alone, the subject would never have been noticed. But the publisher cannot properly be silent, when, as in the case referred to, injurious misrepresentation is widely circulated, and by being copied and recopied, is made to send its blasting influence as far as a volume of his work may chance to stray.

We have before said that these remarks had a particular reference, and we are solicitous that they should be understood as restricted to the few cases alluded to. In general our work has met with courtesy at the hands of the critics, and where defects or faults have been noticed, they have been noticed with candor. We take leave of the subject, in the hope that the present volume may have the good fortune of its predecessors, and that in future we may have no occasion to feel that jealous rivalry or insidious malice, has been permitted to deprive us of any merited share of public favor.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Presentation Plate, designed for the Token, by G. Harvey,  
and engraved by O. Pelton.
2. Fancy Title Page, painted by A. M. Huffan, and engraved  
by E. Gallaudet.
3. Why don't he come? engraved by John Cheney . . . . . 25
4. Benares, drawn by W. Purser, engraved by J. B. Neagle . . . 49
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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Token should be forwarded as early as the first of April, addressed to S. G. Goodrich, care of Charles Bowen. The contributors are requested to keep copies of their articles sent to the editor, as it is impossible for him to undertake to return them, should they not be inserted.

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# THE TOKEN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

So shifting and so various is the plan,  
By which heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man :  
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,  
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud ;  
Business is labor, and man's weakness such,  
Pleasure is labor too, and tires as much.

COWPER.

THE season for presenting to the public our Annual Token, may justify some reflections, perhaps of a more sombre cast, than are usually expected in such a publication.

If the reflections shall seem to be more sad than wise, if the picture shall appear to be too dark, if the representation, indeed, shall appear to be a shade in the picture of human life, and not the whole picture, let it be freely confessed that the intention is to make it such. It cannot be amiss to look at life in its parts, to take our impression sometimes from its brighter, and sometimes from its darker features, to yield to the varying moods of passing seasons and circumstances.



A year of changes has brought us to that epoch, which, as we mark it down in our tablets, emphatically reminds us, 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.' The 'happy new year' season, as it is of pleasure and felicitation, celebrated with festival and song, is yet a striking and solemn memento; and he must be dull, indeed, who can write, for the first time, the number that designates it, without a passing touch at least, of serious emotion. It reminds him how far he has gone up, on the scale of the dread century's progress; what a floating atom he is upon the tide of passing ages; and how soon the frail records of time, which he strews like leaves upon the dark wave, will be swallowed up forever. It is a memento of change, of instability, of uncertainty; of weary labors, of unsatisfying pursuits, of social bereavements, of a world whose fashion passeth away. Let it be true, that it is a memento of other things; our present design and mood lead us to say, that it is a memento of these.

As we gather up the confused impressions of the past, as the great scene of worldly toil, and turmoil, and vicissitude passes in review before us; as we meditate upon the many things, the many events, which seem as if they revolved in eternal circles, tending to nothing and producing nothing, we are ready to exclaim with the ancient preacher, 'all things are full of labor; man cannot utter it. The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he rose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually: and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full : into the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.'

Thus is revolution, change, instability, written upon all things. The law is impressed on every varying form of nature. It is taught in the revolving skies. It comes up from the heaving depths of ocean. It is proclaimed in the convulsions of the earth ; it is whispered in the stirring of the elements. The seasons change. The secret powers of nature are ever at work, and every instant are producing new forms, new combinations, new appearances. If we repose and rest, every thing is in motion about us ; and the world in which we wake is no longer the world in which we slept. If thought passes in its busy career, or recreates itself with idle and airy visions, yet nature's mighty work goes on ; the circulating air, the rolling ocean, the springing or the decaying plant, the waving forest, the flowing river, the bursting fountains, are all undergoing momentary changes.

The elements, too—what a visitation of mystery and change, of mingled violence and gentleness, is theirs ! Fair visions of beauty and life, sweet and silent influences distilling, as the dew, soft breathings of balmy odors and heavenly melodies, spread themselves through all our senses, like the invisible wind, swaying the chords of an Æolian harp. But rougher touches proclaim other and sterner uses. The elements minister discipline with pleasure. They often incommode ; they sometimes alarm us. We are during a considerable portion of our lives suffering from the inconveniences

of climate, and the incessant changes of nature; panting in the heats of summer, or shivering amidst the chills of winter, drenched with the rain, or parched with the drought; our footsteps weary in the day time, or stumbling in the darkness of the night. And often, too, the earthly pilgrim's path lies through storm and tempest, through dangers by flood and fire, through whirlwinds and tornadoes, through regions ploughed by the thunder of heaven, and the volcano on earth; where the lightning flashes, and the earthquake rends; where those tokens are, of Almighty power, at which 'the dwellers in the uttermost parts of the earth are afraid.'

And thus it is, that in the very processes of nature, powers are at work, and results are produced, which in some form and at some time or other, proclaim to all men their insecurity, and from which all human safeguards are vain. There are vicissitudes, from which riches, if we had them, can purchase no immunity, and from which sagacity, though we were ever so wise, can invent no escape; vicissitudes which alike confound knowledge and ignorance, and baffle strength and imbecility.

Man's task, too, in the toiling world, when he makes himself but a part of that world; man's task, what is it but motion, action, change, forever returning upon itself; a ceaseless revolution which never carries him beyond the circle of his absolute or artificial necessities? And from these necessities, moreover, there is no exemption. Every human hand is stretched out to procure something that is wanted, or to ward off some-

thing that is feared. The case even of boundless wealth, furnishes no exception to this law, for it brings in equal proportion, the care of preserving, and the fear of losing it. And then, for the mass of mankind, behold the scene of their labors, and behold the result. Behold factories multiply, establishments increase, engines, inventions lend their assistance; behold the earth and ocean vexed with human toil, and the ten thousand wheels of commerce busy, and for what? To obtain for man repose? No; but to procure relief, to meet the demands, no matter whether real or factitious, barely to meet the demands of necessity. All the energies of life are wasted, and to what end? barely to live. All the possessions of life are accumulated, and to what purpose? to be cared for, to be borne about with us for a little season, then to be laid aside, like the habiliments of a weary day. The entire physical energies of life are put in requisition to support life; and at last they fail even of that; so that there is not only perpetual toil, but toil which in the end is fruitless and unavailing.

Is the condition of the world within, of the mental world, any better? We are speaking, indeed, of the world as it is, and not as it should be; of the world of the many, and not of the few: is it any better governed or brought to any better account, than the world of man's fortunes and toils? The inward world is as truly as the outward, a world of changes. It is, indeed, *more* variable and restless, more fluctuating than the sea, more wayward than the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Its workings are more unwearied than the

toiling hands, or all the instruments of toil, or all the swift and untiring engines of industry. Every feeling is desire, or is satiety. Every passion is inflamed with pursuit, or pained with excess. Every mind, in the worldly crowd, is either hurrying in the swift career of exertion, or is pausing, weary, unquiet, unsatisfied at the goal of attainment. Success is a stimulus to greater efforts; disappointment an apology for complaints and lamentations. The condition of pleasure is never to have enough; of pain, alas! ever to have too much. Ambition sees more than it can gain; discouragement sees nothing that it can gain. Wealth has cares, poverty has necessities, and it is sometimes difficult to tell whether the cares or the necessities are the greater burden, and occasion the greater disquietude; and whether the pride of wealth, or the murmuring of poverty is the less easy and comfortable disposition.

What state of mind, or of the affections then is there, whether desired or deprecated, that may not minister to our annoyance, if that holy principle which brings satisfaction, and strength, and harmony to the soul, be wanting. Knowledge may perplex our curiosity, and ignorance disturb our fear. Mediocrity of talent, failure in a profession, is commonly considered as an occasion of intolerable disquietude; but inferiority itself is not more agitating than the situation of a proud man, exalted in the public opinion, and obliged to satisfy the demands made upon an idolized reputation. Or will you look at the affections, and at the tenure and condition upon which they hold all the treasures of this imperfect state. What we value and highly prize, at

some time or other distresses us ; and what we dislike, of course, disturbs us. If we have friends, we are anxious ; if we have them not we are forlorn. If we have hopes we are agitated ; if we have not hope, we are depressed. If we desire, we want ; and wanting, we are uneasy. If we do not desire, we despair, and despairing, we are miserable. Nay, our very passions, however gratified, and our earthly possessions, though to the full, do of themselves, sometimes create the keenest sense of dissatisfaction and want.

Wilt thou turn, thou that seekest rest ! from the conflicting elements of nature, from the toils of the body and the mind, to society ? Wilt thou rely upon its connections, upon its ties of friendship and love ? How frail is thy reliance ! Here, too, are vicissitudes. Change which passes upon every thing else, passes also upon the world of society.

It falls to the lot of but few among us to feel in the full extent, this circumstance of vicissitude in society, for it is the lot only of a few, to live, till they have seen the great course of human affairs pass by them, and themselves monuments of the things that have been, rather than partakers of the things that are. But if any would understand how truly we ascribe vicissitude to this life, let his appeal be to such a one : ask the aged man, as he walks with cautious and feeble steps, in the paths, and among the abodes of a departed generation. He may not say, with the ancient patriarch, ' few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,' for *his* was a life of many and peculiar afflictions. But, ' what *changes*, will he say, have there been in the years of

my life ! How many things have come and gone, like the fluctuations of a troubled dream. Where are many with whom I began life, where are they,—the strong, the resolute, the generous, and good ? Gone ! gone ! Prayers could not bring them back to me ; I wept for them, but I could not save them ; my love clung to them, but the power that changes all was mightier than I.'

Mark the simplest indications of an old man's feelings as he walks abroad with you. He points you to a dwelling, but it is to tell you of things that were there, and are not. He walks over fair acres, but it is only to remind you that the possession has passed to other hands. It is this feeling, that things are no longer as they once were ; that nothing here can be relied on, which gives much of its sobriety, its tone of distrust and moderation, to the mind of an aged man. He feels that he lives amidst the relicts of change, amidst the tombs of the departed.

So it is with families. They rise, they flourish, only to be dispersed, to decline, to pass away ! One day, all was life and activity ; the vigor of youth and the promise of early hope. Sons were rushing forward into the busy career of life ; daughters were given in marriage, and the fond parent said, ' my house is established, and I shall never be moved.' Another day came ; the same sun rose in heaven, to shine upon their dwelling ; but whither have its inmates fled ? They wandered, and were forgotten ; they sickened and died ; or their abundance became impoverishment to them ; pride and independence were steps to indulgence and shame ;

they descended from the high paths of honor and virtue, till their name sunk below the undistinguished mass, to be a bye-word and a reproach. And assuredly never yet did the sun arise upon the living scene of prosperity, but it will arise another day to shine upon its ruins, or upon its grave!

And death, itself! the last change, great seal of mutability, consummation of earthly vicissitudes; death! what a change is that! How amazing, how mysterious! The passing, the indivisible instant, as if it were an infinite space, separates and parts asunder into their boundless extremes, moving and busy life, and the still and silent tomb; life with all its mighty energies, and death with its deep and dread insensibility. An instant passes, and 'lo! the wheel at the cistern is broken,' and ten thousand wheels in living motion stop: and all the complicated and wonderful mechanism of animated being, becomes, on the instant, cold and impassive clay. It moves no more, it thinks, it feels no more; it is no more than the senseless clod beneath our feet. An instant passes, and what a change! The heart that glowed with affection, is cold and unconscious; the tongue, that but an instant before, gave utterance to meaning words, is still and insensible; the countenance, where expression breathed over every feature, is a marble image; and the spirit, that gazes, as if it were gazing the soul away, through the dying eye; the spirit, but a moment since here, is gone forever! Yes, it is gone. It is not dead; these are not tokens, even to the eye of reason, of the spirit's death; it is not dead, but it is changed. It has gone onward in its course,



through the great revolutions of being. It has gone, where, to the faithful, all revolutions shall be, as they should be here, but the steps of the soul's progress ; where vicissitudes shall no more weary or bewilder, but only advance the mind ; where change comes not, but in the form of growing improvement ; where the years as they pass, shall cast no shadow, but the bright ages of happiness shall roll onward forever !

## THE OLD OAK.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

FRIEND of my early days, we meet once more !

Once more I stand thine aged boughs beneath,  
And hear again the rustling music pour,  
Along thy leaves, as whispering spirits breathe.

Full many a day of sunshine and of storm,

Since last we parted, both have surely known ;  
Thy leaves are thinn'd, decrepid is thy form,  
And all my cherish'd visions, they are flown.

How beautiful, how brief, those sunny hours,

Departed now, when life was in its spring,  
When Fancy knew no scene undeck'd with flowers,  
And Expectation flew on fancy's wing.

Here on the grass, beside this whispering stream,

Which still runs by as gladly as of yore,  
Marking its eddies I was wont to dream  
Of things away, on some far golden shore.

Then every whirling leaf and bubbling ball,

That floated by, was full of radiant thought ;  
Each link'd with love, had music at its call,  
And thrilling echoes to my bosom brought.

The bird that sang within this gnarled oak,  
The waves that dallied with its leafy shade,  
The mellow murmurs from its boughs that broke,  
Their joyous tribute to my spirit paid.

No phantom rose to tell of future ill,  
No grisly warning marr'd my golden dreams ;  
My heart translucent as the leaping rill,  
My thoughts were free and flashing as its beams.

Here is the grassy knoll I used to seek  
At summer noon, beneath the oaken shade,  
And watch the flowers that stoop'd with glowing  
cheek,  
To kiss the wanton ripples as they play'd.

Here is the spot which memory's magic glass  
Hath often brought, all deck'd in fadeless green,  
Making this oak, this brook, this waving grass,  
A simple group, fond nature's fairest scene.

And as I roam'd beside the Rhone or Rhine,  
Or other favor'd stream, in after days,  
With jealous love, this rivulet would shine,  
Full on my heart, and claim accustom'd praise.

And, oh ! how oft by sorrow overborne,  
By care oppress'd, or bitter malice wrung,  
By friends betray'd, or disappointment torn,  
My weary heart, all sicken'd and unstrung,

Hath yearn'd to leave the bootless strife afar,  
And find beneath this oak a quiet grave,  
Where the rough echo of the world's loud jar  
Yields to the music of the mellow wave !

And now again I stand this stream beside ;  
Again I hear the silver ripples flow—  
I mark the whispers murmuring o'er the tide,  
And the light bubbles trembling as they go.

But, oh ! the spirit-spell that linger'd here  
In boyhood's golden age, my heart to bless,  
With the wild waves that rippled then so clear,  
Is lost in ocean's dull forgetfulness.

Gone are the visions of that glorious time,  
Gone with the glancing birds I loved so well ;  
Nor will they wake again their silver chime  
From the deep tomb of night, in which they dwell !

Or if perchance some fleeting memories steal,  
Like far off echoes to my dreaming ear,  
Away ungrasp'd the cheating visions wheel,  
As spectres start upon the wing of fear.

Alas ! the glorious sun, which then was high,  
Touching each common thing with rosy light,  
That glorious sun is banish'd from the sky,  
And life's dull onward pathway lies in night.

Yes, I am changed, and this gray gnarled form,  
Its bloom all scatter'd by the rending blast,  
Is but an image of my heart ;—the storm,  
The storm of life, doth make us such at last.

Farewell, old oak ! I leave thee to the wind,  
And go myself to struggle with the tide—  
Soon to the dust thy form shall be resign'd,  
And I shall sleep thy crumbling limbs beside.

Thy memory will pass ; thy sheltering shade  
Will weave no more its tissue o'er the sod ;  
And all thy leaves, ungather'd in the glade,  
Shall by the reckless hoof of time be trod.

My cherish'd hopes, like shadows and like leaves,  
Name, fame, and fortune, they shall pass away ;  
And all that castle-building fancy weaves,  
Shall sleep unconscious as the drowsy clay.

But from thy dust another tree shall bloom,—  
With living leaves its tossing boughs shall rise,  
And the wing'd spirit bursting from the tomb,  
Shall spring to life beyond these bending skies !

## A SKETCH.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.

THE moon rose up, while o'er the deep,  
Soft fell the evening dew ;  
And calm as infancy's pure sleep,  
Far o'er the waters blue,  
Beneath the bright and glorious sky,  
Our slumbering bark rode silently.

It was the noon of night : the dash  
Of the untiring wave was done ;  
For quietly the sounding breeze  
Went downward with the sun.  
And mournfully the lone ship bell  
Toll'd through the night its warning knell.

And faintly echoing, the word  
Stole from some distant bark ;  
As on his drowsy watch the guard,  
Stood hush'd the hour to mark.  
And answering, the fife's quick trill,  
Came the drum's beat, and all was still.

Years have pass'd on ; and many an eye  
That then flash'd forth upon the deep,

Is where there comes no moon's cold ray,  
Where smiles and tears are hush'd in sleep,  
But memory still loves to dwell,  
On that sweet night and lone ship bell.

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## SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS.

Like billows streaming in the light,  
My thoughts flow'd on, a moment past ;  
But now their hue so purely bright,  
With sudden gloom is overcast.

So o'er the white and sunlit crests  
Of the blue waves which sparkled free,  
Some envious clouds will heave their breasts,  
And chase their shadows o'er the sea.

How slight the barrier, which divides  
The rapid streams of joy and grief!  
How often do they join their tides,  
And part again, before a leaf!

N.







WHY DON'T HE COME.

*Published by Charles Bowen, Boston*

*Printed by S. Wells.*

us sing to him, at his return.

*Published by Charles Bowen, Boston*

*Printed by J. S. Gode*

## WHY DON'T HE COME?

BY H. F. GOULD.

THE ship has anchor'd in the bay !

They've dropp'd her weary wings, and some  
Have mann'd the boats and come away ;

But where is he ? why don't he come ?

Among the throng, with busy feet,

My eye seeks him it cannot find :

While others haste their friends to greet,

Why, why is he so long behind ?

Because he bade me dry my cheek,

I dried it, when he went from us—

I smiled with lips that could not speak ;

And now, how can he linger thus ?

I've felt a brother's parting kiss,

Each moment since he turn'd from me,

To lose it only in the bliss

Of meeting him—where can he be ?

I've rear'd the rose he bade me rear—

I've learned the song he bade me learn,

And nursed the bird, that he might hear

Us sing to him, at his return.

I've braided many a lovely flower,  
His dear, dear picture to inwreathe,  
While doating fancy, hour by hour,  
Has made it smile and seen it breathe.

I wonder if the flight of time,  
Has made the likeness now, untrue ;  
And if the sea or foreign clime,  
Has touched him with a darker hue.

For I have watch'd until the sun  
Has made my longing vision dim,  
But cannot catch a glimpse of one  
Among the crowd, that looks like him.

How slow the heavy moments waste,  
While thus he stays ! where, where is he ?  
My heart leaps forth—haste, brother ! haste !  
It leaps to meet and welcome thee !

'Thou lovely one ! the mournful tale  
That tells why he comes not, will make  
Thy heart to bleed, thy cheek look pale !  
Death finds no tie too strong to break !

'The bird will wait his master long,  
And ask his morning gift in vain :  
Ye both must now forget the song  
Of joy, for sorrow's plaintive strain.

' The face whose shade thy tender hand  
Has wreathed with flowers, is changed ! but sea,  
Nor sun, nor air of foreign land  
Has wrought the change, for where is he ?

' Where ? ah ! the solemn deep, that took  
His form, as with their sad farewell  
His brethren gave the last, last look,  
And lower'd him down—that deep must tell !

' But ocean cannot tell the whole—  
The part that death can never chill,  
Nor floods dissolve—the living soul,  
Is happy, bright and blooming still.

' And nobler songs than e'er can sound  
From mortal voices, greet his ear ;  
Where sweeter, fairer flowers are found  
Than all he left to wither here.

' This, this is why he does not come,  
Whom thy fond eye has sought so long !  
Wait till thy days have fill'd their sum ;  
Then find him in an angel throng !'

## MY LOT.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

AY ! the toil is a sad one, and sad is the lot,  
That my pleasures must all be forgone and forgot ;  
That the poet, whose fancies I loved in my youth,  
And the sage with his eloquent lessons of truth,  
The great who are living, the great who are dead,  
Though not unremember'd, must now be unread.

Were my lot with the rich, and my bark on the tide,  
Wafted gently along by the breezes of pride,  
Should I yield to the joys that may gladden the throng,  
And idly surrender the raptures of song ?  
Give my night to the dance, and my day to the walk,  
And listen in silence while imbeciles talk ?

Wealth dazzles, and beauty beguiles, and the day  
With the witty and fair passes quickly away ;  
Love lurks in sweet voices, and tale-telling eyes,  
In the low whisper'd word, and the glance that replies ;  
But the lightning of wit, and the meteor of beauty,  
Should not lead my firm step from the pathway of duty.

I would fly from the witcheries lurking around,  
In the spellz of glad vision, and magical sound ;  
I would live with the orators, poets, and sages,  
Whose glories make bright the dim record of ages ;

And the great of past years, with the lore they impart,  
Should illumine my mind, and make better my heart.

But toil for the present must claim all my care,  
How heavy the fetters that fate bids me wear !  
They were forged in the Garden, a great while ago,  
And myriads have worn them in silence and woe ;  
But chase away gloom, and in pleasure drown pain,  
Still my song shall keep tune with the clank of my chain !



## TO AN APRIL FLOWER.

BY GEORGE GREY.

AY, thou art welcome ! the rough winds are rushing  
Over a stormy sea, and darken'd earth ;  
And not a sister flower is kindly blushing  
To greet the violet in its humble birth.

Now the black clouds through the wide heavens are  
sweeping,  
And big drops patter on the leafless tree ;  
In giant wrath the unchain'd waves are leaping,  
And dashing on the broad shores angrily.

Now from his throne the monarch sun is gleaming,  
And the pavilion'd clouds with joy are bright ;  
While the calm sea in quiet splendor beaming,  
Spreads its broad mantle of rejoicing light.

Then thou, sweet flower, to life art gladly springing,  
By some lone fountain, or untrodden green,  
With modest love to thy seclusion clinging,  
To live in solitude, and die unseen.

Thus many a heart in this wide world is breathing,  
Nursed in life's sunshine, and its tempest hours,  
Living in peace, to few kind friends bequeathing  
A memory pure as thine, most dear of flowers.

## STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

If we could open and intend our eye,  
We all, like Moses, should espy  
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.

COWLEY.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

THE love of nature, and the knowledge of natural history, are two different and distinct things, though the one frequently leads to the other. We may admire the objects of nature fervently and sincerely, and yet know nothing about them beyond their form and color, and some of their most obvious properties. But we can hardly make ourselves acquainted with the construction, the organization, the habits and the classification of these objects, without admiring them also, and admiring them the more. This is the superiority of those who know, over those who merely love nature. And yet it has not been uncommon for the lovers of nature to look down on men of natural science as narrow-minded, technical plodders, without enthusiasm, without soul; the former, forgetting that it might be a more intense and abiding love of nature than their own, which led the latter to investigate, to collect, to arrange, or, as they please to term it, to plod and be technical. Another thing which the general lovers of nature are apt to forget, is, that they who study nature minutely, observe

many things which are wholly overlooked by others, and therefore as they see more, must admire and love more, simply because they have more to admire and love. When they who love nature, entertain so true and constant a love, that they begin to study nature ever so slightly, they will from that moment be convinced that study is the fruit of love, and will be ashamed that they ever disparaged study, if in moments of uninstructed presumption they ever did.

I will speak first, of the advantages of an acquaintance with natural history to those who are in situations where the works of nature, rather than of men's hands, are around them. Let us take for example, the case of those who retire from the city into the country, during the warm season, when the city is languid and panting, and the country is in all its pride. Motives of different kinds induce the removal. Some are operated on by a sense of uneasiness and a love of change ; others by the force of habit imperceptibly acquired ; others by a regard for health ; and others by the authority of fashion, the poorest motive of all. But in general it is a desire to escape from heat and dust, to freshness, verdure and freedom, which leads men out from the close streets into the open fields. The sense of escape, and the enjoyment of pure air, and the sight of growing things, and the sounds of whispering trees, flowing waters and singing birds, are for a few days, pleasure and occupation enough. But is it so after those few days are past ? It is to a small number, perhaps ; though the delight of that small number would be greatly enhanced by knowledge. But the majority become listless and

uneasy again. The wild flowers spring up and blossom with all their wonted beauty; the trees, waters and birds, join in melody as sweetly as before. Why are they not seen and heard as at first? Where is the charm that made them to be seen and heard, and felt?

‘Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?’

The pleasure is gone, because there was no intelligent observation to detain it. The interest dies away, because it was not kept alive by knowledge and study. The view has been superficial, comprising only the more general and obvious features of the landscape, and the eye has been soon satisfied with seeing. The fields have been looked upon as verdant or flowery carpets merely, and though that is a poetical way of regarding them, who can be interested long by the sight of a carpet, however splendid and varied its colors? The flowers come and go, according to their times and seasons; they bear the distinctive marks of their separate families; they have their peculiar habits and various properties, and uses; but all these sources of pleasure are unvisited, and to the uninstructed eye they are undistinguished flowers; flowers the last month, and flowers this, or rather a confused mass of coloring, taking the place of snow and death in the spring of the year, and giving place to death and snow in the winter. A walk through the roads, lanes and meadows of the country, soon becomes by repetition as uninteresting, and indeed more so, than a walk through the well known streets and squares of the city. The shelter of the house is less frequently quitted, day by day, because

it is now too warm to go out, and now too windy, and now too wet. In short, the country grows very dull.

Am I not truly, and not at all too strongly describing the experience of numbers ; of many, even, who think they love nature and the country, and who do so, if love means an admiration extremely transient and easily tired ? But this love would have ripened into true love, if the proper means had been taken. This admiration would have become fixed and abiding, if it had been placed on the foundations of observation and science. Let any one branch of natural history be attended to, botany, ornithology, entomology, and only leisurely attended to, according to one's entire convenience, and nature wears a more attractive aspect, and is seen with other eyes. Every walk discloses some new beauty. You are among friends, whose qualities you know, and whose characters you esteem. Acquaintances peep out from under the stone walls, or sing to you from the trees, or buzz among the bushes. You learn to address them by their names, their christian and sir-names ; and you ascertain their periods of arrival and departure ; and some particulars of their business ; and you bid them welcome when they appear in their gaiety and freshness, and when, poor transitory things, they fade or fly away, you bid them farewell. And, perhaps, as you do so, your thoughts recur to other beings, much nearer to yourselves, who come as sweetly and as joyously, and who go as sadly and as soon.

And is it not something to know what plants are medicinal, and what are used in the arts, and what are innocent, and what are poisonous ? Is it not something

to know the name of the earths and minerals? Is it not something to know where the birds come from, and where they go to, and how they subsist, and how with varied art they build? Is it not something to know what the little insects are about, and to find out, as we investigate more and more, what a large place they fill in the kingdom and economy of nature, how important are the occupations of many of them, how curious are the works and habits of all, of how much use and how much injury they are to man?

With these resources of knowledge, and objects of inquiry within his reach, a man's hours in the country cannot be vacant or profitless. What is learned will assist and gratify, and what is to be learned will continually excite. Fact will lead to fact, and be added to fact. His time will be filled; his mind will be informed; his sense of the value of existence will be increased.

And suppose he goes to a part of the country which lies by the sea-side. The ocean is so grand and imposing; the motion and the music of the waves so fill the eye and ear; there is a quiet and majestic solitariness in the firm rocks, and the broad sands, and the deep waters, which so sympathizes with the soul of the visiter, that he thinks he can never weary of such noble, such spiritual scenery. But the intensity of his interest will be diminished by familiarity with its objects, though it may be from time to time renewed. His eyes cannot be forever out upon the sea, nor studying the prominent features of the shore. If nothing else demands his attention, heavy hours will

creep over him, and it will come to pass that often will the waves lift up their voices unheard, and the shores will watch for the visits of his heart in vain. There are times, tedious times, in which he feels, though he may not confess, that the borders of the sea, as well as the inland hills and vales, may be dull, very dull.

But why should he not here also observe nature in detail, as well as in mass? Is there nothing in the sea but waves? Is there nothing on the shore but rocks and sands? Have the briny fields no flowers? Are there no habitations along the coasts but the scattered huts of fishermen? Why should the clustering sea-plants wave and glow unseen? Why should the tribes of shell-fish be neglected? The sea and the shore teem with life, with industry, with art. Why should we not know something about them? Let the visiter possess himself of a few of the outlines of marine botany. Let him collect the brilliant and delicate Algæ. Let him watch the habits of the testaceous tribes, and gather specimens of their dwellings. Let him interest himself by the simple process of observation, in what is growing and doing about him, and it may be that he will think the longest summer days too short for his inquiries; and when the sea is covered with a heavy impenetrable fog, or the clouds are plentifully returning their borrowed rain, he will have materials for occupation and research within doors, the harvest of his sunny hours, when the resources of others are exhausted.

Nor is there any cause for fear that this observant and systematic attention to nature in the detail, will in the least degree disturb or diminish the delight inspired

by her grander and more extensive aspects. The knowledge of the parts will assist the comprehension of the whole. The soul of the student will rise up as often to the call of the deep sky, the varied landscape, the sweeping river or the mysterious ocean, as it did before he studied. He has gained much ; he has lost nothing. He hears when others hear, and often when others do not ; for he hears the whispers and undertones of nature. The entrances to his heart stand as wide open as ever, inviting the sweet airs of heaven to come in, and course through its halls and chambers, and sing their wild  
● melodies at will. To him

‘ The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet ;’

and none the less so, because he knows the tribes of earth and air which burst into being with it. The stars will not despise him for noting the least thing which they shine upon. His converse with them will be as earnest as before. Kind nature will not requite unkindly the attention which he pays to any of her children. She will adopt him the more entirely as her own.

More might easily be said to enforce the truth, which I fear is not regarded as it ought to be, that leisure time may be delightfully and profitably filled, that the pleasure and interest of a summer retreat or vacation from business may be preserved without fading or diminution, that what is called the tedium of life may often and often be wholly avoided, by even a moderate acquaintance with natural history. But let us pass to the consideration of some other views of the subject.



Some knowledge of the objects and nomenclature of natural history is an essential aid in several of the paths of literature. Geography and natural history are closely united. The description of the earth's surface is incomplete, without a description of its productions. In reading books of travels, easy and pleasant as this kind of reading is, the facility and pleasure are not unfrequently interrupted by the want of knowledge of natural history, by our not understanding what many objects are which the traveller saw, and was evidently gratified, perhaps overjoyed to see, and of which he gives the names, to us useless names. I refer not to those books of travels, standing on the lowest shelf of literature, composed of gossiping anecdotes, frothy speculations, accounts of roads, inns, dinner-parties and theatres, and showing nothing so clearly as the egotism and emptiness of the writers ; for, as they have little to do with natural history, natural history can have little to do with them. Nor do I mean to say, that excellent books of travels may not be written and have not been published, containing sound views and interesting descriptions of men, and manners, and scenery, and not a word of natural history, or a term of science. But it is well known that many of the best, that almost all the standard works in this department, are the narratives of men of science, who were able to describe the natural objects belonging to the countries which they visited, and thus contribute essentially to the stock of human knowledge. But this communication is not for those who are unprepared to receive it. This valuable, perhaps most valuable portion of their works, is

completely hid from us, if we are ignorant of natural history. Its terms are to us a strange language. They convey to us no idea. We skip over the pages that bear them, to us so blank and unprofitable, to others so full of instruction and pleasure. But if we possess some acquaintance with natural history, which need not be for this purpose profound, we carry with us a torch which lights up what is otherwise so obscure, with a clear and beautiful light, and we travel where the author travels, and whatever he sees we see also. Does he tell us that in the forest he meets with such and such trees and shrubs, and hears the song or the scream of such and such birds? We see them, we hear them. We know their forms. Unless they are entirely new, he need not paint for us their foliage or their plumage. Does he name rare flowers which are profusely blooming amidst untrodden solitudes? Their names come to us glowing with their own colors, and loaded with their several odors. Does he say that, in roaming on the sea-beat shores of some tropical island, he found scattered along the beach specimens of this shell and of that? There they lie distinctly on the sand before our mind's eye; we are acquainted with them; perhaps we covet them. In short, we understand the book completely; we go along with the traveller without halting or weariness.

Do we travel ourselves, and travel with our eyes open? Have we any curiosity, any taste? Do we see in our path a splendid plant, a bright or singular insect, a curious shell? Perhaps we wish to give others an idea of what has pleased us, and we enter, being

unacquainted with its name, upon a description of it, in writing or in words. It is an equal chance whether we make ourselves intelligible or not; whether we do or do not convey to readers or hearers a knowledge of the object we mean. If we do not, our labor is in vain. If we do, two words would have answered as well as the whole of our description.

As to the toil of acquiring the nomenclature of any branch of natural history, it is in a great measure imaginary. It is appalling enough to glance at an apparently interminable list of Latin and Greek names, when we are entirely unacquainted with the objects to which they belong, and the classifications of the science which embraces them. But let a person once seriously apply himself to study the science and collect or examine its objects, and the difficulty of the nomenclature disappears; nay, he will find it an indispensable help. Some labor must be given at first, it is true, but I should like to know what science it is, which is to be learned without labor. If objects are to be classified, they must have names. And if naturalists of different countries are to communicate their observations, these names must be drawn from a common language. If each nation insisted on having the terms of science in its own language, then, instead of being obliged to learn them in one language only, the Latin or Greek, we should first have to acquire the English words, which would be about as much exercise for the memory, and then the French, Italian, German, and so on. The learned nomenclature is by far the easiest and best for any branch of natural science.

In writing on various subjects, an acquaintance with natural history diminishes the liability of writers to be mistaken in matters of fact. They will not, thus guarded, be apt to speak, for example, of a substance used in the arts, as supplied from one source, when it comes from another far different. They will not attribute to one animal what belongs to another. They will not fix on the land that which is drawn up from the sea. They will not mention as strange and new something which is common and very well known. Mistakes of this kind are not unfrequently committed by the best authors. Perfect correctness is not, indeed, to be expected ; but a slight acquaintance with natural history would very often secure correctness where now it is wanting ; and every writer must desire to be as correct as possible, because every error is a blemish of greater or less magnitude.

The study of any branch of natural history induces or strengthens the important habit and faculty of discrimination, by obliging the student to perceive and note those small differences in objects which are the marks of wide distinctions. To the unobserving, who are the multitude, a rock is a rock, every thing that flies in the insect kingdom is a fly, or a butterfly, or a bug, and all creeping things are worms. But there is as much difference between insects as between quadrupeds, though bounded within smaller dimensions and consequently less obvious. Let those differences be detected, and the mind grows quicker in remark, and more discerning of variety and of resemblance. Every one who attends to the operations of mind, knows of

how great advantage is this enlargement of faculty. A friend of mine, settled as minister in a small and remote village, having turned his attention to entomology soon after his ordination, is now one of the best entomologists, and owns one of the most complete cabinets of insects in this country. In the mean time he has not neglected his proper professional duties. The children of his parish come in for a large share of his attention. Among other good lessons, he teaches them to regard with love and respect the works of God. They observe the interest taken by their teacher in the insect tribe. Of their own accord, and with the hope of making themselves useful to him, many of them have become his assistant collectors, and have rendered him essential service; for, like other boys, they are quick of eye, ear and limb; and that must be a smart insect which can escape, in the long run, from the clutches of a smart boy. And they not only catch the insects, but they know something about them. Insensibly they acquire a tolerable acquaintance with entomology. I am told that some of them, unconscious of possessing any remarkable learning, will give the names of insects, like so many professors, and know a new or rare insect as well as their minister does, and when they find such a one, will take it immediately to him. In this way they not only are really advancing in some degree the cause of science, but they are improving their own minds, and that, too, while they are exercising their bodies. They are strengthening the important faculty of discrimination, and their health at the same time.

Again, the pursuit of natural history in almost any way, as a study or an amusement, is both indicative and productive of gentleness, refinement and virtue. I know of no indication which would sooner predispose me in favor of a person with whom I might be accidentally thrown in a stage coach, than a familiarity manifested by him with any branch of natural science, or an intelligent love evinced for its objects. If he could tell me the names of the flowers by the road side, or the insects as they flitted by us, I should be exceedingly surprised if he ran into the bar-room for liquor at every stopping place, or let fall from his lips an oath or an indecent word. I should know that he occupied some of his hours with the observation and study of the sweet and tranquilizing features of nature. I should judge that he preferred a quiet walk to a noisy revel; that when among men, he chose the society of good men, and that he was fond of books, which are the choicest portions of the spirits of men. And if I should see in one who had been led astray, sadly astray, by the force of passion or the tendencies of bad example, if I should see in such a one the love of any department of nature, the disposition to cultivate any branch of natural science, I should hail it as a spring in the desert, and trust that through the 'scent of that water' his life would bud again, 'and bring forth boughs like a plant.' And why should I entertain that trust? Because I should know that some of his tastes at least were pure, that some of his pleasures were innocent, that some of his pursuits were calm, that he was not wholly given up to sensuality. I should argue that there was a

delicacy in his mind which excess had not rooted out, that there was a sacred principle in his heart which survived amidst corruption; and I should go on to argue that this delicacy, that this principle would be made to thrive and grow by study, by the direction of the thoughts to their culture, till at last the desert place would become a garden.

But the study of nature has its religious as well as its moral uses. I cannot say that all those who cultivate a taste for natural history, cultivate in conjunction religious affections and convictions. Men will sometimes perversely separate those things which God intends to unite, and which always flourish better when that intention is fulfilled. Nor do I mean to say that men cannot be religious and pious unless they study nature and natural history. Piety has more sources and supports than one. If one source fails, piety does not necessarily dry up, because it is still fed from other fountains. If one support is deficient, yet piety may not fall, because there are other foundations to hold it up. Happy for us that it is so. It is nevertheless true, most true, that the study and contemplation of nature leads directly and by an easy and excellent way to the adoration and love of nature's God; that the examination of the living, varied and exquisite mechanism about us, constructed not by human hands, may be the daily means of our beholding and acknowledging the planning, forming, ruling hand of the Almighty. Testimony to this truth has been borne abundantly by the best and wisest of men; by poets, naturalists, philosophers. *'To see all things in*

*God,*' say Kirby and Spence, in the preface to their valuable and delightful work on Entomology, 'has been accounted one of the peculiar privileges of a future state; and in this present life *to see God in all things*, in the mirror of the creation to behold and adore the reflected glory of the Creator, is no mean attainment; and it possesses this advantage, that thus we sanctify our pursuits, and, instead of loving the creatures for themselves, are led by the survey of them and their instincts to the love of Him who made and endowed them.'

The Poet of the Seasons has grown somewhat old-fashioned, and though he still holds his rank among poets, is not often quoted. Let him however be a witness here.

'And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
E'en in the depth of solitary woods,  
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,  
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!'

There are many, I know, and belonging to the opposite classes of men of the world and men of religion, who are disposed to regard this alleged connexion between natural science and piety, between the creation and the Creator, as a mere matter of poetry, well enough for some to sing about and show off a little enthusiasm, but as a practical thing, not worth their attention as sensible or as christian persons. Now it is precisely as a practical thing that its claims to attention



are to be pressed. And it is because it is not put into a course of practice, that it is not regarded as practical and is thus undeservedly slighted. Days like those in which 'Lady Glanville's will was attempted to be set aside on the ground of lunacy, evinced by no other act than her fondness for collecting insects, and Ray had to appear at Exeter on the trial as a witness of her sanity;' days too, like those in which Bishop Horsely voted against Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society, 'because he was a collector of cockle-shells and bugs,' are probably gone by, both in England and here; but the days are not yet come when an attentive and minute observation of nature shall cease to be regarded by a large number of sensible and good men, and by, perhaps, the majority of society, as an undignified, frivolous, useless pursuit, and instead of this, be generally considered, what it really is, as an elevating, refining, religious exercise of the mind and heart.\* When those days do come, they will be happy days for religion, for men will be more generally, more deeply, more practically convinced than they now are, that they are really living and moving in God's world and among God's creatures.

I have already given two quotations in testimony of the strict connexion between nature and religion, the

\* It is some encouragement and countenance to those fond of natural history, to find that a late celebrated divine of the Methodist denomination, Dr. Adam Clarke, was not ashamed to collect 'cockle-shells and bugs.' One of his biographers says, 'Of natural and other curiosities he had a museum, which affords specimens coeval with almost every age, and transmitted from various parts of the world.'

one from a naturalist, and the other from a poet. In conclusion of the subject, I will offer a third from a philosophic divine ; both because the name of the cool and rational Paley must be admitted as an authority by the cool and rational, and because the argument is set forth with his accustomed clearness and force.

‘In a moral view, I shall not, I believe, be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything which is religious. *The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continual act of adoration.* The change is no less than this, that whereas formerly God was seldom in our thoughts, we can now scarcely look upon any thing without perceiving its relation to him. Every organized natural body, in the provisions which it contains for its sustentation and propagation testifies a care on the part of the Creator, expressly directed to these purposes. We are on all sides surrounded by such bodies ; examined in their parts, wonderfully curious ; compared with one another, no less wonderfully diversified. So that the mind as well as the eye, may either expatiate in variety and multitude, or fix itself down to the investigation of particular divisions of the science. And in either case, it will rise up from its occupation, possessed by the subject in a very different manner, and with a very different degree of influence, from what a mere assent to any verbal proposition

which can be formed concerning the existence of the Deity—at least, that merely complying assent with which those about us are satisfied, and with which we are too apt to satisfy ourselves, will or can produce upon the thoughts.

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SONG.

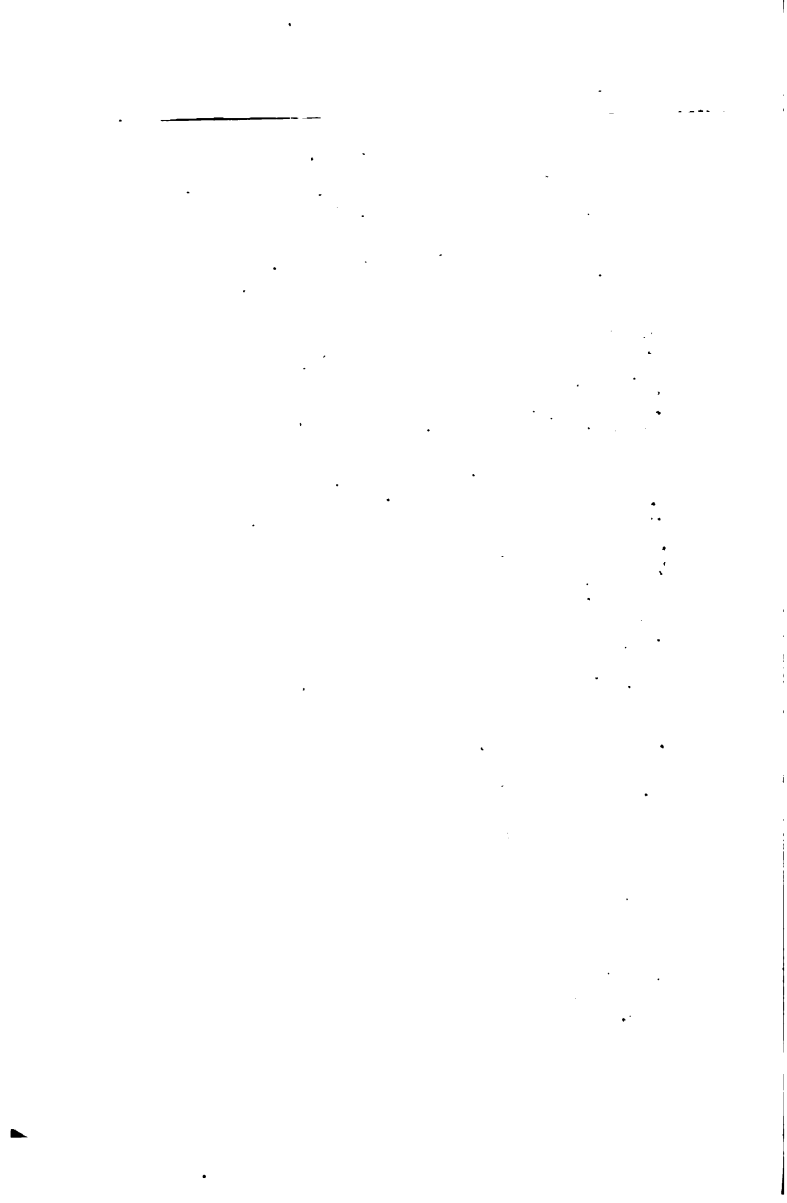
PLEASANT thoughts, pleasant thoughts,  
Whither are ye fled !  
Will ye ne'er come back again ?  
Must I conjure you in vain,  
Are ye with the dead ?

Pleasant thoughts, pleasant thoughts,  
'Twas not thus of yore !  
Ye were wont to come uncall'd ;  
Shall my spirit be enthrall'd,  
By your spell no more ?

Pleasant thoughts, pleasant thoughts,  
Come to me to-day ;  
For a cloud is o'er my heart,  
Ye alone may bid depart :  
Come to me, I pray !

R. C. E.





## THE DIAMOND.

### A TALE OF BENARES.

UNDER the shade of a lofty mango tree, which grew in the front of an humble but pleasant dwelling in the neighborhood of Benares, a small group of persons were seated together, reposing after the labors of the day, and enjoying the freshness of a slight breeze, which rarely fans the atmosphere of that sultry climate. The party consisted of four individuals; one was a Hindoo somewhat advanced in years, but in whose features might be read the traces of a hand more powerful than that of time itself. The expression was one of repose and resignation, but attained after deep trouble. Beside him sat his wife, a matron of a gentle and placid demeanor; and at their feet reclined a young and graceful girl, with the deep black eye, wild and yet gentle in its glance, and the dark, long, silken hair, and the bending and pliable figure which distinguishes the native beauty of Hindostan. On a stone seat, at a little distance from the others, sat an aged missionary, leaning upon his staff, and looking with a benignant smile at the family of Indians.

The sun, like a crimson lamp, was suspended in the deep blue of the horizon; and a bright lurid glare overspread the waters of the Ganges. Every minaret in 'Benares the splendid' glimmered in the same flood of roseate light; while the discordant hum of the populous

city gradually fell fainter on the ear, and the deep beat of the drum, and the sound of music softened by distance, which had given notice of some Hindoo procession, or Mahometan festival, gently died away.

The missionary was the first to break silence. 'My children,' said he, 'it is now many days since I have sojourned amongst you. You have been very kind to me. You have given me food and shelter, and rest from my weariness. You have tended me in sickness, and cheered me on my way. You, Rusnaid, have been to me as a loved brother. We have wandered together in the fields, and we have sat together in the cool shade, and above all, we have raised our voices to the same God. The time has come when I must leave you; and yet the story of your life is to me as a sealed book. You have known sorrows, and I have not sympathised with them; nor have you opened your heart to me: let it not be so, my son. Tell me of the stormy passages of your life before you arrived at this haven of rest. Then will I depart and pursue my pilgrimage, and the blessing of an old man rest with you.'

The Hindoo sat silently for some moments after the missionary had spoken. At length he said in a grave and humble voice, 'It is a tale of crime and suffering, my father.' 'Yet of repentance also,' said the missionary. 'It is true,' answered Rusnaid; 'nor will I refuse to grant the request of a servant and minister of God. I am ready to speak, since such is your desire.' 'But the child?' asked the mother anxiously. 'She shall also listen,' answered Rusnaid. 'Thus shall she know what I owe to God, and under God, to thee.' At these words the young girl turned her eyes from the sun, whose

declining glories she was steadfastly contemplating, and fixed them enquiringly upon her parents. The missionary arose and drew nearer the group. The Hindoo paused for a while, and then began to speak.

‘My first recollections,’ said he, ‘are of labor and darkness. I was immured with other miserable children in the diamond mines of Pannah, amongst multitudes of unhappy beings condemned for no crime to perpetual imprisonment in the bowels of the earth. There the health and happiness of thousands are sacrificed to the sordid avarice of the more fortunate portion of mankind, and human beings are for ever deprived of light, that a diamond may glitter on the brows of a Rajah.

‘To us day was as night; the light of yon glorious orb had never visited our eyes. The pure breeze of Heaven had never fanned our fevered brows; the moon had never shed her silver radiance over us. The summer flowers, the sparkling fountains, the warbling of the birds were not for us. Yet what we have never known we cannot regret; and in a state of stupid and ignorant indifference I lived and toiled; until one morning I was ordered to the outside of the mine to assist in loading some camels. In what words can I describe my emotions, when, emerging from darkness, I first beheld the sun rising in his glory! Dazzled and overpowered, I sunk to the earth, and in untutored language gave praise to Siva.

‘From that moment the mine was to me as the black lake of Mucus, in which, say the Hindoos, all guilty souls are plunged at death. Sleep fled from my eye



lids ; or if I fell into a short and uneasy slumber, I dreamed of the bright light and the pure air, and with a cry of despair awoke to darkness and a suffocating atmosphere. It was while my mind was in this state of gloom that, one night as by the light of the torch I mechanically pursued my labors, a diamond fell from the loose soil among a heap of pebbles.

‘No human eye was upon me. In the impulse of the moment I hastily seized and concealed it. When the miners had retired to rest, and all was still as the grave, I lay tossing on my couch of straw in restless and fevered excitement, while a thousand wild thoughts presented themselves to me.

‘Of the true value of the diamond I had no conception ; but the joy which I had seen displayed by our employer, at the discovery of a jewel far less precious, convinced me that I was master of a treasure ; that I held in my grasp not only the means of livelihood, but of living in idleness on the beautiful earth ; of reposing under the trees, of breathing in the cool waters, of walking on the enamelled grass ! I could see no difficulties in the way of my escape ; or if I did, I was resolved to overcome them. I stilled the voice of conscience which whispered that I was a robber ; that I had committed an unpardonable crime. I argued with plausible sophistry that what the earth yielded spontaneously from her bosom she destined for the use of all her children, and remorse was stifled by hope and joy. I rose the next morning with a light heart, and sung while I worked ; and when the labor of the day was done joined in the

rude mirth of my companions over their coarse fare. Meanwhile I carefully kept the diamond concealed in the folds of my miner's frock.

'At length I received the joyful intelligence that I was to accompany a caravan about to be sent to Chutterpoor, to which city a merchant of Pannah was on the eve of despatching some goods, and especially some diamonds of value which he had purchased from our employers. I heeded not the orders that were given me, nor the reason why I was chosen in the place of one of the usual camel drivers. I saw before me a certain prospect of escape, and when I once more emerged from the mine I felt that I had quitted it for ever.

'The merchant himself accompanied the caravan, and observing that I was an intelligent boy, asked me various questions concerning the mines, whilst I answered heedlessly and with my thoughts far away. Towards noon we halted and spread a tent, on account of the heat. It was the moment which I had anxiously expected. When the camels were watered, every one prepared for repose, whilst I alone kept out of the tent, and apparently busied myself in arranging the baggage.

'On one side of our encampment was a running stream, the banks high and abrupt, and covered with creepers. On the other was a vast extent of rocky and woody country, said to be infested by tigers and other wild animals. In order to guard against these, our party were all armed with spears. I paused for one moment to consider on which side I should fly, then

seizing my spear, and without looking behind me, I plunged into the neighboring jungle, and made my way into the thickest recesses of the forest.

‘For hours I lay upon my face, scarcely drawing breath, until I heard my name shouted in all directions, and at length apparently growing hopeless of finding me, I heard the whole caravan in motion. The noise ceased, the shades of evening closed in, and I found myself alone, and nearly in darkness. Soon silence fled, but the discordant sounds, at first faint, then loud and horrible, which succeeded, were truly appalling.

‘From one extremity of the forest to the other arose a sound of animate life. First I heard the wild cry of the jackal, followed by the hideous yell of the hyena. Then from the grass beside me issued the low hissing of a serpent, and over all rose the deep, loud roar of the hungry tiger. As I raised my head with a shudder, an animal with a red face and a dark shaggy beard, peered at me malignantly from behind a bush. It was the radjakada ape, worshipped by our people as a god. As the crackling of the leaves and the pushing aside of the branches announced some approaching danger, I sprung from my recumbent posture and hastily climbed up a lofty palm tree, in hopes of finding a refuge from these midnight monsters.

‘In doing so I disturbed a whole army of bats and monkeys. The large vampire flapped me with its noxious wing, and flew wheeling in circles over my head, and the monkeys glared at me from every bough. I cried aloud for help to Vishnu the preserver, and to

Siva the destroyer, and it pleased the true God, to whom in my blindness I prayed not, that I should not perish on this fearful night.

‘Faint with hunger and alarm, I yet hailed with joy the first crimson streak in the east, which announced the approach of morning. As the light grew stronger the hungry beasts of the forest retired to hide in their caves. I descended from my place of repose and passed unmolested through the thick mazes of the forest—through teak trees and evergreens, poplars and cypresses.

‘I arrived at a grove of fruit trees where stood the ruins of an old Hindoo temple. I looked not at the splendid blossoms, nor did I enjoy the fragrance of the odorous trees. I saw only the golden fruit which hung in tempting luxuriance; the oranges, mangoes and apricots; the bread fruit, and the delicious guava. I ate, and satisfied my hunger, then, with renovated spirits pursued my journey, though without knowing in what direction I went. I gazed with wonder at the herds of elephants, and at the sainted cows, and admired the flocks of blue antelopes bounding over hill and plain.

‘Towards sunset I found myself approaching the beautiful rose gardens of Ghuzepoor. The roses were in full bloom and brilliancy, and their delicious fragrance was wafted towards me by the pure breezes which fan these healthy regions. There were myriads of the sweet scented jessamine, and the odorous tchambago, with which the Indian girls perfume and adorn their hair; and mingled with these were a profusion of flame colored flowers, and the blood red blossoms of the massaenda.

'Flocks of wild peacocks flew over these enchanted fields, unfolding their brilliant plumage to the sun, and myriads of little blue birds so small as scarcely to be distinguished from the blue and gold winged butterflies, were perched upon the red and white roses, extracting their sweets. It was like a vision of Paradise.

'I passed that night in a pagoda on the banks of the Ganges, where lamps were burning before some monstrous divinity. A low melancholy chaunt that seemed to rise from the bed of the river awakened me. I looked out from behind the colossal idol to ascertain from whence it proceeded. A dying Brahmin was laid upon a bed of cusa grass, near the river's brink; and as life gradually ebbed away they sprinkled him with the holy water of the Ganges, and chaunted the sacred verses of the bedas. He expired with a deep groan, and they covered the body with flowers and perfumes; then lighted a funeral pile, singing as they performed these last offices.

'One verse filled me with sadness, 'The earth perishes,' said they, 'the sea and even the gods pass away; yet man aspires at immortality.' I waited till these sacrifices were over, when a group of pilgrims came to perform their ablutions in the sacred stream. I dared not venture from my hiding place, fearful lest my miner's frock and tattered garments might excite suspicion.

'Suddenly one of the pilgrims advanced into the water with a heavy weight hanging from each shoulder. As might have been expected, he speedily began to sink. No one assisted him, and raising his head once above the water, he gave a loud cry of exultation, and

disappeared. The other pilgrims, apparently by no means astonished at this voluntary immolation, retired, singing the praises of their gods.

‘I now ventured out of the temple, and perceiving the cloak of the pilgrim lying upon the grass, hastily enveloped myself in it; I found in the pouch of the dress several pieces of coin, and appropriated them without hesitation. Thus disguised, I walked boldly forward, returning the salute of the passing traveller. Towards noon I hailed a boat which was passing down the river, with wind and current in its favor.

‘The day was brilliant, the breeze was fresh, the river was bright with the silken streamers of the little boats that covered it, and the peasants on the banks were clad in their holiday garbs, in honor of the great Hindoo festival of Ramah and Seeta which was that day celebrated. I had formed no plans for the future, but I enjoyed my existence with rapture as the boat glided swiftly on her way, while my fellow pilgrims were earnestly engaged in their devotions.

‘At length the city of Benares appeared in sight, with its lofty domes and minarets, its carved temples and gilded shrines, gleaming in the sun. ‘Splendid city!’ exclaimed one of the pilgrims, ‘Lotus of the sun! Resting on the point of Siva’s trident! Once formed of the purest gold; though now, for our sins, converted into stone; nay, gradually turning into clay!’ When I found myself in the midst of the moving multitude which thronged the streets of Benares, my eyes were dazzled, and my head grew dizzy with the noise, and the variety of sights and sounds, animate and inanimate;

the gardens, pagodas, tanks, and richly carved temples ; the houses adorned with verandales ; the Facqueers dwellings with their innumerable idols ; and thronging the narrow streets, the lazy bulls sacred to Siva ; the countless multitude of Brahmins, the pilgrims, devotees, and dancing-girls, the jewelled elephants, the splendid equipage of the Maharajah, the beating of the drums, the tinkling of the vinas, the frantic cries of the devotees,—but I must hasten through my story, for see the sun shews but a tip of crimson above the waters of the Ganges.

‘In the evening I repaired to a bazar to dispose of my diamond. The jeweller to whom I offered it for sale, looked at it admiringly, and as he examined it, I trembled each moment lest some suspicion should fall upon me ; but the pilgrims who visit Benares are frequently wealthy, and my statement that I had purchased it from a golcondah merchant was unquestioned ; the bargain was quickly struck, and I became master of what appeared to me a boundless fortune.

‘My first care was to order a splendid suit of clothes ; my next, to repair to a caravansary, and order a supper fit for the Emperor Akbar. In a few days I purchased a handsome house, with fine gardens, an Arab horse, a gorgeous palanquin. I hired servants and train-bearers, and when I rode forth, transformed as by the wand of a magician, I felt that I had reached the goal of my wishes. I was however ashamed of my ignorance, and applied myself to study, secretly and diligently. I listened attentively to the discourses of the learned Brahmins, as they publicly taught under the trees,

and by my respect towards them, and above all by my liberality, speedily silenced the wonder and enquiry which my sudden appearance had at first excited.

‘I entered into partnership with a wealthy merchant. He had an only daughter, beautiful as the day, and though years have passed since then, and age has sprinkled thy raven tresses with snow, yet art thou my Zillah, lovely in my eyes, as on the happy day when first I wooed and won thee.

‘And now would I indeed have been happy, could I have forgotten the means by which that happiness was acquired; but there it was for ever pursuing me; the one black drop in the cup of prosperity, weighing down my spirit like an incubus.

‘One day a merchant from Pannah came to visit me. I started like a convicted criminal as my eyes fell upon him, for I at once recognised the features of the master of the caravan from which I had fled! But when I considered how years must have changed my appearance, and how unlikely my guest was to suspect the wealthiest merchant in Benares to be the poor tattered boy who drove his camels, I gradually became re-assured.

‘All at once, in the course of conversation, he began to descant upon the exceeding splendor of the diamond which adorned the Rajah’s turban, adding, that its marvellous brilliancy had induced him to make enquiries concerning it, that he understood it was purchased from a jeweller of the city, and that he intended to visit the bazar on the following day.

‘As he spoke, my mind misgave me, and it is proba-



ble that my confusion was visible on my countenance, for it struck me that my visitor looked suspiciously at me. How the discovery was made I know not, but the next day reports were afloat concerning me; my story was made public, and as I was quietly walking with my wife and child in the garden, one of the servants came breathlessly to tell me that I was suspected of robbery, and that the officers of justice would presently be at my house.

‘I pass over my hurried explanations to my wife, her kindness and sympathy, her despair and my own. With her assistance I concealed myself in the innermost recess of a pagoda, and when night fell I assumed the disguise of a pilgrim, as I had once before done, mounted the fleetest of my horses, and fled along the banks of the river, in the direction of Chunar.

‘In the morning I dismounted, took off my horse’s saddle and bridle, and allowed him to go loose; hired a boat, and soon after arrived at Chunar. In the neighborhood of that city there is an extensive wood. Thither I bent my steps, and concealed myself in its most impenetrable recesses. I shuddered as I recollected the last night I had spent in a similar manner, when just as I was preparing to seek the shelter of one of the loftiest trees, a low groan attracted my attention.

‘Judge of my surprise, when, by the light of the moon which streamed through the dark foliage, I perceived the merchant of Pannah lying on the ground, wounded, and apparently dying. The grass was slippery with his blood, which oozed from a deep gash in

his side. He was speechless, and the sight of his sufferings checked the fury which raged in my heart against him.

‘I had knelt down to examine his wound, when a party of horsemen rode up, surrounded and took me prisoner. The next day, branded as a robber and a murderer, I found myself lodged in the state-prison of Ohunar. So rapidly had past events succeeded one another that I had scarcely found time to reflect on the horrors of my situation. Now, in the solitude of my dungeon, I thought of my wife and child, of my ruined character, of the public execution that awaited me, and burying my face in my hands, I gave way to an agony of grief.

‘Suddenly a deep low voice sounded through the gloom. ‘Weep not,’ it said, ‘tears are for women and children. Men wear swords.’ I turned hastily round to view the speaker, and by the faint moonbeams which struggled through the prison window I perceived a figure of gigantic height, and of noble and commanding air. He had a swarthy complexion, eyes black and piercing, and hair as dark as night. He wore a purple and gold turban, with a white heron’s plume, a dress of embroidered muslin, a crimson girdle and a short dagger. Never have I seen a more striking figure, or a more dauntless expression of countenance.

‘Rouse up, my friend,’ said he, ‘Fate has thrown us together! I was asleep in yonder corner when your groans awakened me. Tell me what accident has brought you hither and I shall then be able to judge whether or not we can be of service to one another. In

me you behold the rebel chief, who for years has held the invaders at bay ; and for whose apprehension ten thousand rupees were offered by Government. They have me at last in their toils ; but shall they keep me there ?—By the beard of our Prophet, neither stone walls nor grated windows shall hold me.'

'A ray of hope shone upon me as I listened to this man, and without hesitation I related all that had befallen me. When I came to the murder of the merchant, he smiled—'Cheer up, my fellow prisoner,' said he—'It is now my duty to aid you, as it before was my inclination. That murder was performed by my emissaries ; and here is his silver mounted hookah, to evince the truth of what I state. You start with joy—It is true, my evidence can clear you of that crime, and it shall. I am condemned to death, and a crime more or less is nothing in the catalogue of my offences. Yet consider for a moment. Your reputation is gone. If not a murderer, you are a robber ; and the government in its tender mercies will send you back to the mines, with the simple addition of chains. Now listen—This very night all is prepared for my escape. My trusty emissaries in disguise have stupefied our jailor with opium. You shall accompany me, and judge of our forest life.' Much more did the chief say, while I remained irresolute. 'I have a wife,' said I, 'My heart bleeds when I think of her despair.' 'When we are settled,' said the chief, 'you shall send for her, and she shall live like a queen. My fortress is an impregnable stronghold, where I defy the arms of the law.'

'I hesitated, but not long. At midnight we effected our escape, passed through the sleeping guardians of the prison, and fled. I would willingly omit the remainder of my history. I found myself the companion of a lawless band of robbers, to whom every scene of bloodshed and act of plunder were familiar.

'One night when I had assisted in robbing a caravan, (do not shrink from me, my father, for long years of penitence have passed since then,) we were feasting in our stronghold, and singing snatches of rude songs, when, as with a goblet of wine raised to my head, I pledged the health of our captain, a low knock at the gate caused every man to start to his feet, and lay his hand on his dagger's hilt.

'Unbar the gate,' said a soft voice, 'it is a woman.' They cautiously undrew the bolts, and never shall I forget my emotion, when my wife entered, carrying our infant in her arms. She seemed like an angel amongst evil spirits, so pure, so bright, so graceful was her aspect. She fixed her tender and mournful gaze upon me, and advancing close to me, without casting a glance at my companions, 'Rusnaid!' said she, 'what do you here?'

'The rude men seemed spell bound, and remained standing and gazing upon her. 'Zillah!' said I, 'this is no place for you—' 'No place for me, where my husband is?' interrupted she. 'My feet are weary and bleeding, and my garments are torn with the brambles and wild briar, yet I have not faltered. Where you go, there will I go also. Where you live, there shall I live, and when you die then shall I also yield up my spirit.

But oh! Rusnaid, shall your wife inhabit a robber's den?' At these words, the men murmured fiercely, but the chief motioned them to silence, and with a proud courtesy, handed Zillah to a bench.

'I now explained to her all that had occurred to me, and the situation in which I stood. My wife listened attentively, and then exclaimed in a fearless voice, 'Rusnaid, return with me, and stand the chance of the law. Thanks be to Ramah, I press an unpolluted hand.'

'Return and betray us!' cried the men, 'never, by the soul of the prophet!' 'We would not betray you,' said Zillah, 'but your haunts are more than suspected, else how could I have discovered them?'

'Zillah,' said I, 'in going with you, I return to death, for never will I betray the name of—' 'It shall not be so, by Allah!' cried the chief, who had stood mournfully regarding us. 'I shall give myself up to justice, for I am weary of my life. I too had one who loved me as she does you; my beautiful and dark eyed Leilah! They tore her from me, they maddened me, and I became a villain. Take your wife; go, and be happy.'

'The sound of the trampling of horses' feet, caused the chief to pause abruptly. He climbed up to the casement and perceived a detachment of soldiers advancing towards the ruin. The chief officer of the detachment rode forward, as if to survey its position. The Mussulman called for his pistols, and a ball whizzed close to the head of the officer. He was startled, but unhurt.

‘A parley!’ cried the chief from the casement. ‘I will yield myself up, but upon certain conditions.’ ‘Name them!’ said the officer. ‘First, liberty and a free pardon for my men; without me they will disperse.’ ‘Granted,’ said the officer, ‘our orders are to seize you; our commission goes no farther.’ ‘Protection for my prisoners, a Hindoo, his wife and child. Moreover, attention to my solemn declaration that he is guiltless of the murder of a merchant, whereof he is falsely accused.’

‘Most falsely!’ said a voice in the crowd, ‘since I am here willing to befriend Rusnaid, and to make amends for the evils into which I have brought him.’ ‘That point being settled,’ said the chief, ‘I pray you, my friends, to walk out, and I shall speedily follow you, when I have made my last arrangements.’ The men obeyed in silence, and each as he passed his leader, grasped his hand, and bade him farewell. When it came to my turn, he took leave of me in a cheerful voice, but as my wife passed him, he pressed her hand to his lips, and a tear fell upon it.

‘We waited for him to come from the fortress, when suddenly a bright light arose; and the chief stood at the window, waving his hand to us from amongst the flames. It was impossible to save him; he had thrown a lighted match into a chest of gunpowder. The explosion was terrible. We turned away with sad hearts.

‘The merchant kept his word, and procured my pardon from the Maharajah. I never again entered Benares. We purchased this small dwelling, and for

fifteen years have subsisted by the labor of our hands. Five years since, a Christian missionary visited us. He revealed to us the sublime truths of his holy religion. We were baptized in the true faith; and now, the sun never sets or rises over the Ganges, that we do not kneel together and bless God, and read from the sainted book, bequeathed to us by that holy man.'

The Hindoo ceased to speak. The shades of night had fallen over the country. They rose silently, and re-entered their lowly dwelling. The next morning the missionary blessed them, and departed on his way.

F. E. I.

# THE SONG OF THE STROMKERL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Swedes delight to tell of the Stromkerl, or boy of the stream,  
who haunts the glassy brooks that steal gently through green meadows,  
and sits on the silver waves at moonlight, playing his harp to the elves  
who dance on the flowery margin.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

COME, dance, elfins dance ! for my harp is in tune,  
The wave rocking gales are all lull'd to repose ;  
And the breath of this exquisite evening of June,  
Is scented with laurel and myrtle and rose.

Each lily, that bends to the breast of my stream,  
And sleeps on the waters transparently bright,  
Will in ecstasy wake, like a bride from her dream,  
When my tones stir the dark plumes of silence and  
night.

My silken wing'd barque shall career by the shore,  
As calmly as yonder white cloud on the air ;  
And the notes ye have heard with such rapture before,  
Shall impart new delight to the young and the fair.

The banks of my stream are enameled with flowers,  
Come, shake from their petals the sweet starry dew ;  
Such music and incense can only be ours,  
While clear falls the summer sky's curtain of blue.



Come, queen of the revels—come, form into bands

The elves and the fairies that follow your train :

Tossing your tresses and wreathing your hands,

Let your dainty feet glance to my wave wafted strain !

'Tis the Stromkerl who calls you, the boy of the stream,

I hear the faint hum of your voices afar :—

Come, dance ! I will play till the morn's rosy beam

In splendor shall melt the last lingering star !

## I THINK ON THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I THINK on thee.

Though rock and wave divide us far,

My soul is ever near ;

The morning sun, the evening star

Give back thine image dear ;

And when the moon shines o'er the sea,

I think on thee.

I think on thee :

On passion's wing, through fields of air,

Away my spirit flies

To the far dwelling of my fair,

Breathing its burning errand there,

And bearing soft replies :

What, dearest, though we parted be ?

I think on thee.

I think on thee.

Oh ! when the sun, at close of day,

Crimsons the gorgeous cloud,

That I could depart with his golden ray,

Fading o'er field and flood.

Vain wish ! I linger here, content to be

Thinking on thee.

I think on thee.

When the summer day dies in the west,  
And night's gems ye may not number,  
And thy gentle spirit sinks to rest,  
In deep and blissful slumber,

I gaze upon that starry sea,  
And think of thee.

I think on thee.

When sleep, the twilight of the mind,  
Hath barr'd all outward things,  
I leave my hopes and fears behind,  
And all life's vain imaginings,

All save ONE image dear to me ;  
I think of thee.

H. I

## DEATH AND HIS MYRMIDONS.

### A VISION.

' BROTHERS our task is done,  
Our cup of triumph fill'd ;  
And one moment is ours, though alas but one,  
To laugh at the world our pow'r has still'd ;  
Then let us, e'er we depart,  
Let us rejoice ; for the latest sigh  
Of man's proud progeny  
Now quivers on my dart.'

Wide and wild was the shore,  
Where death thus marshall'd his band :  
The voice of the wind, and the ocean's roar,  
Had howl'd along its barren strand,  
Since time came forth from eternity :  
Now the winds were silent all,  
And like nature's funeral pall,  
Lay the hush'd and waveless sea.

A moment scarce had pass'd,  
Since the earthquake's rending shock  
Had parted in twain the howling waste,  
And shiver'd the barrier rock ;  
Since the powers of earth and sky,  
Seemed to have met in martial strife,  
On the last battle ground of life,  
To conquer or to die.

And now, through earth and sky,  
There was nought but the rustling sound  
Of the spectre's hand, as he waved it high  
In circles round and round ;  
And his pale steed with forehead bent,  
Not a breath of air to break the rest  
Of the mane that droop'd from his lofty crest,  
Stood like a marble monument.

'Come, brothers, come,—why linger ye ?'

'Twas thus the spectre said.

'Do ye fear to meet eternity ?

Have ye dared, and do ye dread ?

Yet, no ; still faithful to my call,

Behold my followers three !

And ye have tarried but to see

The last of your victims fall.'

There came a white steed across the flood,

With a rider clad in steel,

His armor stain'd with recent blood,

From his plume to the spur on his heel :

'I have looked on many a battle plain,

But the last was the best of all ;

There were none to fly, and none to fall,

And none to count the slain.'

On a courser of raven hue,

A ghastly shape drew nigh,

His voice was hollow, his words were few,

But the glare of his sunken eye

Told a tale of woe no words could tell :

‘ They are gone, they are gone,

They have perish’d each one,

And the son cursed the sire ere he fell.’

Red as the sun when he sets in storm,

Was the steed of the last of the three,

And ye scarce might discern the rider’s form,

So shadowy was he :

‘ I have come from the banquet hall,’ he said,

‘ Ye have seen no sight like mine,

White was the flesh, and red the wine,

And the guests all sleep in a narrow bed.’

‘ Ye have done the deed, ye have fought the fight ;

Welcome, my brethren three !

Ye have fill’d my heart with a fierce delight,

Welcome, thrice welcome to me !

Presumptuous man, that didst deride

My sovereign power ;

Say in this hour,

Where is thy strength and pride ?

‘ Ha ! are ye silent all ?

Doth valor sleep so fast

That he answers not my challenge call ?

Are death and his crew the last ?

I deem’d that e’en the Most High

Was as nought to thy soaring mind,

That the soul of man no chains could bind,

That it could never die.

'Tis false ; for here in thy stronghold,  
On the field of thy vanity,  
I have trampled on all of mortal mould ;  
But had the soul been free,  
Had not the grave been its final goal,  
A thousand had rush'd from the starry sky,  
To give the boast of death the lie :  
I have triumph'd o'er body and soul !'

Death spoke ; but scarce the words were spoken,  
When there came a cry of wail,  
First sad and low, and wildly broken,  
Then loud and long as a winter's gale :  
And ten thousand voices joined in one,  
Call'd on the Son of God  
To take the just from their dark abode,  
Before the Eternal Throne.

That prayer acceptance found,  
And the voice of the Most High  
Bade the last trumpet sound  
The hour of retribution nigh :  
And the herald angel blew a blast,  
So piercing, shrill, and clear,  
That a momentary glance of fear  
Heavenwards the spectre cast.

Dark as his own dark mood,  
Grew the lamp of ten thousand years ;  
The moon shew'd a disk of blood ;  
And from their distant spheres

The stars fell thick and fast,  
As the leafy store  
Of some forest hoar,  
Is scattered by the autumn blast.

A shower of burning hail there came ;  
And He who made eternity,  
Hurl'd down a mass of living flame,  
That drank up the rolling sea :  
It was nor day nor night ;  
Veil'd was the sun,  
And veil'd the moon,  
And nought but the gleam of that lurid light.

Then came a pealing sound,  
As of the voice of thunder ;  
Earth shook, and the rocking ground  
At once was rent asunder ;  
And then yawned a gulph of smoke and fire ;  
And lo, again,  
With key and chain,  
By the brink stood one of the seraph choir !

And the spectre knew that his hour was come,  
But his fear had pass'd away :  
While the seraph watch with motion dumb  
Pointed the dreary way.  
He beckon'd his grisly myrmidons nigh,  
And said, ' it would please me well,  
That the spirits of Heaven and devils of hell,  
And all that ever on earth did dwell,  
Stood round to see how Death can die.'



Proudly each charger neigh'd,  
 Each rider sat erect and fast,  
 By each a mutter'd curse was said,  
 By each, a glance of defiance cast :  
 A bended plume,  
 A shaken rein,  
 And death and his train  
 Have met their doom.

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## TO SLEEP.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI DELLA CASSA.

O SLEEP, thou placid offspring of the still  
 And shady night ; of sharpest mortal pain  
 The comforter ; within whose arms we gain  
 Oblivion of all human woes and ill :—  
 O come, and with thy soothing silence fill  
 My heart, nor leave me, gentle sleep, in vain  
 To court thee ; but thy dark wing spread again  
 O'er my sick head, my bosom faint and chill :—  
 Where is thy calm, that shuns the gairish light ?  
 Where are thy visionary dreams, that rise  
 Close in thy noiseless track to hold their flight ?  
 Alas ! all fruitlessly I seek to lose  
 My aching sense ; thy slumbers, cruel night,  
 Still to my weary pillow rest refuse.

C. CUSHING.

## TO A MOTHER.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

THE babe that by thy side is sleeping,  
Seems lovely as the morning beam ;  
And, oh, how gently in thy keeping,  
Flows on its peaceful dream !

Like sunset on a sleeping lake,  
Are the hues of its happy face,  
And smiles, that through its slumbers break,  
Like waves that zephyrs trace.

But lovelier to thy parent breast,  
Than fairest images of light,  
Is that soft breathing thing, at rest,  
To thy fond and gazing sight.

I need not bid thee shield from harm,  
A form so full of love as this ;  
A mother's beating breast will warm,  
Its heart with every bliss.

But oh, remember, that a soul  
Is in that pulse so light and fleeting,  
Which though the planets cease to roll,  
Shall never cease its beating !

Remember that a wing of light  
Immortal in that brain is spread,  
Which still shall urge its endless flight,  
When the wheeling stars are dead.

Then teach that heart to beat with love,  
And train that fearful wing with care,  
That it may reach the realms above,  
And rest in pleasure there.

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## TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOLOMMEI.

STARS of the twilight, regions of the west,  
Hesper, thou holy guide in silent night,—  
Celestial flame of love, propitious light  
Of Venus, ever gentle, brilliant, blest !  
While at this tranquil hour of nature's rest,  
I go, where beauty, youth, and hope invite,  
And Cynthia shrouds her face to human sight,—  
Shine brightly forth instead, to glad my breast !  
I seek not at the treacherous midnight hour  
To spoil the weary traveller on his way,  
Nor with dark spells to summon back the dead,  
I love and yield to beauty's witching power ;—  
Then, star of love, oh let thy guardian ray  
Along my path auspiciously be shed !

C. CUSHING.

## THE CONVENT OF THE PAULAR.

TRANSLATED FROM A SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

O solitude ! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face ?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place !  
I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.

COWPER.

How quickly a soldier arranges his march ! He has only to take his sword, fill his canteen, buckle his watch coat across his shoulders, and he is ready to move forward. No anxieties perplex him on the way ; he neither fears that his coach will break down, nor that his horse will run away with him ; for he goes on foot. He has no dread of robbers, for his rusty cow bell cap, and his threadbare undress coat, are good indications of the wealth he possesses ; nor is he afraid of his own poverty, for he finds the soldier's single ration in every village ; or, at all events, some compassionate souls who love to exercise the virtue of charity. Kind Heaven protects the poor ! says he to himself, as he wanders in solitary places. I am free from ambition and accustomed to toil : wherever night overtakes me, there I sleep, and as soundly on the hard ground and

the desert plain, as in a bed of down and a well furnished chamber. Only give me my coat against the wind and the rain ; I ask no more.

It was thus a young but hardy soldier communed with himself, as he marched along from San Ildefonso to the convent of the Paular, situated among the wildest ridges of the Guadarama mountains. Every thing around him was novel and interesting ; and his eye wandered restless from one object to another in the wide landscape, and treasured up every feature of the scene.

It was a sultry summer day, and he frequently paused beneath the friendly shadow of an overhanging cliff, to wipe the sweat from his brow, as he followed the rugged pathway of the *Ravine*. The very name indicates the roughness of the place. The gray rocks, that have toppled down from the crags above, are the only land marks which point out the way. Indeed, the path is easily lost, unless the traveller takes heed to his steps, or is accompanied by some mountaineer of those regions. The young soldier, however, was no novice in threading mountain paths ; for he had traversed again and again the rocky passes of the Pyrenees, and experience had taught him to distinguish, with an eye as unerring as that of an Indian, the place where human footsteps had passed. Besides, he had carefully inquired the way before leaving San Ildefonso. No ; he moves with a sure foot, he needs no guide.

Ever and anon he pauses to take breath, and refreshes his parched lips in every cool spring he meets with. He passes from height to height, from rock to rock ;

and occasionally sits down to rest, and casts his eyes back with a sigh, to think how little progress he has made, and what toil that little has cost him. Again he moves forward on his difficult way. He leaves on the left the celebrated waterfall called the *Chorro*, and far behind him gradually sink—sink, the beautiful gardens and palaces of San Ildefonso.

How sad is the pathway he now pursues! This broken and blasted mountain seems to have a curse upon it, like the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah! These giant pines and the melancholy wild olive trees that people the neighboring cliffs, deny him the scanty shadow of their foliage! The mountain torrents and gushing brooks, so abundant in those regions, when they reach this shattered wreck of the mountain, pause and turn back to choose for themselves another channel! Even the most withered and unsightly shrub seems to regard itself as dishonored in being condemned to dwell in so gloomy and desolate an abode! No green thing overshadows it with leaves! The only living thing that meets the eye is the form of some huge snake, enticing the merry grasshopper to his fate, or the green lizard, stealing unawares upon some wayfaring tarantula. The very air itself seems to breathe of death, and the wind blows fearfully and wild, in gloomy accord with the desolate landscape around!

But our traveller will soon have passed this lonely region; another mile, and his fatigues will be over. The very solitude of the place lends him new vigor: he quickens his pace; and thinks no longer of the pointed stones, that wound his feet, nor of his fatigued

and faltering limbs. Onward, onward; the gloomy region is passed; and now he has reached the highest summit of the mountains, and seats himself to rest a moment from his toil. The scene around is changed; here and there a few fragrant shrubs are springing; the air breathes more softly; and the painted butterflies are fluttering in the broad sunshine around him. Here a spring gushes up from the earth, which, for the coolness of its waters is called by the inhabitants of the neighboring regions, *La Fria Fuente*, the cold fountain. Here the weary soldier seated himself, and took from the mountain spring a draught of its sparkling waters; a tribute which every traveller pays to that solitary fountain.

What a glorious prospect! What a wide horizon meets the eye from these lofty mountain peaks! How silent are ye always! What grandeur is around your bald and high uplifted summits! Thus exclaimed the wayfaring soldier; but there was none to hear, save the soaring vulture, or the eagle in her nest. From this point, continued he, I look down upon the vast plains of Old Castile, that indomitable province, the terror of the Moors, nay, of all Europe; which has given to history so many noble warriors, and learned statesmen; and has so often curbed the pride of haughty Rome, and the despotism of kings! The whole plain is sprinkled with antiquated hamlets, and to the west rise the lofty towers of the ancient city of Segovia. The whole land is fraught with historic recollections! But as the traveller turns his eyes in a different direction, these recollections give place to others of a

different nature. The vast and solitary convent of the Paular is before him. A feeling of religious awe steals over his thoughts as he gazes upon its old and blackened cupola! Yonder, yonder is the convent, where dwell the sons of Saint Bruno; self-sacrificing men, who shut themselves up for life between the gloomy walls of the cloister; who undergo strange penance and fastings; who give a shelter and convenient food to the traveller, yet greet him not with the sound of a welcome voice; nay, who speak not even with each other! These are the Carthusians. And can it indeed be true, that such a brotherhood exists on earth?

As he spake thus, he arose, and climbing from rock to rock, descended in the direction of the gloomy convent. It reposes in the bosom of a deep and lonely valley, and its very situation shows that those who inhabit it are lovers of solitude and silence! After a long and difficult descent, through brush and bramble, and over rocks and deep ravine, and rushing mountain brooks, at length our traveller reached the solitary meadow at the mountains' foot, and continuing his way for a mile or two across the plain, soon arrived at the esplanade in front of the convent. A little fountain gushed silently before the melancholy portico, whose pavement, overgrown with green grass, gave evident proof of the few that trod its solitary threshold. Above rose the walls of the gothic edifice to a noble height; and the green moss that covered the weather-beaten stones, and the solitary shrub, that here and there took root in the crevice, gave the whole building a coloring and an aspect which recalled its great antiquity, and proclaimed



the many centuries it was yet to stand. Still higher above these massive walls rose the tower and dome of the convent, blackened with age and the inclemencies of the weather; and the whole sanctuary exhibited a scene of melancholy grandeur which imagination itself cannot surpass.

It was that thoughtful hour, when the glare of the day gives place to the gradual shadows of twilight; when the shepherd retires to his fold, and the treacherous wolf prepares himself for his nightly marauding; when the merry birds, now weary of enlivening the woodlands with song, retire to their perches among the leaves; and the leaden winged bat leaves his hole in the wall, and the owl hoots far and clear, and the timid rabbit utters a melancholy cry! What a turbulent crowd of thoughts wander through the imagination of a lonely traveller, at such an hour and in such a situation! How many recollections throng into the mind of our wayfaring soldier! What a lonely and mournful night awaits him in the abode of the Carthusians!

He enters the portico of the sanctuary, and passing onward finds himself in a square court-yard, around which runs an arcade of granite columns. No one appears to meet him! the place seems uninhabited! He walks from side to side, and gazes upon the silent scene. Silence! and the walls around answer, Silence! At length a form appears descending a staircase from within, and dressed in the garb of a layman. It is the porter; his sallow cheek and the few and brief words which fall from his lips are in keeping with the austere rules of the brotherhood, to which he belongs.

‘Soldier ; do you ask our hospitality ?’

‘Yes,’ replied the traveller.

‘It is freely given. Seat yourself here for a few moments, until the lamps are lighted, and your supper prepared.’

The soldier seated himself upon a broken fragment of a dried up fountain, in the middle of the court-yard. The porter soon returned.

‘Come, brother,’ said he, ‘come with me to the Strangers’ Hall. But first I will shut the gate, for the day is passed, and no other traveller will visit us to-night.’

The soldier assisted him to close the heavy doors, and secure the double bolts, and then followed him to the interior of the convent.

They first ascended a broad flight of stone steps, which conducted them to an ample cloister. This they crossed, and again ascended another short staircase ; and after passing through a series of desolate and uninhabited halls, whose walls were adorned with rude crucifixes and pictures of saints, they at length reached the *Hospederia*, or Strangers’ Hall. It consists of a large saloon, which serves as a dining-room, with four or five chambers attached to it, each containing a number of beds. In the saloon our traveller found the table already spread with his abundant but simple supper.

‘Here,’ said the sententious porter to him, ‘you see what our community offers to each wayfarer like yourself. Be seated, and partake of this repast ; for you must indeed be hungry. The adjoining rooms are

filled with beds; and when you wish to retire, choose from among them, that which best suits you. So, friend, good night! I leave you to yourself. Good night!’

Thus the soldier was left alone in the vast and solitary saloon. He seated himself; threw off his cap, and placing his sword between his knees, began to eat the food before him. His lamp threw a flickering light upon the paintings which adorned the walls, and their features looked distorted and horrible, and at times they seemed to move from their frames!

‘What a supper have I here;’ said he to himself. ‘It is abundant: I have enough, and more than enough, of fish, and sallad, and bread, and wine: but I had rather eat my soldiers’ mess in sight of the enemy’s ranks, than this abundant supper in so gloomy and lonely a place. I know not how it is, but the solitude of a convent has always inspired me with a kind of awe!’

He hardly tasted the food before him, for his spirit was not quiet. But the jug of wine was frequently visited by his thirsty lip, and each visit seemed to revive his drooping spirits. When his hasty supper was finished, he put on his cap, and taking the lamp from the table went in pursuit of his bed. If the dining-hall had filled him with fearful respect, this feeling was heightened when he entered the dormitory; but as his heart was now somewhat lighter from the glad inspiration of the wine, he was valiant enough to examine from end to end the whole suite of rooms. In the most remote of all he found a crucifix nailed against the wall, with an image of the Virgin at the foot of the

cross. Before these he paused to utter a *credo* and a *salve*, but whether from devotion or fear, history sayeth not.

After having taken note of all around, and looked not only upon, but under the beds, he chose for himself the one nearest the door; for it must be confessed, that though a soldier, he felt a kind of indefinite and indescribable terror fluttering about his heart. How often did he pause to listen, as he hastily threw off his clothes! The sound of every button he unloosed, seemed to be a cautious footstep stealing softly behind him; and every breath he drew came to his ear like the echo of a suspicious conversation.

At length, however, he threw himself into bed, and making the sign of the cross a thousand times, and commending himself to all the saints in the calendar, put out the light, rather than suffer the sight of the gigantic and strange shadows, it threw upon the walls. Sleep is slow in visiting his eyelids. That soft bed, with its clean linen and neat quilt—he had rather be stretched upon the hard boards in a guard house. There he would have fallen asleep like a child; but here he lay sleepless, listening, and gazing around him in the obscurity of the chamber. The beds arranged in a long line beside him, assumed in his imagination the forms of biers; and the distant buzz of a night fly sounded dismally in his ears, and made him seize his sabre to protect himself against the attacks of the midnight assassin.

‘I should like,’ thought he, ‘to see the most valiant man in the world shut up, as I am, in this chamber, hardly knowing which way he entered, or which way

he was to get out again ! As yet, I have not seen a single Carthusian ; nor do I know what kind of men they are. It is said that they are all just men, and that they inflict upon themselves severe penance ; then I have nought to fear ; I can sleep in quiet and security.'

And as his imagination was busy with such thoughts as these, he fell asleep. But the various fancies that continued to flit through his mind prevented him from sleeping profoundly, and about midnight, he was aroused by the sound of regular and measured footsteps, that every moment grew louder and nearer. Surely there can be no soldiers in this silent retreat, thought he ; and yet I know of no other persons that are in the habit of marching at so regular a pace as this, and so betimes as it seems to be, unless it be some company of my own profession on the way to a morning review ! And then the regular tramp ! tramp ! of the march, and a certain indistinct sound, like the trailing of garments upon the floor, brought to his mind all the tales of phantoms and hobgoblins, which during ten years of service he had heard related in the barracks, at the guard house, and the midnight camp.

The sound continued to increase, and his heated imagination grew more and more excited. He arose in bed, and seized his sabre ; and a shudder ran through his whole frame, when he heard at a distance the sound of several hoarse voices, chanting a mournful song. It was impossible for him to prevent at first the superstitious impression which that dirge-like hymn produced ; but in a moment it was passed, and he was as calm as if he had not heard the sound. He was not ignorant that

many orders of monks have a custom of rising at midnight to celebrate the first matins ; and at the same moment he heard the heavy sound of the convent bell, swinging loud through the silence of the night, which persuaded him that all he had heard was only the footsteps and voices of the Carthusians in the choir of the church. It must then, said he to himself, be midnight. Three hours are wanting to day break. I have slept four. Enough. The night is hot, and these mosquitoes keep such a singing in my ears that I can sleep no more. So I will even get up, and sit by some open window to enjoy the freshness of the cool mountain air.

Thus groping his way along, with his sabre in his hand, he reached the nearest window, and throwing it wide open, sat down to wait the coming of day. There he passed two long hours, gazing at the stars that pursued their silent way in heaven, and listening to the distant and prolonged howl of the wolves that were growling about the mountains. But at the expiration of this time he grew tired of playing the philosopher, and of waiting for the tardy day light, and determined, if possible, to creep forth from his labyrinth, and grope his way to the church. For a long time he sought in vain to retrace his steps, by which he had entered the building from the principal court-yard. But at length the sound of the organ and the mournful chanting of the choir broke upon his ear, and guided by the sound he finally succeeded in finding the door of the church, which opens into a small court-yard contiguous to the first.

Who can give a faithful description of the solemn feelings which this sanctuary inspires at such an hour ! Who can paint the heavy masses of shade, and the wavering and uncertain light, that the dim tapers threw upon the sculptured images around ! the hollow echoes that reverberated along the arches, and beat dolefully at the sinner's heart, recalling his own transgressions and the majesty of God ! or even those pious monks, whose forms arose like motionless statues of marble in the distance and obscurity of the choir ! All this must be seen in order to be felt ; for no pen can describe it.

After passing through two massive iron gates he reached the choir, where the Carthusians stood. There he threw himself upon his knees, and gazed around him with earnest curiosity. There stood a band of sallow and emaciated monks, clothed in long white garments ; an open sepulchre beneath their bended knees, a sad memento of the vanity of all things earthly ; before them an effigy of the crucifixion, and overhead the high and shadowy arches of the church, which seemed ready to fall and bury them in the grave beneath ! O, what a crowd of reflections rush upon the mind of man in such a spot ! The rich feels that he is poor ; the incredulous trembles and believes ; the miser scorns his coffers, and the votary of passion condemns his unhallowed lusts ! All feel the sanctifying influence of the place, all repent, and for a time at least, learn to know themselves ! There death and eternity, figured forth in their deepest colors, exhibit to us—the one, the common goal of all things human, the other, the soul's uncertain destiny hereafter !

At length the day light began gradually to steal in through the stained windows of the dome, and the light of the lamps grew pale and sad. The Carthusians concluded their prayers and matin hymns, and the high altar was prepared for the celebration of mass. As the soldier was curious to see this ceremony in the church of the Paular, he awaited its performance, and though parts were new to him, and different from the customary Roman ritual, yet he listened to the whole with as much devotion as the sons of San Bruno themselves.

When the mass was at length concluded, he remained, as he thought, alone in the church; and as it was now nearly four o'clock, at which hour, in the month of June, the whole air gleams with the glorious light of the sun, he amused himself with gazing at the various paintings which decorate the walls of the church. Whilst he was occupied in observing some beautiful bas-relieves in wood, finely chiseled in the balustrade of the choir, which represent various scenes of holy writ, his attention was arrested by the sound of a gentle breathing near him. Whence came those sighs? From the Carthusians themselves, who, stretched beneath the benches of the choir, in the most painful postures, and with their faces hidden in boxes of earth, were still engaged in prayer! And now, said the astonished soldier, I can no longer doubt what report has already told me of the rigor of this religion! What an austere life is this! Better, far better, to be a soldier!

As no one prohibited him from following his own inclinations, he directed his steps to a door, at the left hand of the high altar, which conducted him to a



spacious cloister, which runs round a square court-yard. This cloister is paved with funeral stones, beneath which repose the ashes of the ancient Carthusians. Not a footstep, but it falls on the rude letters of some mournful epitaph! not a footstep, but it passes over the sculptured skull and cross bones! The walls are decorated with beautiful paintings in oil, representing the life of San Bruno, and the persecution of his followers before their firm establishment. The court-yard, too, is full of sepulchres; and in the midst rises a little stone temple, beneath which a melancholy fountain pours forth its sparkling waters, drop by drop, as if weeping for the departed that slumber around its little basin.

Our traveller had now grown weary of gazing upon so many mournful objects without encountering a human being to whom he might communicate the reflections they inspired, when suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps close behind him. He turned his head round and beheld the forms of two Carthusians passing at his side. He stepped back to make room for them, and give them the customary salutation. But what was his surprise when he recognised in one of them an ancient companion and friend. At first he doubted whether it could indeed be possible, and consequently whether he should speak to him; but upon a nearer approach all doubt vanished from his mind, and the steady and pleasant look, which the monk gave him, banished all mistrust.

‘Is it possible, that I find you here, and in this garb, Gonzalez?’ exclaimed the soldier, running to embrace his ancient comrade.

But his friendly ardor was suddenly checked by a gesture from the monk, and the grave and repulsive expression which his countenance assumed, as he moved on his way. The soldier followed him a few steps, still repeating his expressions of recognition.

‘Yes: it is he; there can be no doubt. Gonzalez! Gonzalez! hast thou forgotten me? Dost thou not recollect when we were sick together in the hospital of Madrid? and our bivouacs in the plains of Chicklana? Dost thou not recollect? But he gives me no reply; nay, he motions with his hand for me to cease. How cruel! Nay, listen; only a single word; tell me only how thou art! No! not one word; he passes on; and takes no farther notice of me!’

The Carthusian departed, and the soldier remained both surprised and offended at this unnatural repulse. And can it be possible that this religion is so tyrannical and severe as not to permit those who possess it to give a passing salutation to a friend? Yes, it is even so; for he loved me well in days gone by, and surely it is impossible he should have forgotten me. Thus whispered the spirit of friendship in the soldier’s bosom, as with a heavy heart he retired from the gloomy cloister. In the principal court yard he met the porter of the convent.

‘So, my good friend,’ inquired the porter, ‘have you slept well?’

‘Not remarkably well;’ replied the soldier, and he went on to relate his adventure with his ancient comrade and friend.

'You must not be surprised at the conduct of the monk,' said the porter, 'for I have seen fathers depart from these gates, weeping and almost broken hearted, because they could not speak with their sons. Nay, I have been obliged to refuse entrance to afflicted mothers, who desired only to see their offspring, but yet were not allowed even to enter these walls. I have been the porter of the convent for twenty years; yet I have never spoken with any one of its inhabitants, excepting the lay brethren and the *Padre procurador*. There is no one else in the whole community who is permitted to converse with his fellow men. So you must not think yourself scorned nor in any way insulted, for all other visitors fare the same.'

This affable reply of the old man calmed the feelings of the soldier, and induced him to ask if it would be permitted him to see his old companion again, since he was prohibited from conversing with him.

'A difficult matter; a very difficult matter;' was the reply. 'He is now reposing in his cell, and the monks will not again assemble in the choir until the second hour of prayers, which is ten o'clock. But if you are indeed so much his friend as you profess to be, you can send him a message in writing, telling him what you wish; though I must confess the success of your message will be doubtful.'

'Yes, yes,' said the soldier, 'give me a strip of paper, and I will write to him: come, he will certainly not refuse; for it is not possible that he should have forgotten me, who have so often saved him from arrests, and for whole months together have filled his pipe and

canteen from my own stores. You must know, that though he is now a Carthusian monk, he was once a wild boy. In the company, he lost his commission because he cheated the soldiers in their allowance. Besides he was always quarrelling and gambling; committed a thousand misdemeanors, and deserted twice from the army. The last time, he escaped detection, and nothing has been heard of him since. You see how it is: but who the deuce would have thought of looking for him here!’

‘Yes; but the brother you speak of has been in the convent more than six years. His noviciate is long since passed, and he is one of the most rigid and exemplary monks in the convent. I recollect his arrival very well. His appearance excited compassion: his feet were bare and bleeding; his cheek pale and sorrow stricken; his clothes in tatters; he had on a military jacket of white cloth——’

‘Yes, yes;’ interrupted the soldier; ‘the same he wore when he deserted. It had a red collar, and was turned up with blue?’

The porter nodded assent.

‘Of course it must have been so;’ continued the soldier. ‘It was the uniform of the Arragonese Volunteers, for we both of us served in that corps. Only to think of it! what a strange event!’

In the strip of paper which the porter gave him, the soldier wrote the following laconic sentence:

‘Your ancient comrade desires to see you once more.

JUAN ZURDO.’

The porter who seemed to sympathise with the soldier, (for never before nor since was he known to be so obsequious,) carried the paper to the monk, who sent back by the same messenger an answer favorable to his wishes, though with a strict charge for him not to utter a single word. A cruel condition for the soldier; for at every moment pleasant recollections, and tales of the times of old, came crowding into his memory, which he would fain have conversed about with his ancient friend, mingling with them the adventures and history of their fellow soldiers. But bound in honor to respect the command of the monk, he followed the porter in silence, and after passing through numerous court-yards, cloisters and narrow passages, he at length reached the cell of his ancient comrade.

It was a small chamber with two doors; one of which communicated with the cloister, and the other with a small garden, kept in neat order by the monk Gonzalez. A small window with a slide looked into the cloister. Through this, as the porter informed him, it was customary to pass at certain fixed hours of the day, the frugal repast of the occupant of the cell, which consisted of little else than bread, and a little soup or fish. The furniture of the chamber corresponded to the severe discipline of the order and the life its brotherhood lead. Above the little pallet that served him as a bed, a clock ticked the passing moments; on a small table opposite stood a crucifix, and beside it a scull; sad memento of futurity. A simple book-case, nailed against the wall, contained a few books. Among these the Bible held

the most conspicuous place, as sovereign over all; beside it were several volumes of the old Christian Fathers, with others of moral philosophy. On a lower shelf stood the Life of San Bruno; the works of Frai Luis de Granada, and of Feijóo. No book of impure adventures and amorous songs occupied those shelves; but heavenly precepts, adventures of martyrs and holy men of old, and songs in praise of the Deity and his works. Such, with the addition of a chair without a back, and a few carpenter's tools, with which he occupied the vacant hour, was the simple furniture of the monk's cell. What a contrast between this lonely cell and the palaces of the great! between the occupant of the one and the occupant of the other! between the want and privations of the monk, and the opulence and profusion of the rich man! And when we compare them, what thoughts arise within us! Shall both hereafter share the same destiny? No human eye can pierce futurity!

The interview was short. The monk stood motionless before the crucifix with his hands crossed upon his bosom, and his eyes cast down; and the soldier heaved a sigh and dashed away a tear, to see the ravages which a few years of austere and unrelenting privation had wrought in the form and countenance of his ancient friend.

He soon followed the porter back to the *Hospederia*, where his breakfast was prepared for him. As a long and leisure day was before him, he lingered awhile, after eating his morning repast, to decipher the various names and scraps of verse, with which the walls of the chamber are covered. One of these shall conclude this

true narrative, for the soldier went his way from the convent with its admonitions deeply engraven in his memory.

Recuerde el alma adormida.  
Aviva el seso y despierte  
Contemplando ;  
Como se pasa la vida  
Como se viene la muerte  
Tan callando.  
Quam presto se va el placer,  
Como despues de acordado  
Da dolor ;  
Como á nuestro parecer  
Qualquiera tiempo pasado  
Fué mejor.  
Nuestras vidas son los rios  
Que van á dar en la mar, . .  
Que es el morir ;  
Allí van los señorios  
Derechos á se acabar  
Y consumir ;  
Allí los rios caudales,  
Allí los otros medianos,  
Y mas chicos,  
Allegados son iguales,  
Los que viver por sus manos,  
Y los ricos !

L.

religion or politics; in short any thing, to which, as with the shield in the fable, there are two sides.

Some who have lived to swell the choral song to Adams and Jefferson, and blend their names in one harmonious peal, will remember when the one, in his honest distinction, was a patriot hero, and the other the arch enemy of his country. For myself, having been bred, according to the strictest sect of my political religion, a federalist, I regarded Mr. Jefferson, (whom all but his severest enemies do not now deny, to have been a calm, and at least well-intentioned philosopher,) as embodying in his own person whatever was impracticable, heretical and corrupt in politics, religion and morals. Some impressions of my early childhood which were connected with the subsequent fate of obscure but interesting individuals, have preserved a vivid recollection of those party strifes that should now only be remembered to assuage the heat of present controversies.

I was sent when a very young child, (I am not the hero of my own story, my readers must therefore bear with a little prefatory egotism,) to pass the summer in a clergyman's family in Vermont, in a village which I shall take the liberty to call Carrington. Whether I was sent there for the advantage of a better school than my own village afforded, or for the flattering reason that governs the disposition of most younger children in a large family, to be got out of the way, the domestic archives do not reveal. Whatever was the motive I am indebted to the fact for some of the most interesting recollections of my life. The first absence from home



is a period never forgotten, and always vivid. How well do I remember the aspect of that long, broad, and straight street that traversed the village of Carrington, as it appeared to me when I first entered it. The meeting house, with its tall, grenadier looking steeple ; the freshly painted school house, the troop of shouting boys springing from its portal ; the neat white houses with Venetian blinds, and pretty court-yards and gardens, the dwellings of the physician, the lawyer, and the merchant, the modest gentry of the place ; and that, to my youthful vision, colossal piece of architecture, a staring flaming mansion, (I afterwards learned that *Squire Hayford* was its master,) with pilasters, pillars and piazzas, a balustrade, cupola, and *four* chimneys ! Even then I turned my eyes from this chef-d'œuvre of rustic art to the trees by the way side, whose topmost boughs in their freshest green, (for summer was still in its youth,) were flushed with the beams of the setting sun. And I eagerly gazed at the parsonage which stood at the extremity of the plain, flanked by an orchard of scrawny neglected apple trees, its ill-proportioned form, and obtrusive angles sheltered by the most ample elm that ever unfolded its rich volume of boughs. A willow there was too, I remember, that hung its tresses over the old well-curb, for there Fanny Atwood and I have cracked many a 'last year's butternut,' sweeter to us far than the freshest, most flavorful nuts of the south, or any thing else would now be.

It is difficult, in our levelling and disenchanted days, to recal the awe that thirty years ago the puritan clergy of New England inspired in the minds of children.

Who is there bred in the land of the pilgrims, that has not in his memory an immaculate personage, tall or short but always erect, with a three-cornered cocked hat, long blue yarn stockings drawn over the knee, silver shoe buckles and a silver headed cane, looking stern and unrelenting, as if he embodied the terrors of the law? Who does not remember depressing his voice and checking the 'little footsteps that lightly pressed the ground,' as he passed the *minister's house*, the domain that seemed to him to shut out all human sympathies, to stand between heaven and earth, a certain purgatory, at least to all youthful sinners?

With such prepossessions I entered Doctor Atwood's family. The Doctor himself was absent on some pastoral duty when I arrived. I was soon put at my ease by the hospitalities of his social family. How the prejudices of childhood melt away and disappear in the first beam of kindness! A most kind and simple hearted race were the Atwoods. Miss Sally, the oldest, was housekeeper; a bountiful provider of '*spring beer*,' cherry pies and gingerbread. Man and woman too, and above all a child, is an eating animal. The record of culinary virtues remains long after every other trace of good Miss Sally has faded from my mind. The second sister was Miss Nancy, a 'weakly person' she was called, and truly was. I can see her pale serious face now, in which sensibility to her own ailments, and solicitude for those of her fellow mortals, were singularly blended; her slender tall figure, as she stood shaking that vial with contents so mysterious to me, which she called her '*mixture*;' her hands all veins and chords

that seemed to have been made to spread plasters. Miss Nancy, in poetic phrase, was a 'culler of simples.' She gathered herbs, (for my friend Fanny called them *sickness*,) for all the village, and administered them too. She could tell with unerring certainty when motherwort would kill, and boneset would cure. Forgive me, gentle reader, (for Miss Nancy could not,) if I have mistaken an alias for a species. In brief, Miss Nancy was one of those prudent apprehensive people peculiarly annoying to children. Her memory was a treasure house of hair breadth escapes and fatal accidents; and her eye would fix upon that imaginative column in the newspapers devoted to the enumeration of such fancy articles as 'caution to youths;' 'fatal sport;' 'hydrophobia!' &c. &c., as a speculator devours the price of stocks. Malvina was the third daughter; I knew little of her, for she was a lady of the shears, and pursued her calling by keeping the even tenor of her way through the neighborhood, making 'auld claiiths look amaist as weel's the new.' I should have said that Malvina was among the few who would go through life content with the sphere providence had assigned her, without one craving from that 'divinity that stirs within;' limiting her ambition to pleasing the little boys, and satisfying their mammas, and her desires to her well earned twenty-five cents per day. But Malvina married and emigrated. Her husband was, as I have heard, a disciple of Tom Paine, and poor Malvina, who was only adequate to shape a sleeve or collar, began to reason of 'fate and free will,' foreknowledge absolute; and afterwards, when she visited her friends, she bewailed their irrational

views, wondered they could believe the bible! and would have enlightened them with that precious textbook, the Age of Reason, had not Dr. Atwood consigned it forthwith to an auto-de-fê.

The doctor, according to the common custom of New England clergymen, who have an income of four or five hundred dollars a year, had educated several sons at college. One was a thriving attorney and counsellor at law, in New York, and two others, (who closed the account of the doctor's first marriage,) were keeping school, and qualifying themselves for the learned professions. The doctor in middle life, as it is by courtesy called, but long after his sun had declined from its meridian, had married a young and very pretty girl, who, by all accounts, looked much beside her autumnal consort, like a fresh blown rose attached to a stalk of sere and yellow leaves. The human frailty the doctor betrayed in his preference of this lamb of his flock over certain quite mature candidates for his conjugal favor, gave such scandal to his parish that the good man was fain to leave Connecticut, the land of his forefathers, and remove to Vermont, then called the new state, where his domestic arrangements were viewed with more indulgence. His wife, who seems to have had no fault but that one which was mending every day, died in the course of a few years, after having augmented the doctor's wealth by the addition of one child.

This child was the gem of the family, and a gem of 'purest ray serene,' was my little friend Fanny. Fanny Atwood! Writing her name even at this distance of

time makes my heart beat quicker. Affection has its bright, its immortal names, that will live after the trump of fame is a broken instrument, and the names it has peeled over the world are with all forgotten things. Perhaps I commit a mistake in making Fanny Atwood the heroine of a story. It may be that like those wild flowers she so much resembled, that are so delicate and sweet in their native green wood, but so fragile that they fade and droop as soon as they are exposed to the eye of the sun, and appear spiritless and insignificant when compared with the splendid belles of the greenhouse, on which the art of the horticulturist has been exhausted, so my little rustic favorite may seem tame, and she and her fortunes be derided by the fine ladies, if any such grace my humble tale with a listening ear.

I have known those who have drank of the tainted waters of a city till they confessed that the pure element as it welled up from the green turf, or sparkled in the crystal fountain of a mountain rock, was tasteless and disagreeable! But I know those too, who, though they have mastered the music of Rossini, have yet ears and hearts for wood notes wild. Nature is too strong for art, and those who are accustomed to the refinements of artificial life, may look *without* a 'disdainful smile' on Fanny Atwood as she was when I first saw her; as she continued, the picture of simplicity and all lovable qualities. She had a little round Hebe form. Her neck, chest, shoulders and arms were the very beau ideal of a French dress maker, so fair and fat; her hands were formed in the most delicate mould, and dimpled as an infant's; her hair was of the tinge between flaxen

and brown; glossy and wavy. Her mouth bore the signet of the sweet and playful temper that bade defiance to all the curdling tendencies of life, it was certainly the fittest organ for 'words o' kindness' that could be formed. She had a slight lisp; graceful enough in childhood, but happily, as she grew up, it wore off. The line of her nose was sufficiently Grecian to be called so by her admirers, but her eyes, I am compelled to confess, even while I yet feel their warm and gentle beam upon me, were not according to the rule of beauty; they were clear and bright as health and cheerfulness could make them, but they lacked many shades of the violet, and were smaller than the orthodox heroine dimensions. If my bill of particulars fail to present the image of my friend, let my readers embody health, good humor, order, a disinterestedness, considerateness or mindfulness, a quick sympathy with joy and sorrow, in the image of a girl of nine years, and it cannot fail to resemble Fanny Atwood. She would have been a spoiled child, if unbounded love and indulgence could have spoiled her; but she was like those fruits and flowers which are only made more beautiful or flavorful by the fervid rays of the sun. She sometimes tried Miss Sally's patience by a too free dispensation of the luxuries of her frugal pantry, and Miss Nancy's by deriding her herb teas, even that 'sovereignest thing on earth,' her motherwort; and once, when in the act of raising a dose of the panacea, the *mixture*, to her lips, she let fall dose, vial and all; *accidentally*, no doubt; but poor Miss Nancy! I think her nerves never quite recovered the shock. However,

these offences were soon forgiven, and would have been, if magnified a hundred fold, for in the touching language of old Israel, she 'was the only child of her mother, and her mother was dead.'

I was within a few months of Fanny's age when we first met, and with the facility of childhood we became friends in half an hour. She had presented me to her two favorites, a terrier puppy and a black cat, between whom she had so assiduously cultivated a friendship that she had converted their natural gall into honey, and they coursed up and down the house together to the infinite amusement of my friend, and the perpetual annoyance of the elderly members of the family. Nothing could better illustrate Fanny's power than the indulgence she obtained for these little pests: Miss Sally prided herself on her discipline of animals, but she was brought to wink at Fido's misdeeds, suffered him to sleep all day by the winter's fire, and when she once or twice resolutely ordered him out for the night, she was persuaded by Fanny to get up with her and let him in. And the cat, though Miss Nancy's aversion, fairly installed herself on a corner of Fanny's chair, and was thrice a day fed from her plate.

As I have said, Fanny and I made rapid progress in our friendship. She had introduced me to her little family of dolls, which were all patriotic, all of home manufacture, and I had offered to her delighted vision my *compagnon de voyage*, a London doll; in our eyes the master piece of the arts. We were consulting confidently on some matters touching our respective families, when I heard the lumbering sound of the

doctor's chaise, and I felt a chill come over me like that of poor Jack, the bean-climber of aspiring memory, when seated at the giant's hearth, and chatting with his lady, he first heard the homeward step of her redoubtable lord and master. My prejudices against the clerical order were certainly not dispelled by my first impressions of Doctor Atwood. He wore a thick set fozy wig, cut by a sort of equatorial line around the forehead. His chin was not a *freshly* mown stubble field, for it was Saturday, and the doctor shaved but once a week. His figure was tall and corpulent, and altogether he presented a lowering and most forbidding aspect to one who had been accustomed to a more advanced state of civilization than his person indicated. I had retreated to the farthest corner of the room, droppd my head and hidden my doll in my handkerchief, when Fanny, to my astonishment, dragging me into notice, exclaimed in the most affectionate tone, 'Oh, father, how glad I am you have come! I wanted you to see C——'s doll; she is the most perfect beauty! are you not glad she's come?' Now meaning me, not the doll.

The doctor made no reply for a moment, and when he did, he merely said, without a sign of courtesy or even humanity, 'How d'ye do, child, pretty well?'

'Father!' exclaimed Fanny in a tone which betrayed her mortification and disappointment. I shrank away to my seat, but Fanny remained hovering about the place where her father stood, lost apparently in sullen abstraction. The doctor sat down. Fanny seated herself on his knee, (I wondered she could.) 'How



funny your wig looks! father,' she said, 'its all awry.' Then laughing and giving it a fearless twirl, she took a comb from the doctor's waistcoat pocket, smoothed it down, threw her fat arms round his neck and kissed him first on one cheek, then on the other, saying, 'you look quite handsome, now, father!' Scanty as my literature was, a classical allusion occurred to me; 'Beauty and the Beast!' thought I, but far would it have been from the nature of that Beast to have been as dull to the caresses of Beauty as the doctor seemed to Fanny's. She was evidently perplexed by his apparent apathy; for a moment she laid her cheek to his, then sprang from his knee and went to a cupboard about ten inches square, made in the chimney beside the fireplace, (an anomaly in architecture, these puritan cupboards were,) and drew from it a long pipe, filled, lighted, and put it in her father's lips. He received it passively, smoked it with continued unconsciousness, and when the tobacco was exhausted, threw pipe and all out of the window. Fanny looked at me and laughed, then suddenly changing to an expression of solicitude, she leaned her elbow on the doctor's knee, looked up in his face, and said in a voice that must penetrate to the heart, 'what is the matter, father?'

The doctor seemed suddenly to recover his faculties; *to come to himself*, in the common phrase, and with tears gushing from his eyes, he said, 'Fanny, my child, poor Randolph's mother is dead.'

'Dead, father! What will Randolph do?'

'Do, Fanny?' replied the doctor, brushing off his tears, 'why, he will do his duty; no easy matter in the

poor boy's case.' The doctor then proceeded to relate the scene he had just come from witnessing, and which had melted one of the tenderest hearts that ever was in a human frame, uncouth and repelling as that frame was. The facts which will explain the doctor's emotions are briefly these. There was a certain Squire Hayford residing in Carrington, the proprietor of the stately mansion we have noticed. He was a democrat, according to the classification of that day, and one of the most impassioned order. A democrat in theory, but in his own little sphere as absolute a despot as ever sat on a throne. He was the wealthiest man in Carrington, owned most land, and had most ready money; in short, he was the great man of the place, and, as was happily said on another occasion, 'the smallest of his species.' Of all the men I ever met with he had the most unfounded and absurd vanity. His opinions were all prejudices, and in each and all of them he held himself infallible. He was the centre of his world, the sun of his system, which he divided into concentric circles. *Himself* first, then *his* household, *his* town, *his* county, *his* state, &c. Fortunately for himself, he had adopted the popular side in politics, and with a character that would have been particularly odious to the sovereign people, he made himself an oracle among them. This man had one child, a daughter, a gentle and lovely woman as she was described to me, who some fourteen years before my story begins, had married a Mr. Gordon, from one of the Southern States. It was a clandestine marriage. Squire Hayford having refused his consent, because

Gordon was a 'southerner,' and he held all 'southerners' in utter contempt and aversion, and never graced them with any other name than slave drivers, with the addition of such expletives as might give force to the reproach. Gordon was a high spirited man and an ardent lover, and he easily persuaded Miss Hayford to escape from the unreasonable opposition of her father, and transfer her allegiance to him. This was her first disobedience, but disobedience to him was an unpardonable sin in the squire's estimation, and he permitted his only child to encounter the severest evils, and languish through protracted sufferings, before he manifested the slightest relenting. She lost several children; she became a widow, was reduced to penury, and sacrificed her health in one of our southern cities, in an attempt to gain a livelihood as governess. Her father then sent her a pitiful sum of money, and information that a small house in Carrington, belonging to him was vacant, and she might come and occupy it if she would. The kindness was scanty, and the manner of it churlish enough; but disease and penury cut off all fastidiousness, and Mrs. Gordon returned to Carrington with her only son Randolph.

Here she languished month after month. The bare necessities of existence were indirectly supplied by her father, but he never visited her, never spoke to her, and, what affected her far more deeply, he never noticed her son, never betrayed a consciousness of his existence.

Adversity, if it does not sever the ties of nature, multiplies and strengthens them. Never was there a tenderer union than that which subsisted between

Randolph and his mother, and nothing could have been more natural than Fanny's exclamation when told of Mrs. Gordon's death, for it seemed as if the life of parent and child were fed from the same fountain. As my readers are now acquainted with the relative position of the parties, I shall give the doctor's account to Fanny in his own words. 'I left the chaise at Mrs. Gordon's door, my child,' said he, 'that Randolph might take her to ride. They had ridden but a short distance when she complained of faintness, and Randolph turned back. She had fainted quite away just as they stopped at their own door. There was a man riding past; Randolph called to him for help. He came and assisted in carrying the poor lady to her bed. When she recovered her senses, she looked up and saw the man; it was her father, Fanny!'

'Her father! what, that hateful old Squire Hayford?'

'Yes, my child. Providence brought him to her threshold at the critical moment. When I called for the chaise, I went in. I saw she was dying. Randolph was bathing her head with camphor, and his tears dropped on the pillow like rain. Her father stood a little way from the bed. He looked pale and his lip quivered. Ah, Fanny, my child, death takes hold of the heart that nothing else will reach. When Mrs. Gordon heard my step she looked up at me and said, "I believe I am dying; pray with me once more Doctor Atwood; pray that my father may forgive—that—he—may——" here her voice faltered, but she looked at Randolph, and I understood her, and went to prayer.

‘But, father, what did Squire Hayford do? you know he swore a horrid oath last independence that he would never hear “Parson Fed” pray again.”’

‘Yes, yes; Fanny, I remember, and he remembered too, for he walked out of the door and stood in the porch, but I took care to raise my voice so loud that he could not help hearing me. The Lord assisted me, my child; words came to me faster than I could utter them; thoughts, but not my thoughts; words, but not of my choosing, for they pierced even my own heart. When I had done, Squire Hayford came in, walked straight to the bed, and said, “Mary, I forgive you; I wish your troubles may be all at an end, but I am not answerable for your past sufferings; I told you what you must expect when you married that southern beggar.”’

‘Father,’ exclaimed Fanny, ‘why did you not stop him.’

‘I did long to knock him down, Fanny, and I thought Randolph would, for his black eyes flashed fire; but oh, how quick they fell again when his mother looked up like a dying saint as she was, and said, “Father, let the past be past.”’

“Well,” said he, “so I will; and as I am a man of deeds and not of words, I promise you I will do well by your boy; I will take him home, and he shall be the same as a son to me, provided——”’

‘Here he paused. I think she did not hear his last word, for her face lighted up, she clasped her hands

and thanked God for crowning with such mercy her dying hour; then she drew Randolph down to her, kissed him, and said, "now, my son I can die in peace." "But," said her father, "you have not heard me out, Mary. Randolph must give up the name of Gordon for that of Hayford——"

'Oh, father,' interrupted Fanny, 'he did not, did he?'

'Let me finish, child. The poor lady at the thought of her son giving up his dead father's name, heaved a sigh so deep and heavy, that I feared her breath would have gone with it. She looked at Randolph, but he turned away his eye. 'My dear child,' she said, 'it must be; it is hard for me to ask and you to do, but it must be; speak Randolph, say you accept the terms.'

'Thus pressed, the poor boy spoke, and spoke out his heart, "Do not ask me that, mother;" he said, "give up my dear father's name! No, never, never."'

' "My child, you must, you will be destitute; without a home, a friend, a morsel of bread."'

' "I shall not be destitute, mother, I can work, and is not Doctor Atwood my friend? and besides, mother, I care not what becomes of me when you are gone."'

' "But I do my son; I cannot leave you so. Oh, promise me, Randolph."'

' "Do not ask me, mother; I cannot give up the name I love and honor above all others, for that——" I know not what the poor boy might have said, for his mother stopped him. "Listen to me my son," she said, "my breath is almost spent; you know how I have been punished for one act of disobedience; how much misery I brought on your dear father, on all of us; you may

repair my fault. Oh, give me peace, promise to be faithful in your mother's place to her father."

"I will promise any thing, dear mother; I will do any thing but take his name."

"All is useless without that;" her voice sunk to a whisper,—“dear, dear child,” she added, “it is my *last* wish.” I saw her countenance was changing, and I believe I said, ‘she is going,’ and poor Randolph cried out, ‘Mother, mother, I will do every thing you ask—I promise—’ a sweet smile spread over her face. He laid his cheek to her’s, she tried to kiss him, but her lips never moved again, and in a few moments, my dear Fanny, she was with the saints in heaven.’

Fanny’s tears had coursed down her cheeks as her father had proceeded in his narration. Soon after I heard her repeating to herself, ‘Randolph Hayford, Randolph Hayford; I will never call him any thing but Randolph; but I suppose I shall not often have a chance to call him any thing. That cross old Squire Hayford hates you so, father, he’ll never let Randolph come and see us; he’ll never let him go any where but to some dirty democrat’s.’

I now look back, almost unbelieving of my own recollections, at the general diffusion of the political prejudices of those times. No age nor sex was exempt from them. They adhered to an old man to the very threshold of another world, and they sometimes clouded the serene heaven of such a mind as my friend Fanny Atwood’s.

The rival parties in Carrington were so nearly balanced, that each individual’s weight was felt in the

scale. All qualities and relations were merged in the political attribute. I have often heard, when the bell tolled the knell of a departed neighbor, the most kind hearted person say, '*we*' or '*they* have lost a vote!' Good Doctor Atwood was as sturdy in his political as in his religious faith. He had a vein of humanity like my Uncle Toby's, that tempered his judgment in individual cases, but in the abstract I rather think he believed that none but federalists and the orthodox, according to the sound school of the Mathers and Cottons, could enter the kingdom of heaven. With this creed, with an ardent temperament that glowed to the last hour of his life, and with the faculty of expressing pithily what he felt strongly, and without fear or awe of mortal man, he was, of course, loved almost to idolatry by his own party, and hated in equal measure by the rival faction.

I have said that the village street of Carrington traversed a hill and plain. The democrats for the most part occupied the hill. What an infected district it then seemed to me! The federalists, (alas! was it an augury of their descending fortunes?) lived in the vale. The most picturesque object in the village, and one as touching to the sentimental observer as Sterne's dead ass, was a superannuated horse; a poor commoner, who picked up an honest living by the way side. His walk was as regular as Edie Ochiltree's, or any other licensed *gaberlunzie's*. He began in the morning, and grazing along, he arrived about midday at the end of his tour, he then crossed the street and returned, now



and then resting his weary limbs in the shadow of a tree planted by the way side. Thus sped his innocent life. It was an edifying sight to see the patience and satisfaction with which he gleaned his scanty portion of the bounties of nature. Jacques would have moralized on the spectacle. The children called him Clover, why, I know not, unless it were an allusion to his green old age. He was a great favorite with the little urchins; the youngest among them were wont to make their first equestrian essays on Clover's bare back. My friend Fanny's gentle heart went out towards him in the respect that waits on age. Many a time have I known her to abstract a measure of oats from the parson's frugal store, and set it under the elm tree for Clover, and as she stood by him while he was eating, patting and stroking him, he would look round at her with an expression of mute gratitude and fondness, that words could not have rendered more intelligible.

Strange as it may seem, even poor Clover was converted into a political instrument. This 'innocent beast and of a good conscience,' was made to supply continual fuel to the inflammable passions of the fiery politicians of Carrington. His sides were pasted over with lampoons in which the rival factions vented their wit or their malignity safe from personal responsibility, for Clover could tell no tales. Thus he trudged from the hill, a walking gazette, his ragged and grizzled sides covered with these militant missives, and returned bearing the responses of the valley, as unconscious of his hostile burden, as the mail is of its portentous

contents. Sometimes, indeed, Clover carried that which was more accordant with his kind and loving nature.

As Fanny had predicted, after Randolph's removal to the great house, his grandfather prohibited his visits at Doctor Atwood's, but Fanny often met him in the lagging walk to school, berrying, nutting, and on all neutral ground, and when they did not meet, they maintained a continual correspondence by Clover. The art was simple by which they secured their billetdoux from the public eye, but it sufficed. The inside contained the effusion of their hearts. The outside was scribbled with some current political sarcasm or joke. The initial letter of Randolph's superscription was always F., Fanny's G., for she tenaciously adhered to the name of Gordon. The communications were attached by the corners to Clover. I found recently among some forgotten papers one of Fanny's notes, and childish as it is, I shall make no apology for inserting it verbatim.

'Dear Randolph—I thank you a thousand times and  
'so does C——, for the gold eagles. There never was  
'any thing in the world so beautiful, I do'nt believe.  
'They are far before the grown up ladies. We shall  
'certainly wear them to meeting next Sabbath, and  
'fix them so every body in the world can see them,  
'and not let the bow of ribbon fall down over them, as  
'Miss Clarke did last Sabbath, cause she has got that  
'old democrat, Doctor Star, for a sweetheart; but I  
'managed her nicely, Randolph. In prayer time when  
'she did not dare move, I whirled round the bow

‘so the eagle stood up bravely, and flashed right in Doctor Star’s eyes. I did not care so very much about having an eagle for myself, (though I do now since you have given it to me,) but I thought it very important for C—— to wear the federal badge, because her father is a senator in Congress. Father is almost as pleased as we are. I see Clover coming, and I must make haste; poor old fellow! I heard his tread when it stormed so awfully last night, and I got father to put him up in our stable. Was not he proper good? It was after prayers, too, and his wig was off and his knee buckles out. There, they all go out of Deacon Garfield’s to read Clover’s papers. Good bye, dear, dear Randolph. F. A.’

If my readers are inclined to smile at the defects of my heroine’s epistle, they must remember those were not the days when girls studied Algebra, and read Virgil in the original before they were ten years old. Besides, I have not claimed for Fanny intellectual brilliancy. The manifestations of her mind were (where some bel esprits last look for it,) in the conduct of her daily life.

But I am fondly lingering on the childhood of my friend. I must resolutely pass over the multitude of anecdotes that occur to me, to those incidents that are sufficiently dignified for publication.

Eight years flowed on without working any other change in the condition of my friends in Carrington than is commonly effected by the passage of time. Doctor Atwood continued his weekly ministrations, varied only by a slight verbal alteration in his prayer.

During Mr. Adams' presidency, he implored the Lord to *continue* to us rulers endued with the spirit of their station. When Mr. Jefferson became chief magistrate, he substituted '*give*' for *continue*. Miss Sally still brewed and baked with her accustomed energy. Miss Nancy by the too lavish consumption of her own nostrums, had lost every thing but her shadow. Squire Hayford was more opinionated and insufferable than ever. Poor old Clover was dead, and at Fanny's request, had been honorably interred beneath the elm tree, his favorite *poste restante*. Fanny had preserved the distinctive traits of her childhood, and at seventeen, was as good humored, as simple, as lovely and, (as more than one thought,) far more loveable than when I first knew her.

The sad trials of Randolph's youth had early ripened his character, and had given to it an energy and self-government that he could have derived alone from the discipline of such circumstances. The lofty spirit of his father had fallen on him like the mantle of an ascending prophet. His mother's concentrated tenderness had fostered his sensibility, and the influence of her dying hour passed not away with the days of mourning, but stamped his whole after life.

Who has ever lost a friend, without that feeling so natural, that a painter of nature has put it into the mouth of a man lamenting over a dead beast? 'I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him,' said I. 'Alas!' said the mourner, 'I thought so when he was alive, but now that he is dead I think otherwise.'

The solution of this universal lamentation and just

suffering, must be found in the fact that the very best fall far short of the goodness of which their Creator has made them capable. It is in the spirit of expiation that far more deference is paid to the wishes of the dead than the living; and affectionate and devoted as Randolph was to his mother, I doubt if she had lived, that she ever could have persuaded him to the sacrifices and efforts he made for her sake when she was dead. He immediately assumed the name of Hayford, without expressing a regret, even to Fanny; and accustomed as he had been to the control alone of his gentle mother, he submitted without a murmur to the petty and irritating tyrannies of his grandfather. He suppressed the expression of his opinions and surrendered his strongest inclinations at the squire's command. Never was there a case in which the sanctifying influence of a pure motive was more apparent. The same deference which Randolph paid to his relative, might have been rendered by a sordid dependant, but then where would have been that moral power which gave Randolph an ascendancy even over the narrow and unperceiving mind of his grandfather, and which achieved another and a more honorable triumph.

A Mrs. Hunt, a widowed sister of the squire, presided over the female department of his family. She was a well intentioned woman, a meek and patient drudge, who had been content to toil in his house, year after year, for the poorest of all compensations, *presents*; the common and wretched requital for the services of relations. Mrs. Hunt had been sustained in her endurance by a largess that now and then fell upon her

eldest son, and by the hope that ultimately her brother's fortune would descend to her unportioned children. This hope was suddenly blighted by his adoption of Randolph; and Randolph, of course, became the object of her dislike, and he daily suffered those annoyances and discomforts, which a woman always has in her power to inflict. To these he opposed a respectful deportment; a mindfulness of her convenience and comfort, and a generous attention to her children, which smoothed her rugged path, and all unused as she was to such humanities, won her heart. It was not long before the good woman found herself going to him, whom she had regarded as her natural enemy, for aid and sympathy in all her troubles.

If I am prosing, my readers must forgive me. It has always seemed to me that we may get the most useful lessons from those who are placed in circumstances not uncommon, nor striking, but to which a parallel may be found in every day's experience. It is a common doctrine, but one not favorable to virtue, that characters are formed by circumstances. If it be true, my friend Randolph was a noble exception; his character controlled circumstances; and, by the best of all alchemy, he extracted wholesome food out of the materials that might have been poison to another.

His boyish affection for Fanny Atwood had ripened into the tenderest love, and was fully returned, without my friend ever having endured the reserve and distrust that are supposed to be necessary to the progress of the passion. Trials their love had, but they came from without. Doctor Atwood had heard the squire had

said, 'the parson might try his best to get his heir for his daughter Fanny; he'd never catch *his heir*, though he caught Randolph!' The good doctor was a proud father, and a poor man, and, though it cost him many a heartache, he shut his doors against Randolph.

Meanwhile, the squire's self complacency (the squire had the art of making every body's merit or demerit minister to this great end of his being,) in Randolph increased. He was proud of his talents, his scholarship and his personal elegance, though his fac-simile resemblance to his father was so striking, that the squire was never heard to speak of his appearance, except to say, 'what a crop of hair he has, just like all the Hayfords!'

There was one peculiarity about Randolph, that puzzled his grandfather. 'The fellow is so inconsistent,' said he to himself one day, after he had been reviewing his account books; 'when he has money of his own earning he pours it out like water; gave the widow fifty dollars last week, but he seems as afraid of spending my cash as if I exacted Jews' usury; quite contrary to the old rule, 'light come, light go.' I have footed it right; eight years since Mary died—day after we lost Martin's election by the parson's vote; can't be mistaken; he's got through college, fitted for the law, and I have paid out cash for him but ninety-nine pounds, five shillings, and three pence, lawful! By George! the widow's brood has cost me more in that time. Ah! it's number one after all; is sure of it at last, and that southern blood can't bear an obligation. Trust me for seeing into a millstone. I can tell him he'll have to wait; I feel as young as I did thirty years

ago; sound grinders, good pulse, steady gait. Ten years to run up to three score, and ten may last to eighty. Grandmother Brown lived to ninety and upwards; why should not I? when I quit, am willing Randolph, (wish his name was Silas,) should have it. If it was not for that southern blood he'd be about the likeliest of the Hayfords. All his obstinacy comes from that 'I'll not disobey you, sir, and even if I would, Miss Atwood would not marry me without your consent; but be assured, sir, I shall never marry any other!' We'll see, my lord; while I can say nay, you shall never marry that old aristocrat's daughter. Just one-and-twenty now; guess you'll sing another tune before you are twenty-five. Time to go up to the printing office; wonder if we shall have another Hampden this week; confounded smart fellow that.'

Then looking at his watch and finding the happy hour for country ennuyés, the hour for the mail and daily lounge, had arrived, the squire sallied forth to take his morning walk to the printing office, the village reading room.

There was a weekly journal published in Carrington, the 'Star,' or 'Sun,' I forget which, but certainly the ascendant luminary of the democrat party. There had appeared, recently, in this journal, a series of articles written temperately, and with vigor and elegance, on the safety of a popular government.

The writer advocated an unlimited trust in the sanitive virtue of the people; he appeared familiar with the history of the republics that had preceded ours, and



contended that there was no reason to infer our danger from their brief existence. He maintained, (and it will now perhaps be admitted with truth,) that distrust of the people was the great error of the federalists; that the *prestiges* of the old government still hung about them, and that they were committing a fatal mistake in applying old principles to a new condition of things.

These articles were read, lauded and republished. The name of the author was sought, but in vain. Even the printer and editor, (I believe one person represented both these august characters,) were ignorant, and could only guess that it was judge —, or lawyer —, the lights of the state. But conjecture is not certainty, and the author still remained the 'great unknown,' not only of Carrington, but of the county and state.

The squire returned from his morning lounge with a fresh journal, containing a new article from Hampden, the signature of the unknown author. A fresh newspaper! Its vapor was as sweet a regale to the little vulgar pug-nose of our village politician as the dews of Helicon to the votaries of the muses. It so happened that Randolph was sitting in the parlor, reading, when the squire came in. 'Have you seen the paper, this morning, Randolph?' he asked.

'No; I have not.'

'I guess not, I have got the first that was struck off. Another article from Hampden, I understand. He is answered in the Boston Centinel. They own he writes '*plausibly, ably and eloquently*;' the d—— speaks truth for once. I guess the Boston chaps find their

match at last.' The squire had a habit not peculiar to him, but rather annoying, of reading aloud a passage that either pleased or displeased him, without any regard to the occupations of those around him. His comments, too, were always expressed aloud. He drew out his spectacles and sat down to the paper. His sister, Mrs. Hunt, was sewing in one corner of the room, and Randolph sitting opposite to him, but apparently absorbed in his book. 'Too deuced cool,' grumbled the squire, after reading the first passage. 'Ah, he warms in the harness; not up to the mark, though; I wish he'd give 'em one of my pealers.' 'Good, good; wonder what the Centinel will say to that.' 'By George, capital! I could not have writ it better. I would have put in more spice, though.'

'Ha! as good as the Scripture prophet.' 'Listen, Randolph.' The squire then read aloud. 'We are aware that prediction is not argument, but we venture to prophesy that in twenty years from this time the federal party will have disappeared. The grandsire will have to explain the turn——'

'*Term*, sir,' interposed Randolph.

'Yes, yes, term. The grandsire will have to explain the term to the child at his knee. We shall be a nation of republicans, and whenever——'

'*Wherever*, sir.'

'So it is; wherever an American is found, at home or aboard——'

'*Abroad*, sir.' This time there was a slight infusion of petulance in Randolph's tone, and still more in the squire's at the repeated interruptions as he proceeded.

'At home or abroad, in office or out of it, in high station or low, he will claim to be a Republican, and cherish the title as the noblest and happiest a civilian——'

'*Citizen*, sir—noblest and happiest a citizen can claim.'

'Confound you, Randolph!' exclaimed the squire, dropping the paper and fixing his eyes on his grandson; 'how do you know the words before I speak them?' This was rather an exclamation of vexation than suspicion. Randolph was conscious that in involuntarily interposing to save his offspring from murder he had risked a secret, and he answered the squire's exclamation with a look of confusion that at once flashed the truth upon his obtuse comprehension. He jumped up, clapped Randolph on the shoulder, exclaiming, 'You wrote it yourself, you dog, you can't deny it. It's a credit to you, a credit to the name. But you might have known I should have found you out. Just like all the Hayfords, keep every thing snug till out it comes with a crack.'

'I thought all along,' meekly, said Mrs. Hunt, who had been plying her needle unobserved and unobserving, 'I thought all along cousin Randolph wrote them pieces.'

'Now shut up, widow,' retorted the squire, 'you did not think no such thing; just like all fore-thoughts, come afterwards. Now, ma'am please to step out; I must have a little private conversation with Mr. *Hampden*.'

'Be kind enough before you go, aunt,' said Randolph, 'to promise me that you will say nothing of what has

just passed. I have made no admissions, and I do not wish to be thought the writer of the Hampden articles.'

Mrs. Hunt, of course, promised to be faithful. As soon as she was out of hearing, 'What does that mean?' asked the squire. 'It is all stuff to make a secret of it any longer.'

'I think not, sir. The articles have far more reputation and influence, (if I may believe they have influence,) than if they were known to proceed from a young man whose name has no authority.'

'Hoity-toity! who's got a better name than yours? a'n't willing the Hayfords should have the credit, hey!' Randolph did not vouchsafe any reply to the squire's absurd mistake, and after a few moments his gratified vanity regained its ascendancy.

'The pieces please me,' said he, 'though if you had told me you were writing them I could have given you some hints that would have improved them. They want a little more said about men, less of principles. They want fire, too; egad, I'd send 'em red hot bullets; but they'll do; you've come out like a man, on the right side, and now I believe, what I felt scary about before.' Here the squire paused, and fixed one of his most penetrating glances upon Randolph. 'I believe you will vote to-morrow, and vote right.' Randolph made no reply.

A few words will here be necessary to explain the dilemma in which Randolph was about to be placed. The annual election of a representative to the state legislature was to occur the next day. The rival parties in Carrington were known to their champions to be exactly balanced. There was not a doubtful vote

except Randolph Hayford's. He had never yet voted, not having till now arrived at the requisite age. He had not thrown himself into the scale of either party. His opinions were independent, and independently expressed. The squire's hopes of his vote were very much encouraged by the Hampden articles, but still there were circumstances in this case that made him somewhat apprehensive.

'Your vote,' resumed the squire, 'will decide the election to-morrow.' Again he paused, but without receiving a reply. 'I can't have *much* doubt which way *Hampden* will vote, but I like to make all sure and fast. Randolph, I know what scion you want to see engrafted on that tree.' The squire pointed to the only picture in his house, a family tree, that in a huge black frame stretched its frightful branches over the parlor fireplace. On these branches hung a regiment of militia captains, majors, colonels, sundry justices of the peace; precious fruit all, supported by an illustrious trunk, a certain *Sir* Silas Hayford, who flourished in the reign of Charles the First. Strange and inconsistent as it may appear with his ultra democracy, never was there a man prouder of his ancestral dignities, or more anxious to have them transmitted, than our village squire.

'Randolph,' he continued, assured of success by the falling of Randolph's eye, and a certain half pleased, half anxious expression that overspread his face. 'Randolph, I have always said that I never would give my consent to your marriage with that old aristocratic parson's daughter. But circumstances alter cases. I am a man that hears to reason when I approve of it. I have no

fault to find with the girl; never heard her speak; believe she's well enough.' Randolph bit his lips. How hard it is to hear an idolized object spoken of as if she were of the mass of humankind. 'To come to the point, Randolph,—if you'll go forward to-morrow like a man, and give in your vote for Martin and make Ross' scale kick the beam, I'll withdraw my opposition to this match. Hear me out. I'll do more for you. I'm pleased with you, Randolph. I've just received the money for my Genesee lands. I'll give you two hundred pounds to buy your law library, and you may go next week to any town in the state you like, and open your office, and be your own man, and take your girl there as soon as you like.'

'Good Heaven!' exclaimed Randolph, 'you can offer nothing more; the world has nothing more to tempt me.' And he left the room in a state of agitation in which the squire had never before seen him. The squire called after him,—'Take time to consider, Randolph. To-morrow morning is time enough for your answer.'

In the course of the evening, Randolph met Fanny Atwood. Whether the meeting was accidental; I cannot pretend to say. It would seem to have been disobedience in my friend to have kept up her intercourse with Randolph after the doctor had shut his doors upon him. But Fanny well knew there was nothing beside herself, the doctor loved so well as Randolph; nothing that in his secret heart he so much desired as to see them united, and that his resolute and rather harsh procedure in excluding Randolph from his house had been a sacrifice of his own inclinations to his

honest pride. ' This being the state of the matter, it cannot appear strange that Fanny should be willing to meet him when ' with rosy blush,

' Summer eve is sinking ;  
When on rills that softly gush,  
Stars are softly winking ;  
When through boughs that knit the bower,  
Moonlight gleams are stealing.'

Or at any of those times and places which nature's and *our* poet has appointed to tell ' Love's delightful story.'

The lovers took a sequestered and favorite walk to a little waterfall at some distance from the village. Here, surrounded by moonlight, the evening fragrance and soft varying and playful shadows, they seated themselves on the fallen trunk of a tree, one of their accustomed haunts.

When they first met, Fanny had said, ' So Randolph, your secret is out at last.'

' Out ! is it ?'

' Pshaw, you know it is. Your grandfather hinted it at the post office, and the town is ringing with it.'

' I am sorry for it. I was aware that my grandfather knew it, but I have seen nobody else to-day. Has your father heard it, Fanny ?'

' Yes ; finding it was out, I told him myself. Dear father ! he both laughed and cried.'

' Cried !'

' Yes ; you know that is no uncommon thing for him to do. ' He was grieved that you had come out on the democratic side, for you know he thinks a democrat next to an infidel ; but then he was pleased to find you could write such celebrated articles. He has said all

along that they had more sense and reason in them than could be distilled from every thing else written by the democrats. Now he is amazed, he says, that a boy, (you know he calls every one a boy that is not forty,) should write so wisely, and above all, so temperately.

‘Ah, my dear Fanny, adversity, though a ‘stern and rugged nurse’ she be, enforces a discipline that makes us early wise. Heaven grant that her furnace may not be heated so hot as to consume instead of purifying.’

‘What do you mean, Randolph? you are very sad this evening. Are you not well? you are not troubled about this secret. I thought you looked very pale; what has happened to you?’

Randolph kissed the hand that Fanny in her earnestness had lain on his. ‘My dearest Fanny,’ he replied, ‘since you have exchanged those vows with me that pledge us to ‘halve our sorrows as well as double our joys,’ you have condemned yourself to trials too severe for your sweet and gentle spirit.’

‘Randolph, if my spirit is sweet and gentle, it can the better bear them; and besides, nothing can be a very, *very* heavy trial that I share with you. But tell me quick what it is? I am sure I shall think of some way of getting rid of it.’

Randolph shook his head, and then related his morning’s conversation with his grandfather. ‘Now, he said, ‘you see the cruel predicament in which I am placed. You, my beloved Fanny, the object of my fondest hopes, all that makes life attractive and dear to me, are placed within my grasp; an honorable career is opened to me, escape from the galling thralldom of my



grandfather's house, from the perpetual annoyance of his vulgarity, his garrulity, jealousy, and petty tyrannies; and this, without the slightest deviation in the spirit or even the letter from my promise to my dying mother.' Randolph paused. Fanny watched every motion of his countenance with breathless expectation; she could not speak; she did not know what remained to be said, but she 'guessed and feared.' He proceeded. 'But the price, Fanny, the price I am to pay for these ineffable blessings! I must give my vote to an unprincipled demagogue, and withhold it from an honest man. I must sacrifice the principles that I have laid down to govern my conduct. They may be stigmatized as juvenile, romantic, and fantastical; as long as I believe them essential to integrity, I cannot depart from them without a consciousness of degradation. My moral sense is not yet dimmed by the fumes of party, and it seems to me as plain a proposition as any other, that we ought only to support such men and such measures as are for the good of the country, and the whole country. It seems to me, that no man enlists under the banner of a party without some sacrifice of integrity. My grandfather says to me, in his vulgar slang, 'between two stools you will fall to the ground. Be it so. It will be ground on which I can firmly plant my foot, and look up to heaven with a consciousness that I have not offended against that goodness that made me a citizen of a country destined to be the greatest and happiest the world ever saw, provided we are true to our political duties. Dearest Fanny, do not think I am haranguing and not feeling. God knows I have had a sore conflict;

my heart has been wrung. You cover your face. Have I decided wrong ?

‘Oh, no, no ;’ she replied in a voice broken by her emotion. ‘For all the world, I would not that you should have decided otherwise. And yet, is it not very, *very* hard ? I mean for you, Randolph. For myself, I have a pleasant home, and I am happy enough while I can see you every day, and be sure each day that we love one another better than we did the last. Besides,’ she added, looking up with her sunny smile, ‘on some accounts it is best as it is ; it would almost break father’s heart to part from me ; and, as he says, dear Randolph, when the right time comes, ‘Providence will open up a way for us.’

‘Then, Fanny, you approve my decision ?’

‘Approve it, Randolph ! I do not seem proud, perhaps ; but it would humble me to the very dust to have you think even of acting contrary to what you believe to be right. Oh, if we could only live in a world where it was all love and friendship and no politics !’

Randolph smiled at the simplicity of Fanny’s wish, and expressed, with all a lover’s fervor, his admiration of the instinctive rectitude of her mind. He confessed that he had resolved and re-resolved his grandfather’s proposition, in the hope that he might hit upon some mode of preserving his integrity and securing the bright reward offered him, but in vain.

Our lovers must be forgiven if they protracted their walk long after the orthodox hour for barring a minister’s doors. My friend, still the ‘spoiled child,’

found her old sister Sally sitting up for her ; and as they crept up to their rooms, ' They say old maids are cross,' said Fanny, ' but they don't know you who say so. You remember, sister, when you used to love to walk by moonlight, with a certain Mr. —— ?'

' Whisht, nonsense, Fanny,' said our ' nun demure,' but she finished the ascent of the stairs with a lighter step, and as Fanny kissed her for good night, she saw that a slight blush had overspread her wan cheek at the pleasurable recollections called up. So true is woman to the instincts of her nature.

On the next morning, Randolph was absent, and Mrs. Hunt said, in answer to his grandfather's inquiries, that he had ridden to the next village on business, and had left word that he should return in time for the election. The squire was excessively elated. He was on the point of obtaining a party triumph by the casting vote of his grandson ; he should exhibit him for the first time in the democratic ranks, ' enlisted for the war,' with the new blown honors of Hampden thick upon him. There are elevated points in every man's life, and this morning was the Chimborazo of the squire's.

At the appointed hour the rival parties assembled at the meeting house ; that being in most of our villages the only building large enough to contain the voters of the town, is, notwithstanding the temporary desecration, used as a political arena. There the rival parties met, as (with sorrow we confess it,) rival parties often meet in our republic, like the hostile forces of belligerent nations, as if they had no interest nor sentiment in common.

The balloting began. Randolph had not arrived. The squire, though not yet distrustful, began to fidget. He had taken his station beside the ballot box; a station which, in spite of its violation of the courtesies if not the principle of voting by ballot, is often occupied by eager village politicians, for the purpose of peering into the box, and detecting any little artifice by which an individual may have endeavored to conceal his vote. Here stood the squire, turning his eyes from the door where they eagerly glanced in quest of Randolph, to the box, and giving a smile or scowl to every vote that was dropped in. 'What keeps the parson back?' thought he, knitting his gristled brows, as he looked at Doctor Atwood, 'he is always the first to push forward.' This was true. The doctor's principles kindly coincided with his inclination in, bringing him to the poll, but once having 'put in his mite,' as he said, 'into the good treasury,' he paid so much deference to his office, as immediately to withdraw from the battle-field.

The doctor had controlling reasons for lingering on this occasion. Fanny had acquainted him with Randolph's determination. The old man was touched with his young favorite's virtue, and the more (we must forgive something to human infirmity,) that Randolph's casting vote would decide the election in favor of the federal party. The balloting was drawing to a close, and still Randolph did not appear. The doctor now fully participated the squire's uneasiness. He took off his spectacles, wiped them over and over again, and strained his eyes up the road by which Randolph was to return. 'It is not like him to flinch,' thought the sturdy old man, 'he is always up to the mark.' Still,

as the delay was prolonged his anxiety increased. 'Better have come boldly out on their side than sneak off in this fashion. I might have known that no one tainted with this jacobinism could act an upright manly part. He writes well, to be sure ; fine sentiments, but nothing so namby pamby as sentiment that is not backed up by conduct. Well, well ; we are all in the hands of the Lord, and he may see fit yet to turn his heart ; poor little Fanny ; I'll throw in my vote and go home to her.' The doctor gave one last look through the window, and now, to his infinite joy, he descried Randolph approaching. In a few moments more he entered the church. His vote had been a matter much debated and of vital interest to both parties. As he entered, every eye turned towards him, and a general murmur ran round the church. 'He'll vote for us !' and 'he'll vote for us !' passed from mouth to mouth, and as usual the confident assertions were vouched by wagers. Whatever wrestlings with himself Randolph might have had in secret, he was too manly to manifest his feelings to the public eye, and he walked up the aisle with his customary manners, revealing nothing by look or motion to the eager eyes of his observers ; though there was enough to daunt, or at least to fluster a man of common mettle, in the well known sound of the doctor's footsteps, shuffling after him, and in the aspect of the squire standing bolt upright before him ; confidence and exultation seeming to elevate him a foot above his ordinary stature.

'Ha,' thought he, 'every man has his price ; bait your hook with a pretty girl, and you'll be sure to catch these boys.' At this critical moment, Randolph

dropped in his vote. It was open, fairly exposed to the squire's eye, and it bore in legible, indubitable characters, the name of the Federal candidate. The doctor involuntarily grasped his hand, and whispered, 'You have done your duty, my son, God bless you !'

Words cannot describe either the squire's amazement or his wrath. Randolph had presumed too far when he hoped that the decency due to a public meeting would compel his relative to curb his passion, till reflection should abate it. It burst forth in incoherent imprecations, reproaches, and denunciations ; and Randolph, finding that his presence only served to swell the storm, retreated.

The votes were now counted, and notwithstanding Randolph's vote, and, contrary to all expectation, there proved to be a *tie*. Some federalist had been recreant. The balloting was repeated. Doctor Atwood had gone, and the democratic candidate was elected by a majority of one.

This unexpected good fortune turned the tide of the squire's feelings. His individual chagrin was merged in the triumph of his party. They adjourned to the tavern to celebrate their victory in the usual mode of celebrating events, by eating and drinking. Excitement had its usual effects on our unethereal squire, and he indulged his stimulated appetite somewhat beyond the bounds of prudence.

Even the tiger is said to be comparatively good natured on a full stomach. The squire's wrath was appeased by the same natural means ; and when *Hampden* was toasted, he poured down a bumper, saying

to his next neighbor as he did so, 'I might have known that fellow with his nonsensical notions would have voted for the man he thought best of.' The conviviality of our politicians continued to a late hour. Libations were poured out to all the bright champions of their party. The moderns unfortunately swallow their libations. Finally, the squire proposed a parting glass to 'the confusion and overthrow of all monarchists, aristocrats, federalists, or despots, by whatever name called,' and in the very act of raising it to his lips, he was seized with an apoplexy, which, in spite of his 'sound grinders, full pulse, steady gait and grandmother Brown having lived to ninety,' carried him off in the space of a few hours, leaving his whole estate, real and personal, to his legal and sole heir, Randolph Hayford.

And how did Randolph bear this sudden reverse of fortune in his favor? This versification, as it truly seemed, of the doctor's prophecy, that 'Providence would open up a way for them.'

In the first place, he laid the axe to the root of the Hayford tree, renouncing at once and forever the name, (of which he had so religiously performed the duties,) and resuming with pride and joy his honored patronymic. He then, by a formal deed of quit claim, relinquished all right and title to the estate, real and personal, and goods and chattels of Silas Hayford, Esquire, in favor of Martha Hunt, said Silas' sister.

Thus emancipated, and absolved from all farther duties and obligations to the name of Hayford, with a character improved and almost perfected by the exact performance of self-denying and painful duties, he

began his professional career, depending solely on his own talents and efforts ; thank heaven, a sure dependence in our favored country.

My sweet friend, Fanny, who seemed to be the pet of destiny, as well as of father, sisters, and friends, was thus indulged in bearing the name of Gordon, to which she so fondly adhered. She was soon transferred to Randolph's new place of residence, and without breaking her old father's heart by a separation. He having rashly preached an ultra federal sermon on a fast day, that widened the breach between himself and the majority of his parish, so far, that it was impossible to close it without emulating the deed of Curtius. To this the good doctor had no mind, and just then most fortunately, (we beg his pardon, his own word is best,) ' providentially ' receiving a call to a vacant pulpit in the place of Randolph's residence, he once more transferred his home ; spent his last days near his favorite child, and at last, in the language of scripture, ' fell asleep ' on her bosom.



TO A MOTHER,  
ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

BESIDE my window grew a tree,  
And on that tree a bird was bred—  
'Twas dear, that little bird to me,  
As the best gifts that earth can shed.

Its carol came at misty morn,  
Into my heart with dreams of love;  
And from its lowly perch of thorn,  
It bore my cheerful thoughts above.

That little bird, I loved it well,  
Its mellow song, its plumes of gold—  
Each link'd in memory's mystic cell,  
With thoughts of youth, sweet whispers told.

And oh, I never dreamed to part  
With one so fair, to me so dear—  
But fondly deem'd 'twould stay, my heart  
With songs of love and peace to cheer.

But winter came, and in the morn,  
That gentle bird was flown away—  
No music echo'd from the thorn,  
No foot was clinging to the spray!

'Twas gone, and its sweet silver chime,  
To other lands away was borne ;  
And happy in its genial clime,  
I would not, though my heart be torn—

I would not wish that bird to stay,  
In this cold land of storm and sleet ;  
Yet oft I deem some summer day,  
My little bird once more to meet.

## TO MY SISTER.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

My sister ! O, my sister !  
All other hearts may fail,  
As time and change, that visit all,  
Pass o'er them like a gale,  
Dashing the silvery dew of morn,  
From violets of the vale :

And mournfully, oh, mournfully,  
The hopes of younger years  
May fall and leave me, one by one,  
In darkness and in tears,  
Till I shall be the bloomless tree,  
A desert region rears ;

And nothing in that wilderness,  
Though throng'd by living men,—  
No, nothing but the memory  
Of joys that once have been,  
Freshen my sultry soul,—like airs  
From a far India glen.

Yet, sister ! O, my sister !  
Thou wilt not so forget  
To fan for me the sacred flame,  
In the fond bosom set  
When life was green. Love on ! Love on,  
It burns, it thrills me yet !

## THE ORPHANS.

‘SISTER, when I go to rest,  
The last image in my breast  
Is of a hand that gently spread  
The covering o’er my cradle bed ;  
And of a bosom soft and kind,  
On which my infant head reclined.  
And ever, when I wake, my theme,  
As of some dear and blissful dream,  
Is of a tone prolong’d and clear,  
Sweet and birdlike to my ear,  
Of a fond kiss,—it was not thine—  
And murmur of the Name divine—  
Sister, you remember well—  
Tell me of our parents, tell.’

‘Alas, of him, our early guide,  
Few tints hath memory’s scroll supplied.  
A tender smile, a glance, whose pain  
Could well my wayward moods restrain.  
Fair gifts that still unsullied shine,  
In childhood’s books some pencill’d line,  
And then a burst of bitter woe—  
Knell, coffin, and procession slow—  
And this is all of him who sleeps  
Where yonder drooping willow weeps.  
But of that blessed one who gave  
Our father to the lowly grave,

So strong with every thought is wove  
The tireless teachings of her love,  
With every fibre of the mind,  
So close her sigh, her prayer entwined,  
That my whole being's secret store  
Seems by her pencil written o'er :—  
And if, within my heart there springs  
Some chasten'd love of holy things,  
She sow'd the seed, with mild control,  
That patient florist of the soul.  
    'Sweetest, let me dry thy tear,  
Thou art like that mother dear,  
And I fain would be to thee,  
What that mother was to me.'

•

## THE TOMB.

BENEATH this verdant turf the bed is laid,  
Where we must sleep when feverish life is done—  
The downy couch for weary mortals made,  
When toil is o'er, and gently sets the sun.

And deeply shrouded in its dim repose,  
This beating heart, forgetting and forgot,  
On some sweet pillow of the mind shall close  
Its lid, and earth shall be as it were not.

Hope then may call, and bustling care may come,  
Ambition's clarion peal may ring aloud,  
But yet in vain, for all is hush'd and dumb,  
In the chill mansion of the sod and shroud.

Earth here hath lost its voice—the listening soul  
Waits for another call its sleep to break—  
It will not hear though rattling thunders roll,  
And the torn rocks like trembling aspens quake.

Nay, o'er the tomb, the trampling steed of war  
May rend the grassy sod with flying heel;  
The thrilling drum, the cannon's thundering jar,  
May shake the hollow mansion with its peal ;

The clash of arms, the mutter'd groan of strife,  
The shout of victory, the wail of woe,

The parting cries of those who part with life ;  
These cannot mar the sleeper's dream below.

Nor will he lift his head the tale to hear,  
Though wondering echoes to his pillow come ;  
A seal is on the soul, and on the ear,  
And the once beating heart, and all is dumb.

Aye, and that fearful seal Man cannot break—  
He cannot burst the thralldom of the tomb.  
God, God alone the slumbering soul can wake,  
And rouse the spirit from its shadowy doom !

And if he wake it not, that sleep will be  
A long, chill night, without a dawning beam—  
Time's sun shall set, and dread eternity  
Shall roll the sleeper by in death's cold dream.

G\*\*\*\*\*.

## MUTABILITY.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

“ ‘Passing away’ is written on the world, and all the world contains.”

THERE are melancholy feelings spread  
O'er the heart when winds rush by—  
When forest leaves are blushing red,  
With autumn's richest dye.  
There lives in every whispering leaf  
A voice, that seems to say—  
Our verdant days are bright and brief,  
Full soon we pass away.

There's melancholy in the glow  
Of summer's sunset hour,  
When tints that parting rays bestow,  
Defy the painter's power;  
A sadness dwells around the view  
That marks expiring day,  
And tells that morning's orient hue  
Beam'd but to pass away.

There's melancholy in the still  
But certain lapse of years,  
Which flow on, like the woodland rill,  
'Mid doubts, and hopes, and fears;



Each new year chime but tells a tale  
Of moments that delay,  
And echo answers from the vale,  
That we must pass away.

There's melancholy in the night,  
When stars are in the sky,  
And the blue vault is glowing bright,  
With nature's jewelry ;  
How proud those constellations roll !  
What glory they display !  
Yet something whispers to the soul,  
That all must pass away !

That all must pass away !—what—then  
Is nought in nature free  
From the stern fate that waits on men—  
Dread mutability ?  
Yes ! worlds and all that in them lives,  
Dark ruin must betray—  
But the reward that virtue gives,  
Will never pass away !

## A VISION.

My word is given, and I must write—  
It must be done, and done to-night ;  
But what my strain, and what the measure,  
To give my reader truth and pleasure ?  
These puzzling queries often came,  
My time and anxious thoughts to claim ;  
But when I strove some theme to find,  
Brown study shadow'd o'er my mind.  
If hovering fancies came to view,  
Ere caught in words, away they flew,  
As startled pigeons burst on high,  
When the sly huntsman's net they spy.

While thus I ponder'd, dim and dull,  
And ransack'd deep my drowsy skull,  
The sullen hour of midnight rung,  
And o'er my mind its sackcloth hung.  
My fire and lamp in languor vied,  
In fitful snatches blazed and died.  
At length their gasping life was closed,  
And all my sense in slumber dozed.  
Yet still awake the winged thought,  
In busy visions wildly wrought.  
Now Fancy's fairy scenes were rear'd,  
Dazzled and danced, and disappear'd ;  
Now sable Truth, by Fiction led,  
Alternate march'd, and jugg'd, and fled.

Deeper at length my slumber grew,  
And calmer visions came to view.  
Borne on the beams of morning gold,  
A maiden came, of fairy mould :  
Her parted locks of auburn hair,  
Display'd a forehead high and fair.  
Beside her cheek the rainbow's red,  
The damask of the rose, were dead ;  
And fairer was her flashing eye,  
Than all the blue of April's sky.  
A robe of mountain azure wound  
Its pearly folds her form around,  
And on her waist in beauty gleams,  
A woven zone of morning beams.  
A being of another sphere,  
She stands confess'd ! What doth she here ?  
" Though bright and favor'd I may be,  
I come to crave a boon of thee—  
From yonder dim and distant sphere,  
In search of truth I wander here.  
I mark'd this dark and erring star,  
From worlds which roll so faint and far,  
And on the lightning wing of thought,  
Through trackless space my journey wrought.  
I've heard that o'er this varied earth  
A being dwells of heavenly birth—  
Condemn'd a ' mortal coil ' to wear,  
Till partial death the veil shall tear.  
Say, is it so ? Then lead my sight  
To see this heir of life and light.

Where doth he dwell ? I've sought in vain  
Wide east and west, o'er land and main.  
I've mark'd the insect of a day,  
The vocal bird with plumage gay,  
The grazing brute, and man beside,  
With all his ignorance and pride.  
And these befit your balmy air,  
Your glorious sun, these scenes so fair.  
But tell me, which among them all,  
Aspires beyond this earthly ball ?  
Doth *Man* immortal wishes weave ?  
Nay, to the earth his heart-strings cleave.  
E'en while he talks of holier joys,  
He closer hugs his earthly toys.  
In every clime I've read his race,  
In every bosom, folly trace.  
The humble cot, the royal hall,  
The hermit's roof, the noble's wall—  
The city wide—which e'er I scan,  
Shews the same bubble-chasing man !  
Say not I feel unrighteous sway—  
I do but strip disguise away.  
I've seen the monk with saintly air,  
On bended knee, in seeming prayer,  
While every thought was bent to win  
A holy name to shelter sin.  
I've seen the man who talk'd of heaven,  
Yet every thought to earth was given—  
Who said that all below was vain,  
But night and day he strove to gain.

I've seen the priest, who told of hell  
For drunkards made, and fiends that fell,  
Go from the desk and steep his soul,  
Deep in the pleasures of the bowl !  
I've seen—but why these pictures rear ?  
Man—earth-born man, is wedded here.  
Here of this clay his form is made,  
Here his fond hopes, his joys, are stay'd.  
Born of the earth, he breathes its air,  
Its pleasure seeks, partakes its care,  
Drinks of its streams, devours its fruit,  
And moulders like his fellow brute !"

The maiden paused—her keen, fix'd eye,  
And solemn air, claim'd quick reply.  
With trembling heart and troubled thought,  
For fitting speech I anxious sought ;  
But e'er the ardent word was spoke,  
The all truth-seeming vision broke ;  
The radiant spirit fled away,  
And I awoke to muse and pray—  
To pray, if such our seeming life,  
That heaven would aid us in the strife,  
To burst those cruel chains which bind,  
To this poor sphere, the immortal mind ;  
Which link to bubbles and to toys,  
Our hopes, our wishes, and our joys ;  
And fain would make the heart forego,  
For this sad world of toil and woe,  
That noble heritage of love,  
Which waits for man, with God above.

G\*\*\*\*\*.

TRANSLATION FROM THE PROVENÇAL  
OF ARNAUD DE CARCASSES.

IN a garden fenced with turrets grey,  
I heard a parrot talk  
To a lady, beauteous as the day,  
Who chanced there to walk.  
He bow'd: 'An errand bird am I;  
Nay, start not, if I tell you why  
I bring you thus my company.

'I do Antiphaner's behest,  
The son of royal sire,  
A better ne'er laid lance in rest,  
Nor curb'd a war steed's fire:  
He bids me tell thee, lovely fair,  
Of broken hearts, and wounds that ne'er  
Will heal without thy gentle care.'

Rose o'er her cheek the crimson wave:  
And, 'Do I hear aright?  
Hast heard that I e'er favors gave  
To any christian knight?  
And yet, methinks, thou art so gay,  
Thy speech so soft, that thou may'st stay,  
And while this tedious hour away.'

'I marvel much,' quoth the parrot now,  
'That thou dost slight his moan.'

‘Then know, sir bird, that my maiden vow  
Was plighted at the altar stone.’  
‘Yet sure thy lord would scarce deny,  
That thou for him, should’st heave *one* sigh,  
Who lives for thee, for thee would die.’

‘Alas! sweet bird, thou may’st be right.’  
Thus did the lady say—  
‘But give a cause why I should slight  
The vow I gave away.’  
‘That, lady fair, I surely may :  
Love laughs at oaths by night and day ;  
Where there’s a will, there is a way.’

‘Well, an thou wilt, go tell thy knight,  
And tell him with a sigh,  
That the god of love hath seen the plight ;  
Fly, winged courier, fly :  
Yet stay, if ’twill assuage his pain,  
Give him this golden ring and chain—  
Love token till we meet again.’

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I FEAR, I fear the hour may come,  
When all my blossom'd joys will fade,  
And the new sunlight of my heart,  
Grow dim in disappointment's shade ;  
Yet when I gaze on thy fair brow,  
And thrill beneath thy tender glance,  
I still dream on, and cannot free  
My soul from its deceitful trance.

Thou wilt go forth among the bright  
And lovely throng, that sweetly glow,  
Like stars upon the curtain'd night,  
To gild the shadow'd world below ;  
And thou wilt be the loveliest,  
Of that fair crowd ; the fairest one ;  
And hearts will bend before thy shrine,  
As bend the Persians to the sun !

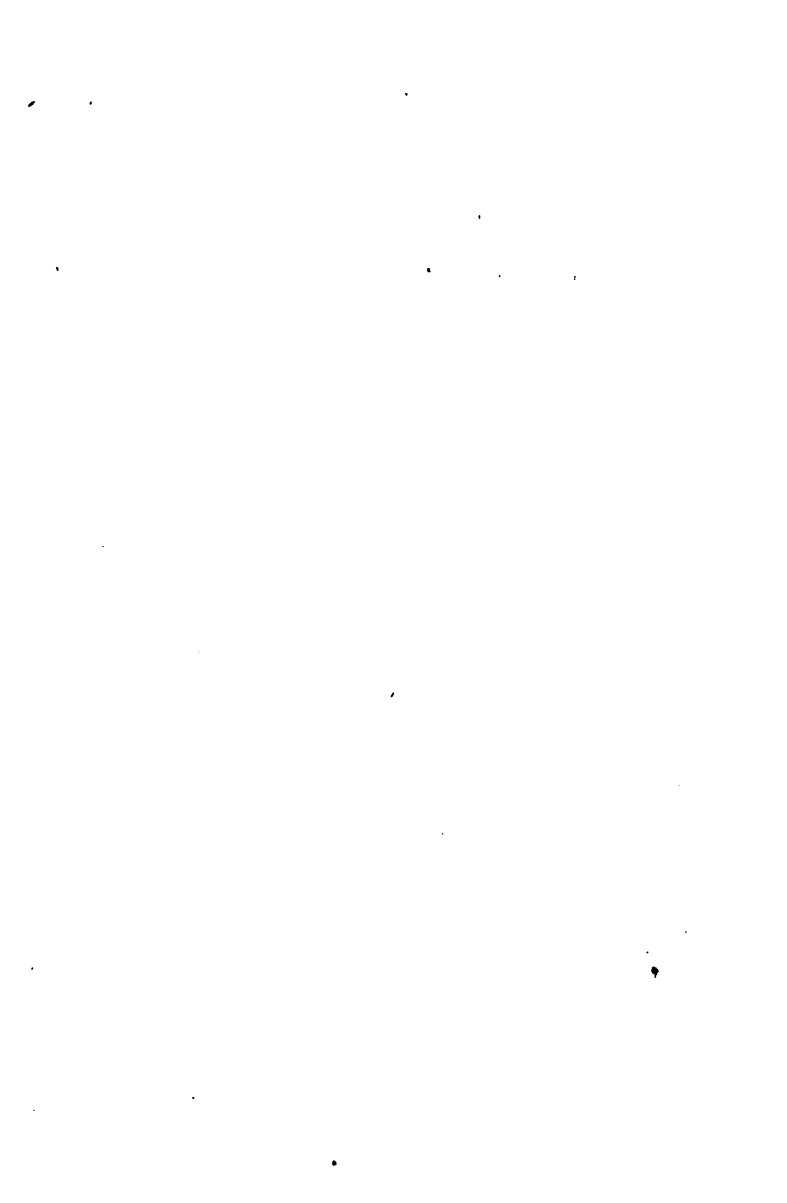
And what will be my lot ?—unknown—  
Perchance uncared for, by the throng,  
That seek this world's illumined scenes,  
My days may calmly glide along ;  
In the cool bower of sweet content—  
In solitude's romantic cell—  
In study's dim and cloister'd path—  
I pray that I may ever dwell !



I do not love the splendid crowd—  
I cannot, if I would, adorn  
The gilded pageantry, that melts  
Like mist before the beams of morn.  
And could'st thou, dearest maiden, share  
My hours of quiet loneliness ;  
Or with thy angel smile of love,  
My spirit's sadness cheer and bless ?

Alas ! though I may fondly chase  
The phantom of unreal joy,  
And fancy that the gold of life  
Is mingled with no base alloy ;  
The time may come, when like the rose  
That blossom'd in the morning ray,  
The hope, whose sweetness fills my heart,  
Will lose its beauty and decay.

Yet, when I meet that eye so pure,  
So fraught with life, and joy, and light,  
My spirit's wing grows faint and weak,  
When poised to try a distant flight.  
'Tis fetter'd by a silken chain,  
A silver link, and cannot flee ;  
Yet better love such happy bonds,  
Than liberty away from thee !





## THE CASTLE.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

It was a glorious scene for a painter. A ruined arch, an ancient building that seemed the remains of a castle, and the rich warm hue of sunset, reposing upon every object. The landscape was worthy of Claude Lorraine, yet wild enough for Salvator. A painter and a pedestrian, wandering among the hills which separate Dauphiné from Savoy, in pursuit of objects for study, I drew out the materials of my art, and was soon deeply engaged in the most absorbing of occupations.

The vesper bell was tolling from some mountain convent, summoning the monks to their evening devotions. A hymn rose in the distance, first faint, then swelling on the breeze of evening, and again dying away at intervals. 'Now,' said I, with enthusiasm, 'for some human figures to enliven the scene! perhaps a troop of horsemen riding out from under that arch, bending their waving plumes, while their clanging armor, and horses' hoofs should make the startled echoes ring amongst the rocks.'

It seemed like magic. Hardly had I breathed the wish, when the hymn grew louder, and a procession issued slowly from underneath the arch, bearing aloft the standard of the cross, and the veiled Host, and chanting the Gloria in Excelsis. First came the peasants in their holiday dresses, their boddices laced



Painted by Renour

Engraved by Phillips

## THE CASTLE.

Reuten. Published by Charles B. Brown.

## WILL CASTLE.

THE CASTLE OF WILL.

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with scarlet, their short, colored petticoats, and blue embroidered stockings, contrasting in fine relief with the dark dresses of the shaven monks ; and their sunny complexions, with the pale, austere faces of the holy brotherhood.

The peasants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the setting sun gleamed upon the gorgeous canopy, under which was carried the veiled symbols of the holiest of mysteries. There was something in the sudden appearance of the procession, and the solemnity of the hymn, so perfectly in keeping with the scene, that my mind was impressed with a holy awe ; and I suspended my task to gaze in admiration.

As they came nearer, I observed that there was no gladness in the eyes of the assembled peasants ; and that when the Host had passed, and they rose from their knees, they did not, as usual, forgetting the momentary solemnity inspired by external objects of worship, resume their ordinary light hearted expressions of mirth. On the contrary, they separated into groups, talked together in low whispers, and pointed to the castle with sad and foreboding gestures.

My curiosity was excited ; and still more so, when I perceived an aged monk gazing in the same direction, with a sad and earnest expression, while the tears rolled slowly over a face, so pale, attenuated and austere, that one would have thought no human feeling could have caused so deep an emotion in his breast.

At length he turned away slowly, and as I rose and approached him, he mechanically returned my salutation with an air which betokened that his thoughts were in

other scenes. But when I made known to him that I was a traveller, and in search of a night's lodging, he cordially bade me welcome to his convent, which he said was situated about a mile farther off, in a valley embosomed in hills. I gladly accepted his invitation, and as we walked along, endeavored to obtain an explanation of what I had seen. 'We have been carrying the Host to a dying person,' said he, in reply to my question; but it was not until I was seated in the humble parlor of the convent that he related to me the following story.

'It is now,' said he, 'one year on the last *festa d'Iddio*, since young Count Leonardo de Monte brought his beautiful bride to live amongst us. The last of a noble Venetian family, poor in fortune but proud and independent in spirit, he left his native city, where he was unable to live in a manner suitable to his rank; and with his young wife and a few attendants, took up his abode in a deserted mansion, the Castel Monte, which has belonged to his family for many generations.

'They had few luxuries, and few of those enjoyments which wealth procures; but the purest affection enlivened their small household; and my eyes have never opened, nor perhaps has the sun ever shone upon a fairer and happier couple than Count Leonardo and his gentle bride.

'She was his constant companion in every thing. They walked together, rode or studied together. There was but one sport in which the lady Nina did not join. It was, when pursuing his favorite pastime, he chased the wild wolf from his lurking place among the thick



woods ; for Count Leonardo was the best huntsman in the district, and no rifle had a more unerring aim than his.

‘The last winter was unusually severe. The wolves, emboldened by hunger, descended in troops from the mountains, and committed nightly depredations. The peasants made common cause against them, but none were so daring in the pursuit as the Count. At day break, with his dogs and rifle, I have seen him pursuing the chase alone, and returning by our convent at night fall, eager for the next day’s sport. The Countess would gently remonstrate with him on the hazards to which his daring exposed him ; but he would smilingly point to his rifle, and laugh away her fears.

‘One evening, he returned late to the castle. He was hot, fatigued, and covered with dust. His face was pale, and his eyes wild. He endeavored to calm the terrors of his wife. He had been attacked by a fierce wolf, which had sprung upon him when he was unprepared for defence. His arm was torn, ‘but it was nothing,’ said he, ‘a mere scratch ;’ yet he shuddered while he spoke, and a strange shivering seized his whole frame. The Countess, as she tenderly bound up his wound, conjured him, for her sake, to desist for the future from so dangerous a sport.

‘He promised, as if in compliance with her wishes ; but from that hour a strange and deep melancholy seemed to fall over his spirit, which filled her with wonder and anxiety. He wandered with her through the woods, and guided their fairy bark over the calm waters of the lake ; and he was kind and gentle to her ;

kinder, perhaps, than he had ever been. Still, she felt that there was a shadow between them; that he had thoughts which she could not penetrate, and which were shrouded by a veil of mystery.

‘In vain she tried by every art of innocent endearment which had once been all powerful with him, to discover the cause of this change. ‘I have a secret, dear Nina,’ he would say, ‘and when a certain period has elapsed, believe me, you shall know all. Perhaps one day we may speak of this clouded page in our history as a tale of other days. You confide in me; you trust firmly in my unchanging affection for you. It is enough; let us enjoy the present; the future is in the hand of God.’

‘Thus time passed away, and at length the Count began to recover his spirits. The cloud that had obscured his mind, gradually dissipated, and once more the Countess looked cheerful, and smiled as was her wont. She almost feared to learn the strange mystery, the first secret which her husband had feared to confide to her. She tried to banish from her thoughts the uneasy impression which it had at first excited; and, secure in his love, and rejoicing in his renovated health and spirits, she reposed on her present happiness, and in the future saw nothing but brightness.

‘One day, as they wandered together in the deepest recesses of the woods, towards the close of a soft afternoon, they heard the sound of a cascade, growing louder as they proceeded, and the Countess felt the arm on which she leaned, tremble violently. Still they walked onwards, till they came upon an irregular

amphitheatre, where the woods rose upon each other, until they crowned the summits of the hills. The noise of the water grew louder, and they perceived a swollen waterfall, with a bare and leafless trunk stretching its branches across the torrent.

‘At the sight of the water a universal trembling seized the frame of the Count, and with a convulsive shudder he fell to the ground. ‘Fly, Nina, fly!’ said he. ‘The hour which I dreaded has arrived!’

‘Overwhelmed with terror and surprise, the Countess fell upon her knees beside her husband. In a few moments the spasm passed away. He rose, and taking her arm, hurried her hastily from the spot. As the sound of the water died away, he grew calmer. At last he stopped, and sinking exhausted on the grass, motioned her to sit down beside him.

‘‘Nina!’ said he, ‘I had hoped that heaven had relented, and spared me to you and happiness, but it is not so. Summon all your fortitude, for my sake and for your own. The time has come when I must disclose to you the secret which for months has lain heavy on my heart. The wolf that bit me was in a rabid state! I knew it at the time. Leolf, my noble hound, was torn by the fierce animal, and died with every symptom of madness. I concealed it from you, and from every one. As time passed on, I began to hope that the dreadful sentence would be reversed. This hour has shown me that I had hoped in vain.’

‘The Countess was sick at heart, but she did not faint; for every muscle of her body, and every fibre of her mind, vibrated with quick and living agony.

‘Now swear to me,’ said the Count, ‘that you will keep the promise which I am going to require of you. Nina, when I am reduced to that frightful condition, so degrading to the dignity of man, let no eyes look upon me, not even these orbs of purity and tenderness. Let me remain alone, secured by bolts in the turret of the castle, until death shall take pity on me. During the intervals which they say succeed to the paroxysms of madness, come to me, and let me hear your sweet voice, like the song of the bird, bringing joy to the heart of the prisoner. Nina, will you swear?’

‘I swear!’ said the Countess. And they rose and returned together to the castle.

‘An unnatural force seemed to support the unfortunate lady. Surely it was the hand of heaven which granted this last consolation to Leonardo. She knew that there was no hope; that the most skilful physician in the world could not even protract his agonies. By his desire, she dismissed the servants, and remained with him alone. She tried to inspire him with calmness and fortitude, and as she sat with him at the window of the turret, which he had chosen as the scene of his final sufferings, and they gazed together, for the last time, on the glories of nature, she talked to him of the consolations of religion, and he listened to her voice as to the words of an angel.

‘At length he felt the paroxysm approaching, and taking her hand, he led her gently from the room. She knelt before the door, all pale and tearless; and when she heard his groans of agony and shrieks of madness, she tried in the impulse of the moment, to burst open

the door ; but the bolts were drawn. Alone, and in the power of a maniac, she felt no fear. On her knees, the crucifix in her hand, her eyes almost bursting from their sockets, it was thus, that when, alarmed by vague rumors which had reached us, I entered the castle, I beheld her whom I had so lately seen in all the pride of beauty and happiness !

‘ She motioned me to leave her ; but I had heard these despairing cries, and I attempted to force open the door of the turret. She prevented me with a strength that seemed supernatural. When suddenly, the bolts were withdrawn, the door opened, and the Count himself stood before us. Oh, heaven ! the changed expression of his features ! the exhausted, wild, and haggard appearance of that unfortunate young man ! the large drops of perspiration standing on his brow ; his dark hair falling in dank masses over his forehead !

‘ The Countess sprung forward to meet him, and fell fainting at his feet. His noble mind, not yet completely overthrown, was aware of the error into which he had fallen, in exposing her to a trial beyond the strength of woman. In a few faint words he told me all, and prayed me to remain and support them both. I cannot dwell upon these last hours. The trial lasted for three days, the paroxysms returning more frequently, and with a violence which obliged me to summon other assistance. On the morning of the second day, he besought the Countess to give him poison, and with an almost overwhelming eloquence, endeavored to persuade her that no sin could be attached to the shortening of a hopeless agony. Can I ever forget the tenderness and

firmness with which, on her knees before him, she prayed him to submit yet a little while to the will of heaven ?

‘ At length he died, in agony inexpressible ; yet his last words were a prayer to heaven for his noble wife. As she heard the prayer, she smiled, with an expression that was almost triumphant. She was not long left to mourn his loss. When her firmness could no longer be of service to him, it deserted her ; and a few hours saw her on the brink of the grave. This day she received the last consolations of religion, and my hands have closed the eyes of one of the fairest and purest of God’s creatures. Peace be with her soul ! ’

I thanked the monk for his sad narrative, and the next day revisited the scene with a melancholy interest. Its brightness had faded, and clouds seemed to darken the landscape. Thus it is that the traveller gazes on the smiling hamlet, or admires the splendid palace, and envies the peacefulness of the one, or the grandeur of the other ; but how little he knows of the human hearts that are breaking within !

F. E. I.

## TO A DYING CHILD.

THAT was the last, the sigh of death—

Fair child, good night !

With the seraph watch who caught thy breath,

Thou hast gone to light.

Weep not, fond mother ; not a tear should fall,

For the pure spirit fled, freed from its earthly thrall

Yet may'st thou mourn,—though not for him ;

For it had been well,

So say thine eyeballs sunk and dim,

That an early knell

Had also rung for thee ; that thy soul had gone,

As free from sorrow's stain, to the eternal throne.

That child of thine to thee was given,

Like a summer flower ;

Ere his bloom was wither'd, pitying heaven

In its own good hour,

Snatch'd him away from hence, no more to roam,

To a happier land than this, and a kinder home.

He found no sin, no sorrow here ;

He felt no pain :

Would'st thou wish him back from his peaceful bier,

To earth again ?

And life's dark threshold once in triumph past,

Back to the realms of sin and doubtful vision cast ?

Rejoice ! he hath 'scaped this scene of woe,  
This battle plain  
Of angry passions, where each foe  
Tramples the slain ;  
Where mercy is lost, and where treacherous man,  
Disguised in honor's garb, leads on the van.

Thrice happy child, who ne'er abode  
The chill, rude blast,  
That sweeps along life's dreary road,  
Youth's valley past ;  
Who never mourn'd o'er blighted hopes, who never  
strove for fame,  
Nor found that love, and truth, and trust, were but an  
empty name.

L\*\*\*.



## A TROUBADOUR LAY OF WAR.

OH, listen lords and ladies bright,  
Oh listen to my tale,  
How the Christian and the Moslem fight,  
The Arab on his courser light,  
The Templar in his mail.

I come from Acres' conquer'd wall,  
Where thick the arrows fly,  
And there the turban'd warriors fall,  
Arab, and Moor, and Turk, and all,  
And Spahi dashing by.

Oh, 'tis a gallant sight to see  
The good knights of St. John,  
The temple banner floating free,  
And Europe's choicest chivalry  
Come headlong rushing on.

The shout, the shriek, the banner cry,  
The trumpet's note of pride,  
The lordly pennon streaming high,  
The Moorish sabre sweeping by,  
The battle's changeful tide.

Whose is the steed of raven grey?  
 Who is the knight that rides?  
 His plume is in the thick array,  
 His Spanish blade hath turned the day,  
 And shrinking from his wrath away,  
 The Moslem host divides.

Who is he with turban red,  
 And dark fire-flashing eye?  
 Round him, a heap of Christian dead,  
 And ever flashing round his head  
 His cimiter's on high.

There is but one, whose very name  
 Can turn a Christian lance;  
 'Tis Saladin, of eastern fame;  
 There is but one to blot that shame,  
 'Tis Conradin of France.

God and the cross!—were the words that fell  
 From the knights careering by,  
 And I heard the mingled Allah yell,  
 As the standard of the Infidel,  
 Unfurl'd, was floating high.

His mantle rent, his caftan torn,  
 And faint his gasping steed,  
 His turban of its jewels shorn,  
 And dash'd to earth his hope forlorn,  
 I saw him from the battle borne,  
 With bloody, breathless speed.

No quarter to the Infidel !  
The Hospitallers cry :  
Loretto's virgin guard us well,  
It were a bloody tale to tell,  
How Christian smote, and Moslem fell,  
And Conrade gained the victory !

L\*\*\*.

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## SONNET

ON ROMNEY'S PICTURE OF ROURN BY MOONLIGHT.

BY W. R. MORRIS.

FROM the cold regions of the cloudy west,  
Where fogs and vapors poison the pure air ;  
How sweet at times in spirit to repair,  
And dwell 'mid scenes, such as are here imprest !  
'Tis night ; the moon stoops from her airy hall,  
Pillowing her pale cheek on the sleeping wave ;  
E'en the lull'd winds have half forgot to rave,  
And in low sighs their gusty voices fall.  
Around the mast the slumb'ring pennons swing,  
The mirror'd hulls in listless silence ride,  
And hang their sluggish canvas o'er the tide,  
As an exhausted seabird droops her wing.  
Man sleeps, or only wakes, a part to be,  
Of this sweet scene, which I in spirit see.

## CONSUMPTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "VESTAL," &c.

It is now many a long year since I first became a frequent visitor at the house of a friend, whose charming cottage, with its neat white enclosures, its honeysuckle and woodbine creeping around the door, and the tastefully decorated garden, united all those pleasing associations of neatness, comfort and domestic happiness, on which the fancy so loves to dwell. My friend was then newly married; and the world seemed to him a beautiful Eden, where every object appeared bright and cheerful as his own heart.

Happy indeed is he, with whom these young feelings survive the contact with the world. But though this be rarely the case, a few may occasionally be found, with whom this delicate gloss, the first freshness of early feeling, is not worn away. Such an one was my friend. He had struggled hard with poverty and opposition to obtain the woman he loved; and when, at length, fortune smiled lavishly on his efforts, this couple had become so fond of the spot, endeared to them by all the charming associations of early and happy love, and their first romantic feelings, that they preferred these, with their humble but beautiful cottage, to any thing of pomp or splendor that wealth could purchase. They had but one child, a daughter, on whom was concentrated

all the untold wealth of that deep mine of affection, a parent's heart.

For myself, I am an old man, very old ; and may therefore say that it was impossible to know Mary without loving her. Young and beautiful, all heart and feeling, mingled perhaps with a little of the romance of seventeen, she possessed a temperament, grave almost to coldness. The first impression produced by this interesting girl, was, perhaps, that of something approaching to repulse or indifference ; and it was not till intimacy had melted away a little of this constitutional snow, that the rich, deep toned sentiments and feelings, which were guarded like the sacred shrine in the innermost sanctuary of the temple, from all stranger access, were suffered to appear in their natural loveliness. She seemed indeed like some delicate flower, that keeps its fair cup steadily closed, till it can expand itself in its native and genial sunshine. Her's was not one of those sunny characters, that like some little stream, flow merrily along, every wave sparkling as it dances on the sea, but rather one whose waters flowed too deeply to ruffle its surface ; and which, throwing off no broken fragments of light, reflected brightly the pure heavens above them, as bright and as pure as they.

Among the visitors at my friend's house, was a fine intelligent young man, and yet in much, the very reverse of Mary in the general character of his mind. Animated, gay, and witty, the sparkling jest was ever on his lips. There was precisely that contrast of temperament, that is so commonly found to be the most captivating ; each one abounding in those traits in which the other was most deficient. I noticed that

his manner, always affable and engaging, assumed a peculiar tone of softness and even diffidence, when he addressed her; and that in his most successful sallies, his eye constantly but stealthily sought her's, to see if he could read there approbation or pleasure. I thought too, that I could perceive a certain air of consciousness and embarrassment in her manner in his presence; and when I saw her averted eye studiously avoiding his, I felt satisfied that the heart of the fair girl was surrendered.

So, indeed, it proved; and it was not long before I had the satisfaction of congratulating her on her acknowledged conquest.

As I sat in the window of the cottage, and looked into the garden, that rich with its thousands of variegated flowers, was spread before it, and saw the lovers sauntering about its fragrant alleys, I could not help reflecting how well the whole scene harmonized together. Had I a garden, and could I arrange all as I pleased, it should always be May or June; there should be constantly flowering trees, and brilliant parterres, and fragrant rose beds; and as some persons keep peacocks to strut about, and ruffle up their finery to the beholder, so I would always keep a pair of lovers to patrol its walks.

As I was one morning sitting at my friend's window, enjoying this scenery, I was surprised as the lovers promenaded to and fro, to remark that Mary was weeping. That lovers could weep when together, was a matter that passed all my philosophy, and deranged all my ideas upon the subject. I saw too that in order

to console her, he took her hand, and—— but no matter what I saw. It was enough, however, to lead me to suspect that I must look out for a new pair of lovers.

And so indeed it proved. The lover, impatient at the slow pace with which fortune approached him, had determined to seek her in a foreign clime ; and the tears that I had seen, were the tears that told of parting.

For the next few days after this announcement, all was bustle among the female portion of the family. There were numerous little articles, that ladies always discover on such occasions to be indispensably necessary on a voyage. Whenever the doors were opened, there was a fragrant odor from the kitchen, streaming into the room ; and in the parlor, there were white and fairy little fingers, on one of which glanced ominously a ring that I had never before noticed, plying the needle most industriously. All the while, there was the same restlessness exhibited, that is sometimes shown by a maternal hen, when in full pursuit of certain little errant chicks, that manifest the same truant disposition, which had caused this similar stir among the higher class of bipeds.

These labors, however, were soon brought to a close. The lovers wept and parted, as lovers weep and part ; and the family settled down again into its accustomed serenity. Mary seemed, indeed, a little more thoughtful than usual ; but that was perfectly natural. Meantime, her lover wrote often, and one of these letters usually sufficed to recall all her animation and beauty.

But gradually I noticed that Mary became more thoughtful and sad. She spoke, indeed, cheerfully as

usual ; but she seemed constantly lost in some absorbing reverie, from which she required to be aroused. Questions would be repeatedly asked, before she seemed to comprehend or heed them. Her fine Madonna like face, assumed a beauty, if I may so express myself, yet more divine. The bloom left her cheek, and her snowy complexion, her large black eye and hair, and her naturally thoughtful expression, all conspired to give her countenance a pensive, I had almost said, a solemn beauty, that seemed indeed unearthly.

Love is proverbially jealous ; and I supposed some unmeant expression, or some casual remissness on the part of her lover, might be the cause of it ; and I imagined that the next letter from him, which indeed had been sometime delayed, would set all to rights again. It was therefore with peculiar satisfaction that I received one for Mary, which I at once knew from the post mark and the writing to be from her absent lover. Desirous to be the bearer of good tidings to my sweet friend, I hastened to her with it. I found her seated at the piano. Before her was a song, that had been a favorite of her lover's ; yet the instrument, like herself, was dumb. She was sitting motionless before it ; and so buried in thought, that she did not hear me enter. Tear after tear was stealing silently down her cheek. I approached, gently tapped her shoulder, and held out the talisman that I hoped would dry her tears.

She started at seeing me so near her, but a glow of yet stronger emotion flashed over her countenance, at seeing the handwriting of her lover ; and she hastily tore open the letter. I had fondly hoped that that



would drive away every cloud from her brow ; but I was disappointed. As she read, I saw the color on her commonly pale cheek, deepen to an indignant flush. Yet she read it calmly to the end ; then deliberately tearing it into a thousand pieces, she scattered the fragments to the winds. Then drawing from her finger the ring once so dear, she enclosed it in a blank cover, and requested me to seal it up and send it back to him, whom she had once promised never but with life to part with it. ' Henceforth,' she said, ' his name must be a forgotten sound amongst us.'

The calmness and dignity with which all this was done did not deceive me. I know that in minds of that reserved, but quiet and deep toned character, the flower that has once blossomed in the heart, cannot be torn away without rending every tendril and fibre in the delicate soil where it grew. But Mary had too much of maiden pride to exhibit the slightest change of manner or appearance of emotion. No eye that did not watch with the deep yearnings of a mother's love, could have seen symptoms of withering in that fragile but beautiful flower. The same unchanged and unchanging sweetness, still attended her every word and act. There was, indeed, an increased love of solitude. Her eye assumed a more languid expression, and her rich voice seemed to have acquired a deeper tone. Occasionally there was an unwonted tremor in it, especially when singing the songs once hallowed by other associations ; but these were the only indications that the canker worm was busy at a flower, that turned so meekly its yet spotless leaves to the morning sun.

For all the pride of woman's nature was roused to save her from the slightest indication, that she could feel the bitterness of unrequited love. To use the beautiful figure of another, like the wounded dove, she had clasped her wing over her smitten side ; and none might know from the uncomplaining patience of that stricken one, that the arrow was indeed within.

But a more formidable enemy now appeared on the field. In the family of Mary's mother had existed the seeds of that desolating disease, whose march is so often over the hearts of the lovely and the young. A beautiful but unnatural flush was beginning to appear on her cheek. Daily did that ominous glow deepen, and her eye sparkled with a brilliancy that naturally belonged not to their serious and tranquil expression. A slight cough, very slight, scarcely noticable under other circumstances, had begun to develope itself. But who that had once been compelled to grapple with a foe like this, would not find enough here to make his heart die within him ?

So it was with Mary's mother. One by one, she had seen those who had grown up by her side, drop away like the young blossom that shrinks before the mildew ; and her experienced eye saw but too clearly, that the same blighting was now withering her devoted child. In vain medical art and skill were lavished upon her ; for who could heal the wound, while the unextracted arrow still cleaved to the festering vitals. Then it was that I first learned the cause of this desolating blow. Mary had found her lover's letters become gradually fewer, though no change was yet perceptible in their

tone. But love, notwithstanding all that poets feign of his blindness, gives sometimes an acuteness of vision almost prophetic ; and though the reason that his letters should be fewer was most natural, yet the eye of love was too keen to be deceived. But the letter I had so joyously carried to her, had placed the faithlessness of her lover beyond all doubt. In that letter, he had more than hinted, that *there* too weré eyes as bright and as dear as any he had left behind.

Love is a sensitive thing ; and Mary could not but consider the remark as intimating that were he disentangled from his engagement with herself, he should joyfully proffer to another the faith, now so lightly broken ; and with the pride and self respect that any high minded girl would have exhibited, she instantly sent back the pledge of her betrothed faith to her inconstant lover.

Meanwhile, her physicians enjoined change of scene and of air, in the hope that their combined influence might have a favorable effect upon their sweet patient. But she could not fly from herself—from the corroding secrets of her own heart. The winter wore slowly and sadly away, in constant removes from one southern city to another ; and when spring at last returned, all smiling and joyous, it brought to the fair girl only the assurance, that for her, doubt was become certainty, and that hope was turned to despair. Like the dove from the ark, she had wandered vainly over a far and restless sea, and now gladly folded her weary wings once more beneath the refuge and the ark of home.

If there be any thing on earth that is truly holy and

sublime, it is this deep, enduring, unchanging watchfulness of woman's love ; that strength that is born out of weakness ; that in hours of health and happiness seems to smile with a light, as placid, as gentle, and almost as distant, as that of the evening star ; but when the hour of trial comes, glows brighter, and warmer, and nearer, till, like the magic fire round the sword of Hodeirah, it has encircled its object with its protecting flame, gathered it within its pure and gentle influence, and unwavering and undimmed, burns round it steadily and brightly to the last.

It is not so with man. He will bear *much* but not *long*. With him the fierce assault *will* be fiercely, it *may* be nobly met. But the struggle must be brief. He *must* put off his armor and rest. But to bear on, unceasing, unshrinking, through the long day and the sleepless night ; unchangeable to endure all change, to speak hope amid hopelessness, to wear a smiling brow over an aching heart ; this is woman's task—this is woman's love. And even when that task is fruitless, when that love has proved as vain as it was tender, who has not at some time been called to see some loved one beneath that blessed influence, soothed gently to his last sleep ; even as the flower, lulled by the hum of the bee, bends down its tired head at nightfall, to its dreamless and fragrant repose. Nay, even amid the ordinary adversities of life, which often scathe the pride of manhood as with a thunderbolt, who has not seen that love, still twining green and fresh around the ruin. And when the storms of life have swept by, when the sturdy oak has been prostrated, and the pride of the

forest laid low, there it is—the osier over the grave ; that still rears its unbroken head, and lifts up its green and blessed arms over the sacred spot ; and triumphant amid the tempest that has rent the strong and bowed the mighty, still sheds there its refreshing dews, and spreads out its solemn shadow, and weeps on with fond fidelity over the ashes it protects.

It was after a night of uncommon restlessness and distress that Mary wrung from her reluctant physician, the confession that art could do little more than alleviate the most urgent symptoms ; but that her cure was beyond his power. I saw that she had already made up her mind to this. I knew from the looks of mournful tenderness with which she sometimes gazed upon her parents, that she was thinking how unmingled would be for them the bitterness of that cup, which to her was to prove only a healing draught.

It was on that very evening, when I called to make my daily inquiries after her health, that, taking my arm, she led me into the garden. As we walked slowly through the long avenues, between the beds of flowers, I could not help thinking how like their fate, was that of the beautiful being whom I attended. Equally lovely, she, too, had shed around her an atmosphere of moral sweetness ; she, too, had blossomed as brightly, and, alas ! must depart as soon. .

‘Come,’ she said, ‘I know not how long I may be allowed to look upon the bright face of God’s creation, but so long as I can, I must not lose the privilege.’

I ventured to suggest that her physicians might be mistaken in their prognostics, and endeavored to console

her with a hope, which, alas ! I did not feel, of her recovery ; but she abruptly stopped me. 'Think not,' she said, 'that I wish to linger while they,' and she pointed to a beautiful rose bush, 'while they are fading. No. Even as they depart, so, too, would I. I welcome the quiet rest into which I am sinking, even as he who has toiled through the burning noonday, welcomes the coolness of the evening shadows.'

In the course of our walk, we approached a seat situated on a spot which a poet would have chosen as the scene of his choicest reveries. It was beneath the overhanging boughs of an old elm, at whose foot flowed a little stream, whose continual tinkling was relieved by the occasional rustling of the leaves of the tree, mingling with which, came up the deep, mournful, perpetual moaning of the wind through some neighboring pines. The immediate vicinity of fruits and flowers attracted numbers of birds to the spot, whose various notes, as they were heard from time to time, seemed to give the last touch to a picture, beautiful as a poet's dream. Here we seated ourselves. I know not what it was, whether it was the hour, the place, her own situation, or all together, but for the first time since I had carried her that fatal letter, she spoke of her lover.

'I know,' she said, 'that you think me a silly, romantic girl, who is dying of love. There was a time when I should have thought it easier to die, than to speak to a created being on this subject ; but the actual and near approach of death changes my feelings on this point, and I wish not to depart without leaving my forgiveness behind me. You, my old friend, I know

will attend to a request, which I could not trust to those who are nearest and dearest. Their indignation at my supposed wrong, is too violent. You will speak calmly and truly. Tell him, then, if he have been in aught unkind, I forgive it. Suffer him not to reproach himself as the cause of my death ; but tell him that my disease existed entirely independent of him. And add,' she said, as she covered her burning cheek with her hand, 'that I forgot him not to the last.'

I interrupted her, for my indignation was redoubled against the reckless author of this desolation, who had repaid such love, the priceless affection of a heart like this, with perjury, falsehood, and contempt.

'Blame him not, blame him not,' she said. 'The fault if any, was mine. A heart so lightly given as mine was, was, perhaps, justly, but lightly valued ; and it was less that he has wantonly rent the tie that bound us, than that I had not woven it of a texture firm enough to retain him.'

If I could not restrain my indignation when I heard this beautiful young creature, about to become the victim of the basest fickleness and levity, excusing and pardoning the author of her sufferings, what were my feelings now that she even took upon herself the entire blame of the transaction, and acquitted him, whose remorseless cruelty had winged and driven home the dart. I expressed my feelings in no measured terms. But the sweet girl interrupted me.

'Can you think,' she said, 'that I should have been happier as the wife of one who loved me not ? Or would he have behaved more honorably to have concealed

from me the change in his feelings? To deplore a misfortune is not to forgive an injury. The hues, whose lustre I mistook for the morning sun, have proved only rainbow shadows. Why blame him that they faded away? Why blame another, because I have deceived myself?’

At this moment there was a rustling of the bushes near us, a hasty step, and a man rushed into the arbour and flung himself at her feet. It was her truant, her repentant lover! It is not for me to paint this interview. It was one of tears and explanations. Some thoughtless friend, with no evil intent, in order merely to gratify that strange desire that all the world possesses to ‘plague lovers,’ had excited his jealousy of Mary’s constancy. But giving more credit to his friend’s raillery than that friend himself supposed, he had tried the dangerous experiment of exciting her jealousy, in order to recall her love. But he had been undeceived before he received the ring, and had immediately written to explain and excuse his former letter. This letter he had himself out-travelled; for on receiving the ring, he had instantly left every thing, not being willing to trust for explanation and pardon to a letter, that might possibly miscarry.

Bitter, indeed, were the self accusations and the repentance of the unfortunate young man. He scarcely left her side. He read to her, rode with her, walked with her, in short he was never absent when permitted to be present.

Who has not witnessed the almost unearthly beauty of consumption; and if beautiful before, now that peace



and serenity were once more inmates of her bosom, judge what it now was, when to all this was added the influence of restored happiness.

How delusive are frequently our best founded expectations. In spite of the physician's predictions, and of the still more terrifying hereditary influence of her disease, in a few weeks Mary's cough had entirely subsided, and the hectic disappeared; nay, in a short time, the young couple were launched gaily upon the ocean of matrimonial life, more happy, if possible, that 'the course of true love' had preserved with them its poetic reputation.

Years have passed by since this event, and I am in hopes, by means of the eldest daughter of this excellent couple, to see the walks of my favorite garden, after so long an interregnum, again decorated with lovers. Indeed, from the number of the young candidates who are coming rapidly forward, I only fear lest there should be more than one pair at a time; a circumstance that would seriously grieve me, because I am convinced that one pair of lovers at a time is as much as can be advantageously used to adorn a garden.

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'This is all very well,' said a very respectable contemporary of my own, after reading the above reminiscence, as he turned the manuscript over with his thumb and finger, looking suspiciously now at its back part, and now at its front; 'this is all very well, sir, but what is the moral?'

'Moral? sir,' I returned; and I repeat my reply, lest any other meddler should ask the same question; 'the

moral is, that love is an infallible cure for consumption; and, sir, I consider the above history of a case successfully treated, as invaluable to all medical men, young lovers, and consumptive patients.'

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## STANZAS

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY R. C. ELLWOOD.

I stood by the waves, while the stars glitter'd bright;  
Not a cloud speck'd the sky, not a sail was in sight:  
Scenes beyond this dim world were reveal'd to mine  
eye; \_

And the woods, and the hills, and all nature around,  
Seem'd to question, with low and mysterious sound,  
The waves, and the pure stars on high.

And the bright constellations, that infinite throng,  
While thousand rich harmonies, swell'd in their song,  
Replying, bow'd meekly their diadems' blaze—  
And the blue waves, which nothing may bind or arrest,  
Shouted forth, as they stoop'd the white foam of their  
crest—

Creator, we bless thee and praise !

## AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

O, how can'st thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her votary yields !  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields !

BEATTIE.

If there is any thing really beautiful in nature, it is the appearance of our American woods in the fall ; when, having passed through all the regular gradations which belong to the different seasons, they impart to their foliage the most brilliant and glowing tints, ere it withers away forever. The fresh verdure of spring has a cheering and animating effect upon the mind ; but it is nothing in comparison with the glory of the autumn leaf, rich with the most brilliant variety of coloring, and presenting a thousand subjects for reflection, both of a serious and pleasing character. There is nothing frivolous or trifling in the contemplations of this season ; they are all calculated to soften and harmonize the heart, to bring it into a disposition for sobriety, and to awaken it to feelings suited to improve and better its condition. Indeed, the season is one admirably fitted for, and naturally leading into solemn meditation. The falling leaves, which every breeze shakes from the sapless bough, the fading landscape, which lately looked

so green and beautiful ; the whistling of the winds as they sweep over the flowerless lawn, and the dark and majestic livery, which spreads itself over the whole form of nature ; all these, by inevitable tendency, go to remind us of the mutability with which we are surrounded, and to display the transient character of all that we most love, and for which we most unceasingly toil. What are our highest expectations after glory, but the evanescence of the autumn leaf? What are our best hopes and anticipations but its sure and sudden fall? 'The wind passeth over them, and they are gone.' Our pleasures, our expectations, our wants and our wishes, bloom and perish like the leaves of the forest. How forcibly they remind us of the things that are past ; bringing back before the view 'the deeds of the days of other years,' and mingling together, indiscriminately, thoughts of pleasure, and dissatisfaction. Friends—ah ! how these always come first in the train both of joy and sorrow ; friends, separated from us by the varying vicissitudes of life ; beautifully but sadly does the autumn leaf speak of them. It reminds us how we once enjoyed their society, how we united in the wrestlings of intellect, and the still more animated strife of kindness ; how we roamed together through scenes which rendered our mutual minds more congenial, and how, with hearts light as the gossamer, we foolishly thought that the gay and sunny hours which then hovered over us, were to be our companions through a lengthened and brightening journey? It tells us of all these ; and it tells us, too, how futile they

became, when on the low altar of the churchyard-turf we were called upon to sacrifice all the hopes we had espoused, and to confess the vanity of human calculations.

But there is another tale of friends which the falling leaf calls up, more sad and sorrowful than this, because it has fewer consolations ; it is the tale of ingratitude and unkindness. Over the memory of a friend lost to us in the ordinary course of nature, we may weep, but 'not without hope.' The recollections of our better days, the days of our young enjoyments and warm hearted ingenuousness ; the remembrance of our early and unshaken friendship, which death alone destroyed ; these have a charm in them to soothe the poignancy of our bereavement and to calm the spirit into a quiet resignation. But such reflections are lost or only add to the bitterness of our lot, when summoned in relation to the ingrate ; in relation to him on whom we have lavished kindness in vain ; whose affections we have ardently and fruitlessly labored to win, and who for all has paid us with coldness and neglect. Oh ! how feelingly does the autumn leaf remind us of him—of him who might have flourished on the topmost branch of our hearts, but who thus forces us to let him fall away.

These are but few of the topics on which the autumn leaf will read a lecture to the reflecting mind. Blighted hopes, ruined prospects, unrequited love, disappointed ambition, unestimated feelings, talents buried in an uncongenial soil, with a long train of losses, crosses,

and vexations, incident to every man's experience ; on every one of these subjects, the red and seared leaf of the autumn forest has an eloquent homily, that tells to the broken hearted wanderer, of the frailty and unceasing changes of time, and the substantial durability of heaven.

But there is another and more cheerful aspect which the falling foliage assumes, when it tells us of the 'fireside enjoyments,' of which it is the harbinger. After the debilitating heats and scattered society of summer, there is something pleasing in the prospect of snug and social in-door pleasures. The interesting volume, either enjoyed in silence, or 'made vocal for the amusement of the rest;' the select levy of choice spirits, met together round the social hearth, for familiar but rational converse ; or when 'the sun is in the heavens,' a tramp into the fields under an atmosphere that allows exercise without fatigue, are a few of the enjoyments which autumn promises and gives. These, added to the natural splendor of the forest scenery, which, to an eye observant of the beauties of creation, must always have peculiar attractions, under this sober season, coming as it does, laden with its burthen of luscious fruits, not only a tolerated, but a right welcome visitor. It forms a pleasing variety in that annual revolution, which is so happily adapted to the human mind, ever 'studious of change,' and in search after novelty ; and if, in some of its aspects, it tends to lead us into a 'mood of melancholy,' there may still be an advantage, should that 'mood' be found of the 'kindly'

description, 'which lifts the soul and points her to the skies.' The autumn leaf will fall, and perhaps be covered by the snowy livery of winter, but in its spring revival we behold the emblem of that more glorious renovation, which is the hope of those, who stand with unscathed hearts, through the stripping blasts of this world's desolations.







## THE STORM AT NIGHT.

'Tis a dreary thing to be  
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,  
When the sun has set in clouds,  
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,  
With a voice, and with a tone,  
Like a living creature's moan !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge,  
Round the black horizon's verge ;  
See ! the giant billows rise,  
From the ocean to the skies ;  
While the seabird wheels his flight,  
O'er their crests of fleecy white.

List ! the wind is wakening fast ;  
All the sky is overcast ;  
And the dark clouds hurrying trail  
In the pathway of the gale ;  
And our brave ship feels a shock,  
That might rend the deep-set rock.

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast !  
Spars are scatter'd by the blast ;  
And the sails are torn asunder,  
As a cloud is rent by thunder ;  
And the struggling vessel shakes,  
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah ! what sudden light is this,  
Blazing on the dark abyss ?  
Lo, the full moon rears her form  
Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,  
And athwart the troubled air,  
Shines like hope upon despair !

Every leaping billow gleams  
With the lustre of her beams,  
And lifts high its fiery plume,  
Through the midnight's parting gloom ;  
While the foam in flakes of gold,  
O'er the sinking deck is roll'd.

Father ! low on bended knee,  
Humbled, weak, we look to thee !  
Spare us midst the fearful fight  
Of the raging winds to-night ;  
Guide us o'er the threat'ning wave,  
Save us—thou alone canst save !

E. S.

## WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread  
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep  
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep,  
Of this eternal bed ?

Hallow her humble tomb  
With your kind sorrow, ye that knew her well,  
And climb'd with her youth's brief but brilliant dell,  
'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

Glad voices whisper'd round,  
As from the stars, bewildering harmonies,  
And visions of sweet beauty fill'd the skies.  
And the wide vernal ground

With hopes like blossoms shone :  
Oh, vainly *these* shall glow, and vainly wreath  
Verdure for the veil'd bosom, that may breathe  
No joy—no answering tone.

Yet weep not for the dead  
That in the glory of green youth do fall,  
Ere phrenzied passion or foul sin one thrall  
Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not ! They are at rest  
From misery, and madness, and all strife,  
That makes but night of day, and death of life,  
In the grave's peaceful breast :

Nor ever more shall come  
To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye,  
Shall follow them, where side by side they lie  
Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Aye—though their memory's green,  
In the fond heart, where love for them was born,  
With sorrow's silent dews, each eve, each morn,  
Be freshly kept, unseen—

Yet, weep not ! They shall soar  
As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,  
But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,  
And the old ocean-shore.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! How long  
Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,  
Fluttering in vain for the far cloudless day,  
And for the angel's song ?

It mounts ! It mounts ! Oh, spread  
The banner of gay victory—and sing  
For the enfranchized—and bright garlands bring—  
But weep not for the dead !

# THE PLAGUE IN THE FOREST.

## A FABLE.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Time was, when round the lion's den,  
A peopled city raised its head ;  
'Twas not inhabited by MEN,  
But by four-footed beasts, instead.  
The lynx, the leopard, and the bear,  
The tiger and the wolf, were there ;  
The hoof-defended steed ;  
The bull, prepared, with horns to gore—  
The cat with claws, the tusky boar,  
And all the canine breed.

In SOCIAL COMPACT thus combined,  
Together dwelt the beasts of prey ;  
Their murd'rous weapons all resign'd,  
And vow'd each other not to slay.  
Among them, Reynard thrust his phiz ;  
Nor hoof, nor horn, nor tusk, was his—  
For warfare all unfit ;  
He whisper'd to the royal dunce,  
And gain'd a settlement at once ;  
His weapon was—his WIT.

One summer, by some fatal spell,  
    (Phœbus was peevish for some scoff,)  
The plague upon that city fell,  
    And swept the beasts by thousands off.  
The lion, as became his part,  
LOVED his dear people from his heart,  
    And, taking counsel sage,  
His peerage summon'd to devise  
And offer up a sacrifice,  
    To soothe Apollo's rage.

Quoth Lion, ' We are sinners all ;  
    And even, it must be confess'd,  
If among sheep I chance to fall—  
    I, I, am guilty as the rest.  
To me, the sight of lamb is curst,  
It kindles in my throat a thirst !  
    I struggle to refrain—  
Poor innocent ! his blood so sweet !  
His flesh so delicate to eat !  
    I find resistance vain.

' Now, to be candid, I must own,  
    The sheep are weak, and I am strong—  
But when we find ourselves alone,  
    The sheep have never done me wrong.  
And, since I purpose to reveal  
All my offences, nor conceal  
    One trespass from your view ;  
My appetite is made so keen,  
That with the sheep, the time has been,  
    I took—the shepherd too.

- ' Then let us all, our sins confess,  
 And whose soe'er the blackest guilt,  
 To ease my people's deep distress,  
 Let his atoning blood be spilt.  
 My own confession now you hear—  
 • Should none of deeper dye appear,  
 Your sentence freely give :  
 And if on me should fall the lot,  
 Make me the victim on the spot ;  
 And let my people live.'

The council with applauses rung,  
 To hear the Codrus of the wood :  
 Though still some doubt suspended hung,  
 If he would make his promise good—  
 Quoth Reynard—' Since the world was made,  
 Was ever love like this display'd ?  
 Let us, like subjects true,  
 Swear, as before your feet we fall,  
 Sooner than you should die for all,  
 We all will die for you.

' But, please your majesty, I deem,  
 Submissive to your royal grace,  
 You hold in far too high esteem  
 That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race :  
 For oft reflecting in the shade,  
 I ask myself why sheep were made  
 By all creating power ?  
 And how soe'er I tax my mind,  
 This, the sole reason I can find—  
 For lions to devour.



‘ And as for eating, now and then,  
As well the shepherd as the sheep—  
How can that braggart breed of men  
Expect with you the peace to keep ?  
’Tis time their blustering boast to stem,  
That all the world was made for them,  
And prove creation’s plan ;  
Teach them, by evidence profuse,  
That man was made for lion’s use,  
Not lions made for man.’

And now the noble peers begin ;  
And, cheer’d with such example bright,  
Disclosing each his secret sin,  
Some midnight murder brought to light.  
Reynard was counsel for them all ;  
No crime the assembly could appal,  
But *he* could botch with paint ;  
Hark ! as his honied accents roll,  
Each tiger is a gentle soul ;  
Each blood-hound is a saint.

When each had told his tale in turn,  
The long-ear’d beast of burden came,  
And meekly said—‘ My bowels yearn  
To make confession of my shame :  
But I remember on a time,  
I pass’d, not thinking of a crime,  
A hay-stack on my way :  
His lure, some tempting devil spread—  
I stretch’d across the fence my head,  
And cropp’d—a lock of hay.’

'Oh, monster ! villain !' Reynard cried—

' No longer seek the victim, sire ;

Nor why your subjects thus have died,

To expiate Apollo's ire.'

The council, with one voice, decreed ;

All join'd to execrate the deed—

' What ! steal another's grass !'

The blackest crime *their* lives could show,

Was washed as white as virgin snow ;

The victim was—THE ASS.

## THE CONVICT.

'To-morrow? that's sudden.'

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

'Tis the midnight hour : in the prisoner's cell  
No sound is heard, save a grinding chain,  
And a throbbing pulse, whose beatings tell  
Of an aching heart, and a troubled brain.

The massy gloom in that narrow den,  
No shadowy form to the eye reveals ;  
But a ray like the gleam of a tiger's ken,  
In his lair at night, through the blackness steals.

Yet it is not fear of the morrow's doom,  
Of the muffled drum, and the death array,  
That chases sleep from the pirate's room,  
And fills his eye with the lightning's play ;

For he hath closed in the dark sea-fight,  
And smiled on the corpses all gash'd and grim,  
As they rose to view by the pale moonlight,  
And glared through the glassy wave on him.

Aye, he hath smiled with a scoffer's lip,  
And laugh'd at death when the blast was high,  
When the seabird sunk on the stagg'ring ship,  
And the billows howl'd o'er the breakers nigh—

He hath laugh'd at these in the midnight gloom,  
And troll'd his song on the whirlwind's wing,  
And he careth not for the morrow's doom,  
Or the fatal clasp of the strangling string.

Why heaves he then like the troubled wave,  
When lash'd by the tempests that o'er it sweep?  
It is, that the hush of the sullen grave,  
Cannot lull the soul to a lasting sleep.

His days are told, and the midnight pall  
O'er life's cheating pageants its shadow flings,  
And the restless spirit now bursting its thrall,  
Waves startled and buoyant its quicken'd wings.

Time's gather'd mist from his mind is hurl'd,  
And the lightning flashes of truth reveal  
To his shudd'ring vision, that spirit world,  
Which the clouds of earth from the eyes conceal.

As the vessel that catches with fluttering sail,  
The fresh'ning tempest, and flies before—  
So he in his bosom doth feel the gale,  
That drives him awreck on a fearful shore.

As the rock mounted eagle, that oft hath defied  
The stroke of the gale, and the bolt of the blast,  
Now bleeding and torn, from his aerie of pride,  
To the doom of the vale by the lightning is cast;

So he in that prison doth feel a rush,  
O'er his cowering spirit he cannot stay—  
And like the eagle's plume on the whirlwind's gush,  
He is struggling borne to his doom away.

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## HYMN.

OH Thou, whose smile is love !  
Send the resplendent blessing from above !  
Let the deep radiance on our hearts descend,  
Till chasten'd, in its holy light, our fond emotions blend.

Oh ! thou, whose voice is truth !  
Speak in thy mercy to the soul of youth !  
Let the celestial music charm our ear,  
And bid it still in danger's hour thy lightest whisper  
hear :

Whose breath is purity !  
Breathe on the sin-stained spirit, till it be  
Unshadow'd in its calm and blessed light,  
Then, in its depths, one glorious name—thine own—oh,  
Father ! write !

Truth, purity and love !  
Come to us ! Emblems of the heaven-taught dove !  
Work for our spirits, pinions like the bird,  
And rise with them, till, sweet in heaven, your seraph  
song is heard !

## THE YANKEE TEA PARTY.

BY H. F. GOULD.

KING George sat high on his family throne,  
'The lord of the isles,' that were fairly his own,  
And might have sufficed, had his majesty known  
The folly of coveting more.

But, seeking a tribute his pomp to maintain,  
He reach'd from the island to grasp at the main,  
Intending his coffers should chink with the gain  
That was brought from a distant shore.

And when he had summon'd, in solemn array,  
His ministers round him, to canvass a way  
In which they might make the Americans pay

The costs of the royal court :

'Our liege,' said they, 'there's many a ship  
That might be sent out on an Indian trip,  
And freighted with tea for the new world to sip,  
And do it for our support.'

'Tis done !' said the king, 'tis a good bright thought,  
For this will be sponging so easily wrought,  
That the ships shall with Indian leaves be fraught,

And sent to our subject land !

We'll make Columbia swallow our tea,  
And pay her duty far over the sea,  
On every pound, for our 'powers that be,'  
To put in our royal hand.'

And so in due season, and true British state,  
With their sails puff'd out, and their heads held straight,  
When the ships rode up, with the well pack'd freight,

To the shores of the western world :  
This order imperial echo'd around,  
' The teas must be bought, and the buyer is bound  
To pay us a duty on every pound,'

While the canvas in port was furl'd.

But, ' No ! ' said the friends in the city of Penn,  
' George is a mortal, and Quakers are men !  
Your leaves may float off o'er the ocean again,

For soberly we protest,  
That we never will open a traitorous door  
To let such a cargo come into a store,  
Unenter'd, unopen'd. Withdraw from our shore,  
The treasures of every chest !'

And, ' No ! ' was the word at the place of the Dutch,  
' 'Tis grinding our faces a little too much,  
Broad as they be—and your teas shall not touch

Our land, while by us it is trod !  
The *duty* we owe to ourselves, and the throne  
Is not to be crush'd by a foot like our own,  
And that of the Briton is so overgrown,  
We'll have it more tightly shod !'

But the spirited Yankees knew just the thing  
That would suit themselves, if it didn't the king ;  
And when the proud sails came flying to bring  
Their freight o'er their glassy bay,

They met, and agreed, that 'twould not be right,  
His majesty's offer of tea to slight,  
For they view'd the affair in a national light,  
As they show'd, in a national way.

They join'd in the council, and forming a band,  
Array'd like the children who sprang from the land,  
In blanket and feather, with hatchet in hand,  
And their faces and limbs o'erlaid  
With a copper-hued coating of paint, they took  
Their way to the ships, while the tomahawks shook,  
And the wild pow-wow made royalist look  
Aghast, for the turn of his trade.

'Come,' said the visitors, 'now for our tea !  
We'll take it on deck, if you please, and see,  
Of gunpowder, souchong, green, hyson, bohea,  
Which flavor we like the best !'  
Then box after box, came up close pack'd,  
And lid after lid was smitten and crack'd,  
As the red hand work'd, and the tomahawk hack'd,  
And enter'd each odorous chest.

'This,' said the company, 'this is the way  
That we, the Yankees, are going to pay  
*Our duty* on teas, and help to defray  
The cost of the kingly cup !  
We are going to leave every pound to steep,  
With its impost on, in the boiling deep,  
And the good strong brine, where we *guess* 'twill keep,  
'Till the parliament draws it up !'



Then over the sides of the ship they pour'd  
The treasures of every box on board,  
That hiss'd as they went, till the dock was floor'd  
    With the leaves of the Indian tree.  
' We'll let,' they cried, ' Old England know  
That bending too much, she may break the bow !  
Columbia's spirit can't stoop so low  
    *As three pence a pound on tea !*

## THE STREAM AND THE FLOWER.

AUTUMN was fading,  
Yet still that brook flow'd on,  
Though decay's dark touch was shading  
The plants that were not gone,—  
The low sad wind was sighing,  
The restless leaves were flying,  
The scene was of the dying  
Of summer's joys.

But that soft brook was gliding  
With happy music on,  
With a joyousness abiding,  
Though the year's rich smile was gone.  
It could not know declining,  
Nor regret the flow'rets shining,  
That in brighter hours were twining  
Amid its voice.

One flower was bending  
Above that brightest stream,  
Though its joyless life was wending  
The way of summer's dream.  
By that brook it had been growing,  
When the sun's soft light was glowing;  
Near the music of its flowing,  
It linger'd now.

‘ Stream ! ’ sighed the flower,  
‘ Mine image on thy breast,  
Is not bright as in that hour,  
With bloom and sunshine blest.  
No ! my flush of life is failing,  
And it wakes no mournful wailing,  
For my soul the hour is hailing,  
That bids me go.

‘ ’Twas not the summer’s glory,  
That made my life of joy,  
Mine is the slighted story  
Of passions that destroy.  
I lived to watch thee gleaming—  
Lived in the blessed dreaming,  
That for thee the wide earth teeming,  
Possessed but me.

‘ Yet I go, and flowing  
With music on thy way,  
Thou heedest not my going,  
And scornest my decay !  
Mine is the vain repining,  
My best beloved resigning,  
But mine is the declining,  
That sets me free !

‘ The spring time will come glowing  
With light, and warmth, and song ;  
And brighter flowers be growing  
Thy sunny course along,—

Thou wilt reflect their shining,  
And smile where they are twining,  
The past and me resigning,  
Their tints among,—

‘ But, oh ! my dying  
Is sunlit by one thought !  
Will not my latest sighing,  
By thee, oh, stream, be caught ?  
Yes ! when the scene is closing—  
When despair its power is losing—  
With the dream of my reposing  
Shall mix thy song !

‘ I would not change my fading  
For the joy that still is thine,  
Though a gloom my fate is shading,  
And thy scorn, beloved, is mine !  
In my truth, to thee adhering ;  
In my faith, thee still endearing ;  
Nor fate’s dark menace fearing—  
I triumph still !’

Better, oh, flower ! thy dying  
Than to linger on with scorn !  
Far better to be lying  
Where peace of death is born !  
When the love I prize is failing,  
Be mine no fruitless wailing,  
In the grave my miseries veiling,  
Let me sleep well !

T. H. E.

## LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
Before us smiles the sea ;  
Lo, how yon halcyon skims the air !  
As rapid and as free,  
Our vessel bends her easy flight ;  
While o'er the waves we wait good night—  
Our native land, to thee !

Ah ! mingles there no fond regret,  
With this low breathed farewell—  
Were not our eyes with tear drops wet,  
When last they sadly fell  
Upon thy features, mother earth,—  
On scenes familiar from our birth,  
On mountain, wood and dell ?

Beat there no hearts in this dear clime,  
Whose feelings are our own,  
That we shall meet, unchanged by time,  
When days and years have flown,  
And homeward o'er the flashing deep,  
Our gallant ship again shall sweep,  
Like yon swift bird, alone !

Oh, stay thy wing, thou speeding bird,  
 And to our native shore  
 Bear on thy flight the simple word,  
 'Farewell !' when day is o'er—  
 When day is o'er, and near thy nest,  
 Upon some crag's wind-shelter'd breast,  
 Thy circling pinions soar.

Yet there is music in the waves,  
 Though sad our parting be ;  
 And joy, deep joy, to him who braves  
 The dangers of the sea.  
 Oh, who would live in peace at home,  
 When on the waters he might roam,  
 As gloriously as we !

Then let us dash away the tear  
 That trembles in our eye ;  
 There should be nought but happy cheer,  
 Between the sea and sky.  
 The sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
 And like yon bird along the air,  
 Still shall our vessel fly !

**TO A LADY:**  
**WITH A NECKLACE.**

**BY C. SHERRY.**

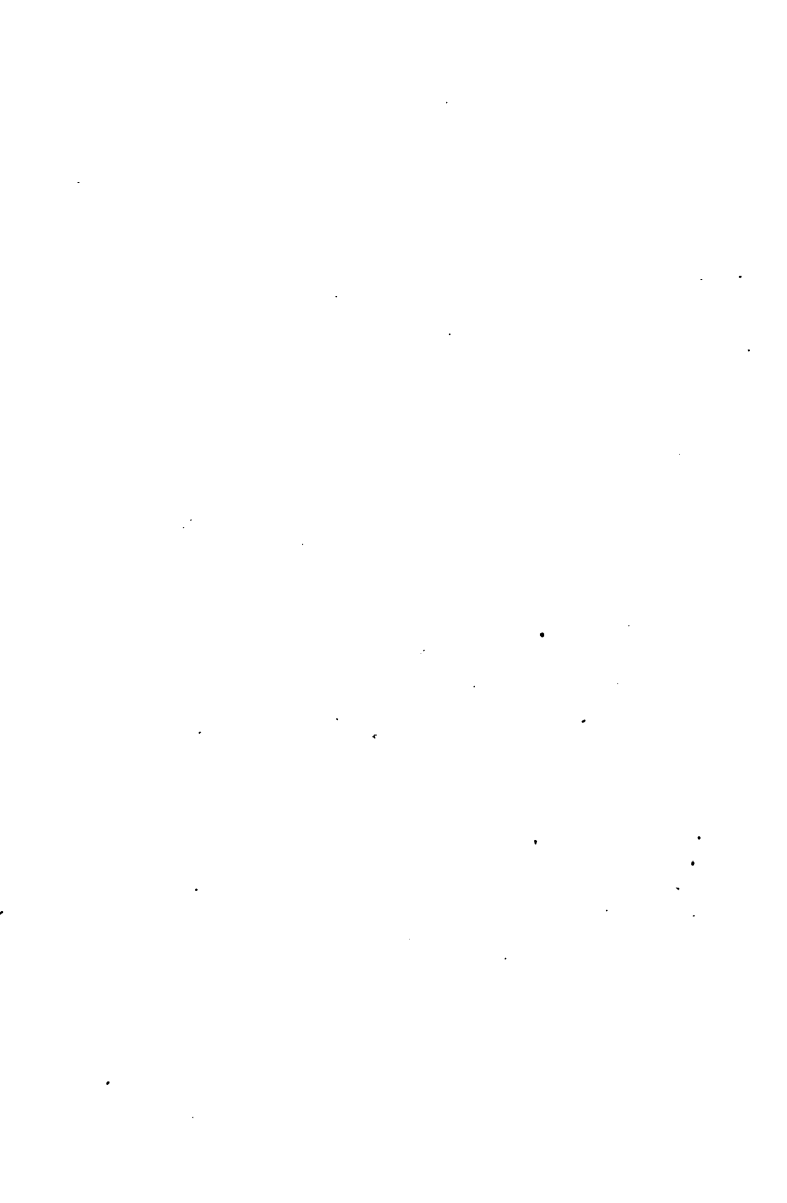
**THE** dark-eyed Indian maid, who leads  
The dance in oriental bowers,  
Twines her fair neck with strings of beads,  
And wreathes her raven hair with flowers.

By gorgeous shrine, on bended knee,  
May many a Spanish maiden rest,  
And tell the ebon rosary,  
That trembles on her throbbing breast.

Go to the green Pacific isles,  
Where dreams of beauty fill the air,  
A broken bead will win the smiles  
Of her who shines the brightest there.

But not the daughter of the wild,  
In nature's simplest garb array'd,  
Nor distant India's glowing child,  
Nor pure devotion's holy maid ;

Than thee may boast a lovelier face,  
Or nobler impulses of heart ;  
Or wear with more becoming grace,  
These gay and graceful gems of art.







Painted by J.M.W. Turner.

Engraved by Geo. B. Linn.

## DEATH OF HASSAN.

Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

Now galloping on his reeking steed,  
As mad with memory of the deed ;

Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

## DEATH OF HASSAN.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

'THE hour is past'—the glory  
That lit his palace wall  
Is changed for gloom—and story  
As of midnight death and pall!  
The gem is ravish'd from the crown,  
It was his pride to wear;  
His hearth is spurn'd—his Leila flown—  
Yet Hassan lingers there!

\* \* \* \* \*

Not long!—for he has sworn her doom—  
Beauty and prayers are vain;  
There is no ordeal but the tomb,  
To purge so foul a stain.

\* \* \* \* \*

What recks it, when or how she died!  
She sleeps beneath th' unfathom'd tide  
Of calm Leone's murmuring wave;  
A sea-nymph in her coral grave—  
And he who loved—the Infidel,  
Before whose burning vows she fell,  
Roams sadly round the rocky steep  
That frowns in shadow o'er her sleep;  
Now goading on his reeking steed,  
As mad with memory of the deed;

And now as sudden reining there,  
To ponder in a still despair.  
Vain—vain—there is a throb will not be hush'd—  
To halt or fly is vain—his heart is crush'd !

\* \* \* \* \*

Again to hoof and sabre  
Black Hassan's palace rings,  
And to his courser's bounding back,  
Each ready vassal springs.  
And Hassan's forth ! his harem  
And beauty left in scorn—  
For he will find a truer bride  
Before another morn.  
He sweeps the dell and mountain,  
Nor dreams of lurking foe,  
And guardless laves at pilgrim fount,  
In daylight's lingering glow.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is high on riven peak,  
Where glaring vulture whets his beak,  
And his warm radiance downward pours,  
Where greenwood waves and torrent roars ;  
Lighting the shadowy ravine,  
With that uncertain light,  
That in the dim eclipse is seen  
To mock the coming night.  
And now, forth bounding to the plain,  
That skirts the frowning wood,  
With thrilling shout, the vassal train  
Bursts on the solitude.

But on that shout what echo breaks  
From crag and forest back !  
Then first the voice of Hassan wakes—  
‘ The foe is on our track !’  
And ere he turn’d him where the sun  
Fell on the issuing train,  
Sharply and fatal rang the gun,  
And glanced the yatagan.  
A follower-falls—in torture, vain  
He grasps his plunging steed,  
And hangs upon his flowing mane,  
Still struggling in his need :  
Till, feeble as an infant’s palm  
His swarthy hand gives way,  
And death’s unshadow’d, horrid calm  
Steals o’er the quivering clay.  
One instant o’er him stands his barb,  
With full and frightened eye,  
As wondering why that well known garb—  
Those arms about him lie !  
Then sudden tossing to the air,  
His proud and reinless head,  
Away, like lion from his lair,  
He bounds above the dead.

The onset thickens. Who is he,  
That like the red moon from the clouds,  
At midnight seen on tempest-sea,  
When bursting from her eddying shrouds,  
She pours a glary splendor o’er  
The vault all black and blank before,

Starts from the dusky canopy  
Of smoke and darkness hurrying by,  
On Hassan's bold and blood-shot eye,  
And flush'd with battle's baleful fire,  
With joyous cry and glance of ire,  
Leaps with a shout to earth, and calls  
The Moslem of the harem halls  
To conflict that shall quickly close  
Account alike of joys or woes—  
The fight from which but one must rise—  
Where death must stamp the sacrifice !  
Look on his inky steed, and see !  
But one that warrior form may be !  
His visage and his garb, too well  
Proclaim the traitor Infidel—  
Traitor of Hassan's secret bower—  
The lover-chief, the youthful Giaour.

\* \* \* \*

No word—no challenge—either knows,  
The spirit-pang that rends the other,  
And vow'd to death, they dimly close,  
Ere rage the heaving heart shall smother.  
And short the struggle—ere the sod  
Was torn or trampled where they trod,  
Quick-pinion'd Azrael hovering o'er,  
His black flag waved above their gore—  
One sabre-crash, and Hassan's head  
Lies pillow'd on the reeking dead.  
Steel to his heart ! the bubbling stream  
Leaps to the dagger's hilt, with gleam

That tells the deed too well—he lies  
With quiv'ring lip, and quenchless eyes,  
As though defying still the form  
Which looms there through the battle storm !  
As though the panting spirit yet,  
Before its dying light had set,  
Would blast with one collected glance  
The vengeful foe—curst child of chance,  
That o'er him stood, with smile of scorn,  
Of last and hellish passion born.

And how stood he, the victor,  
That blood stain'd Infidel ?  
Once mourner, but avenger now  
Of her he loved too well !

One hand upon his courser's rein,  
So clench'd as if 'twould burst its mail,  
Holds back the charger—from whose mane  
Shake gore-drops o'er his victim pale.  
The other, with convulsive hold,  
Rests on his sabre's hilt of gold—  
And firm, as if of chisell'd stone,  
He stands above the dead, alone.

No word !—but language such as word  
Conveys not, frames not, never heard,  
Yet ne'er mistook, breaks from his eye  
On this last crowning of his destiny !  
Love, sorrow, hate, revenge, all pass  
His visage o'er, as breath o'er glass,



As quick and dim—then, as if woke  
From vision, when the spell is broke,  
His part fulfill'd, and done the deed,  
He vaults upon his stamping steed,  
And over field and mountain grey  
He spurs him till the set of day.  
And thus with scarcely rest he went,  
Till his hot, hurrying thoughts, were spent—  
A wanderer o'er isle and sea,  
The prey of restless memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years ! and at the cloister'd gate,  
Behold a dusky pilgrim wait,  
Intent, as if imploring there,  
The blessing of a convent prayer.  
Something he murmurs of a day  
When love upon his brain had sway ;  
Passion too strong for man's control,  
And fierce revenge that fir'd his soul.  
All pass'd, but not forgotten things,  
That now, amid his wanderings,  
Shoot o'er the wilderness of mind,  
Leaving a lurid track behind,  
Like meteors o'er a landscape's brow,  
All beauty once, but chaos now.

He asks a grave—and dies—unknown his birth,  
And a rude cross scarce marks his humble earth ;  
But many a traveller there at twilight hour,  
Recalls the thrilling story of the Giaour.

And Hassan ! to his hall once more,  
Gory and gash'd, his vassals bore  
All that remain'd of him who went,  
Flush'd with the dream of high intent,  
To bring young beauty to his bower—  
His harem's newest, loveliest flower.  
'Rent calpac,' and the 'cloven crest ;'  
It needs not to recount the rest !  
In slaughter's dell, he lonely lies,  
Guarded by eyes of Paradise—  
The token of his grave alone,  
'A turban carved in coarsest stone.'

## THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

BY H. F. GOULD.

‘ALAS! alas!’ said the sorrowing tree, ‘my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel’s foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

‘I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glassy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of

my bosom ; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming ; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift ?

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

‘ My beloved tree,’ said he, ‘ be comforted ! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me ; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

‘ The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms ; but it shall soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

‘ Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother’s bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

‘The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season!’

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. ‘My slender branches,’ said she, ‘let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!’

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth ; they hovered in the air ; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned ; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it ; the scorching heat had not faded it ; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness ; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair ; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

## THE WEDDING AND THE FIRST CUP.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

And, after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine:—*a health*, quoth he, as if  
He'd been abroad, carousing to his mates  
After a storm.

TAKING OF THE SHREW.

FRANCIS HAYFORD was a young fellow, very like, in the matters of external appearance, manners, and way of thinking on most subjects, to a thousand others you may find scattered up and down our quiet villages or the smaller towns of our republic. He was an excellent looking youth, too, with a fine head of hair, that appendage which is so wonderfully expressive, after all; and which the author of Paul Clifford would have pronounced worthy of the Hon. Augustus Tomlinson; rather pale and thin, not handsome, but with a decidedly sensible face, and an eye full of vivacity, and some might think, of impatience and temper. He was no hero; let that be understood, and welcome; but a plain, honest youth, of some eighteen summers, with no fortune, nor with any of those externals, which, in the shape of money and place, are apt to give one a sort of enviable prominence with a certain class of persons. But he could boast a more than respectable share of that which is worth all the mines in the world; intelligence and education. He differed, indeed, from

the thousand whom I have said he resembled, in a few things ; among which was conspicuous, his disrelish of society, and his absolute hatred of the forms and polite civilities of life, that were kept up, in some degree, around him. This was something rather singular, in one so full of youthful feeling, and so well calculated to light up and make joyous the circle in which he might revolve. He knew little or nothing of the world. How could it be otherwise ? His years were few, and it seemed as though he intended, or that fate intended, they should bring him for the future, neither comfort nor instruction, aside from what sprung up about him on the quiet path he had chosen. His disinclination to mingle with those of his own age, or, in short, with any, hitherto, in the common interchanges of life, could be accounted for, perhaps, solely by his situation, as an only son, the solitary support at the side of a widowed mother. For her he went and came in the way of his daily duties. For her he worked and won ; and while he felt the reward of his various industry in the unspeakable love and sympathy that grows up between such beings, so situated, he was as happy as most men who win kingdoms, for the purpose of comforting their feelings of pride and power.

Such a being it was easy to persuade, and for such a being it was a dangerous thing to go into the place of trial. Yet this was the person, in the completest peril, at all seasons, both from his sense of security and his inexperience ; this was the person, who, like ten thousand others, was to date his ruin from the time of a little temptation, that assailed him under the disguise of an *innocent indulgence*.



It was a busy seaport in which Francis Hayford and his mother resided. By good conduct and good fortune, which sometimes go together even in these days of competition, he had become the mercantile agent of a house in Philadelphia; and it was said by those who knew and who loved to cheer his poor parent by the gossip, that his employer found high promise in Frank, and a hundred such excellent things that go directly to the heart, and make us breathe freer as we hear them repeated. Be that as it may, Frank had got as high as supercargo; and just at the time my story commences, he was fitting, in that capacity, for a foreign voyage.

'You look pale and sick, mother,' said he, 'but don't distress yourself about my going away; our voyages now are so short; and besides, I am in the way of promotion.'

The mother raised her head and shook it; and a tear stole into her eye, as she laid her hand upon the head of her boy. She looked at him, but did not speak a word. She was thinking of what he had been to her, and that she was to lose him. As she gazed, her lip began to tremble, and when Frank saw that, he could stand before her no longer; but his eye fell, and he turned, with a rushing sensation about the heart, and went gently out of the room. The mother stood there, with one hand now pressed upon her eyelids, convulsively, and the other still held out in the attitude of blessing her child. The poor fellow was not aware of his immediate destiny.

'Well, Frank,' said a delighted breathless friend, the only man on earth that he called such, one bright morning as they fell together; 'well, Frank, you will

of course come up and bear witness to my wedding to-night. You smile, but why not laugh in right earnest; that smile looks as though you but half believed what I tell you; but so it is, this very night I am to be married. You know how it is; they think in some places, that the whole thing must be nothing but crying and taking on—and—and—in a word, Harriet says you must come, by all means, and help us through. Besides, you recollect we promised to stand by each other in this battle.'

There was something like solicitation here; for Frank at first shook his head, like a man whose impulse is to deny in all such cases, and said something about his going off, and his mother, and much of the same character, very hurried and indistinct, as though he were shuffling after an excuse. But it would not do; and when he remembered his foolish boy-promise, he raised his head at once, took his companion firmly by the hand, and satisfied him in two words.

'I will come, Wendoll; I will certainly come for your sake and Harriet's, and——'

'Not a word more, then, my dear fellow,' and Wendoll was away like an arrow; for it is a busy day, the bridal one, when the bridegroom summons his own guests.

The wedding came, and the gathering. The good, and gay, and beautiful, met on the threshold, and blessed it. They clustered round the bride, as courtiers round a queen; and the maidens smiled upon her, and whispered in her ear, and passed on with arch looks, and a feeling of freedom of the whole house, and

wandered up and down among the little crowd of festive friends, with hearts all tuned to the song of delight, but yet evidently subdued by a certain kind of consciousness, that seemed to say, 'it is proper to be as melancholy as we can.'

The ceremony proceeded. It was simple and short. A low breathed prayer, and then a hymn with suppressed voices, as though the singers were at first half ashamed of the business; and it was finished. And there was Frank to witness it. He stood aloof, an impatient gazer upon the whole affair, and was decidedly the most reserved and silent man in the company. Wendoll approached, and began to rally him in earnest.

'Is this your way of congratulating me, Sir Sobersides? Come, Frank, do throw off this, and come along with me, and do as others do. I must be pledged, and a bumper of the strongest, I am determined on, as a health to you all.' And others gathered round, and drew Frank with them to a side table, sparkling all over with liquors, for the merry and moody alike.

'I never drink, Wendoll, you know I never do. I cannot bear it.' Wendoll knew it, and so did the rest; and for this very reason they were determined to hunt him down.

'I know,' continued Frank, looking round, 'I know it looks foolish, very foolish, here, and just now too; but, now, why will you urge me?'

But he *was* urged on all sides, by smiles, and winks, and nods, till he was at first half mortified and then half mad at the business.

Wendoll had poured his glass, and handed it to him.

It was adulterated stuff, as fiery as brandy. At that moment the beautiful face of Harriet shone out upon him from a bevy of maidens, and a smile and an inclination of the head, as for '*a health*,' met his eye at the instant. The glass was lifted and drained, and the face had disappeared. Frank turned to Wendoll.

'Ask me to drink no more, Wendoll; no more, as you love me. I have had fears; terrible fears, and dreams about this, and I cannot, I dare not indulge. I hate it; *I hate it*. Do'nt bribe me to *hate* you.' And his eye sparkled with a strange lustre, as he turned and mingled with the throng. There may be something here that appears unnatural to the reader; coming from a boy of eighteen, full of youthful blood, and prone to every fascination that besets his age. But who has not had his presentiments strong within him, even at this time of life, dealing with his spirit as a spell from which there is no escape, and which admits of no parley! Besides, this was a first impulse. Let us see the issue.

The night went on in merriment. That one glass had turned the scale with Francis Hayford; and ere the company parted he had answered every tempter's invitation, and went away, for the first time, with a flush upon his cheek, and that wild delight in his heart, that is so nearly allied to grief, to terror, and to torture. He went home; how, he hardly knew, and slept miserably, and dreamt of the bridal, and his own shame and confusion.

In one week from that day, his mother was a corpse. He had remained by her in tears, in sorrow, in remorse,

almost in penitence. He had confessed his first fault with a burning brow and compressed lip, and had received the last warning of his parent, mingled with all the soothing tones that could not fail to escape the being, who, though this affliction had stricken her to the earth, had yet borne and nourished him. But she was dead, and the next cup which that son lifted was at her burial. They had all returned from the grave, and the liquor was waiting for them. It was the custom of the place and of the time, as it is now in many instances; yes, the *custom* of the place; a kind and silent usage, and certainly—certainly the memory of the dead was to be treated with respect! They drank; what could they do, more or less! and that fated boy drank with them, again and again, with a kind of hurry and determination that could not be misconstrued. 'I will drown my grief,' (how many times have I heard the blasphemy!) 'I will drown my grief,' said he, 'I feel the curse upon me; and am I not alone, absolutely alone, with the wide world before me?'

Do you ask if the wedding rose in his mind! Wendoll was at his side, as a mourner, and Harriet upon his arm. A few words only did Frank address to them. 'Your bridal, Wendoll, has decided my fate; and you, Harriët,' continued he, in a low tone, and looking her suddenly in the face with a heated cheek and an unsettled eye, 'you must account for this, and for my blood!'

They parted from him in haste, with a rising of anger mingled with wonder, and, deny it I cannot, with a bitter and unappeasable reproach. Strange

inconsistency of human nature ! To reproach another with the effects, of which ourselves were the melancholy cause !

From that time Frank Hayford was not seen for many years, in his native place. He left the country. He prosecuted his intended voyage, indeed ; but things went wildly with him, and he never returned to render any account of it. He wandered over the earth, experiencing various and strange fortunes. He struggled, *as he supposed*, with the demon that held him, and sometimes thought he had conquered. When this came upon him with any thing like conviction, he rose upon the earth, which he had in a manner polluted, with a strong step and a free look, and wept like a child, as he went onward, and full of high anticipations, entered upon such little employment as good fortune occasionally sent him. But I will not veil the truth. He had temptations as well as rebukes, and he could not, or *did* not withstand them. Years and years he went on ; not yet, not yet bowed to the earth, in his awful bondage. He was not yet the *decided* drunkard, as the phrase goes in the world. But the path was full of danger, and shrouded in darkness, and his fall was but a moment delayed ; for what are months and years when this impetus is complete ! He stood, for a time, among men, with a steady though a shining eye ; but his mind had gone down from the high place which it once held, and at its best estate, it was now the veriest receptacle of all that was weak and disgusting. I need not dwell on this part of his history ; it can well be conceived, for experience tells the tale to every man

and woman who has walked the world for a day, with open eyes, or unsealed ears. He went from place to place, and clime to clime, a sad, broken, and sinking man; full of thoughts that affrighted him, and of a hope, in some moments of desperate resolve, that at best was but a semblance of despair.

\* \* \* \*

It was midday in summer; a hot, silent noon, when the very flitting of the grasshopper seems burdensome to the gazer, and the universal slumber and stillness of the air and earth are weary things to the spirit.

Under the 'copper sky' an individual might be seen traversing the long street of the seaport in which the scene of my story lies, with a steady but weak step; exceedingly weak, and slow. There appeared to be, however, an exertion to move forward at a pace quicker than nature seemed willing to allow, as though the person, nearly worn out by effort, was now making an anxious struggle to reach the end of his journey. His course laid directly towards the house of Wendoll. It was a small dwelling, a common, quiet looking residence, standing just off the road, among some tall unnoticeable sort of trees. It looked, however, like shelter; and our traveller had now made just up to the gate. The door of the house was flung wide open, 'to catch all the air' that was going. Wendoll and his wife were seated near a cradle, attending upon a sick child; and as they both raised their heads at a light but uncertain shuffling kind of step behind them, they saw Francis Hayford standing in the middle of the floor, gazing on them with a look—a strange look of seriousness and inquiry.

Not a word did he utter, but there he stood, like a statue, silent as death. The child then caught his eye for an instant. It was raising its little arms for the cup which its astonished mother held, half hesitatingly in her hand. His eye glanced upon the cup, and with a sort of yell he sprung forward, and before Wendoll could interpose, seized and dashed it upon the floor, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

It was now that he first found utterance. 'Wendoll! Harriet! are ye at it again, and upon your baby, too! Stab, smother your child at once, but not that, not that! Feeding it with spirit! why, look at me!' and he stood up again, trembling all over, before them. 'Look at me, Wendoll; and you Harriet. See Frank Hayford, who was at your wedding, as good, and as steady, as healthy and happy, and as innocent, too, as your infant there—yes; as your own infant; the infant of your bosoms, and which you are now cursing, ere it can lisp; and, see! what am I now? I say, look—do'nt come near me, with your hands out so; I can't take them. Hear what I have got to say. Sit down, Harriet; sit down both of ye,' and they dropped into their chairs, as though they had been under the influence of a spell.

Frank stood a few moments, silent again, looking at them earnestly; his form bent, even in his youth; tottering in his very prime; shrivelled, and shrunk, and unclean; his cheeks hollow and white, save one spot—one small, round spot, glowing and changing, like some heated thing, under his skin, burning away his heart and his existence; his eye large and glazed, and his lips in a perpetual spasm. There he stood; and with an



energy that could not but be his last, and with a clearness and eloquence that come at such times, and even from such persons, as though to plead for the pride of the spirit, the once unabused spirit of man, he said to the astonished and stricken creatures before him :

‘ I tell you, Wendoll, that you see your own work here ; and your work, Harriet, your work, too.’

They both shuddered as he went on.

‘ Six years ago, I saw you married. To that moment I was untouched. I was unapproached by the devil, whose I now am, inevitably and forever. I was strong, and honest, and unstained ; a good son and an ambitious boy. Now, I am a ruined, desolate wretch. I have been to my neck in crime, and am polluted all over. I am degraded, and despised, and diseased. Yes ! look at my face ! It is already on fire ; I feel it day and night. I sleep not. My mind is gone out, and I am a wanderer that would exchange places and hopes, with the very dogs and worms. And now hear me. You, you—both of ye are to answer for this. In this house, in this room, ye first sold me to the destroyer. At the very altar where ye swore to each other, I was sacrificed. Your solicitations, Wendoll ; do you forget, Harriet, that smile, and your nod, and your ‘ *health !* ’ yes, *your* solicitations, your plot brought me to the first drop of strong drink, and that drop has brought me to this ! Ye had it at your wedding ; ye had every intoxicating thing there ; and there ye ruined me. Are ye any better than I am ? ’ continued he ; and his voice grew hoarse as he went on with the excitement of a maniac. ‘ Are ye any better than I am ! What is that

upon your table, there, as it was six years ago? I see your cheeks are tell-tales, Wendoll, though they blush; and I see your wife is marked for the grave by your own hand; and your child, your very baby! Wendoll, Wendoll! you, too, are in the same path with me, and we shall all soon sleep together. Would to God we might never wake; but if there be a hereafter——'

As he ceased speaking, he fell his length upon the floor. He never stood up again on the earth; but from that day he went rapidly to his doom, and died, unregarded, unknown and unwept.

The fate of Wendoll was no better; and before he died, he said to me with a look I shall never forget, that his first sin, his first drinking, was at a wedding, and his next at a funeral!

## REMEMBERED MUSIC.

It is the song she used to sing,  
When I was by her side ;  
Ere hope had check'd its upward wing,  
Or faithful love been tried.

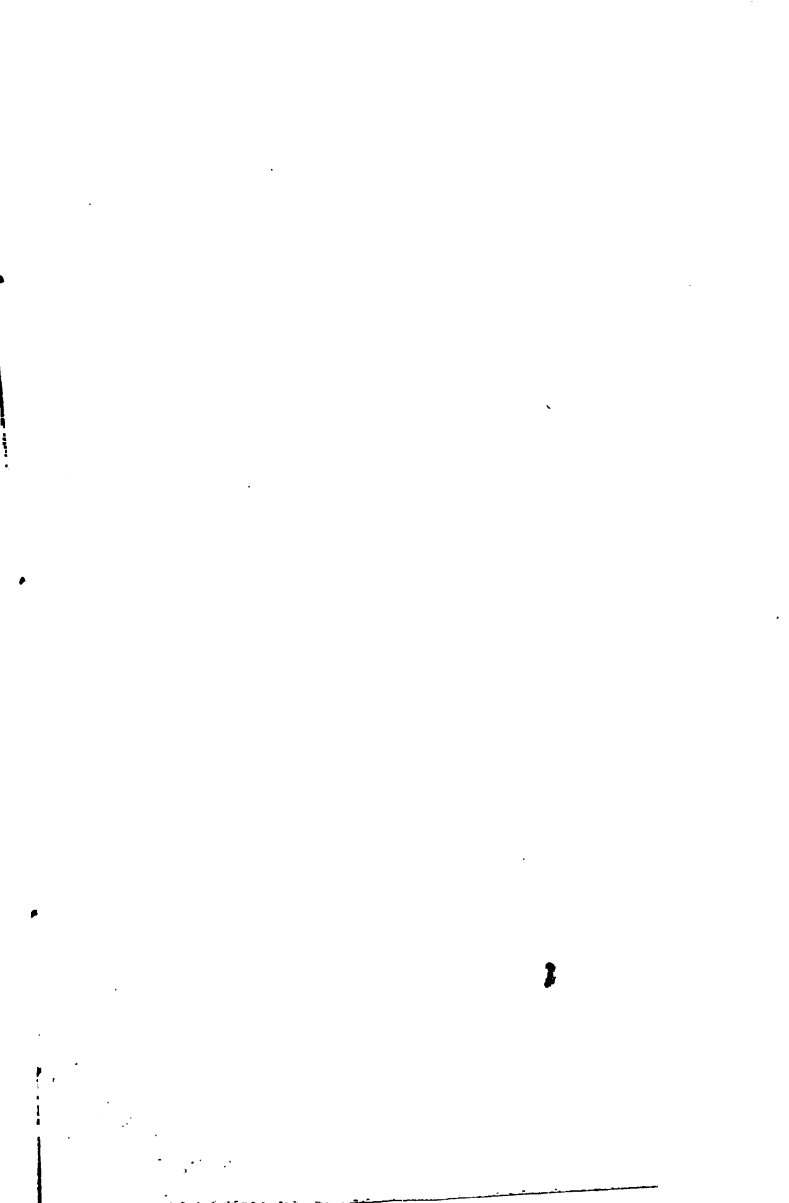
It is the voice that used to thrill  
My heart with its soft tone ;  
I hear its witching music still—  
Its magic spell I own.

Those up-raised eyes ! they are the same,  
Which on me used to shine :  
O ! shall I speak her gentle name—  
Hark ! does she whisper mine ?

Her song is hush'd ; her fingers rest  
Upon the silent chords ;  
Her dark curls fall around her breast,  
And—listen to her words !

' Why comes he not ? ' Behold I come !  
Nay, do not start with fear ;  
Is not the wanderer welcome home ?  
Sweet Mary, I am here !

R. C. E.





## THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

BY THOMAS GRAY, JR.

'Twas even tide. Upon the balmy air,  
Languid with dewy fragrance, and the breath  
Of fair and summer flowerets, gemming o'er  
The banks of the broad Tigris, came the sound  
Of the voluptuous dance, and merry peals  
Of mirth and laughter, and the feverish joy  
Of the unholy banquet, and the song  
From which pure ears must turn abash'd away.  
Then stranger altars smoked to other gods  
Than him th' Eternal One ; and that great name,  
That none may utter, save in humble prayer,  
Was lightly spoken upon impious lips,  
That knew not how to raise a thought to heaven.

The prophet stood before the stately pile  
Of the resplendent city, and proclaim'd  
Through her high places and her festive bowers :  
' Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall ;  
And God shall make her halls and towers of pride,  
A desolation and a wilderness.  
There shall the wild beast of the desert roam,  
And lodge within her silent palaces.  
O'er her untrodden threshold shall spring up  
The rank grass and the thistle ; and foul birds  
Of evening and of prey shall hoot and sing  
From her forsaken windows—for her sins

Have risen to the judgment seat, and woke  
The kindling wrath of the long-suffering One.'

'Tis starless midnight. Through the busy street,  
There is a sound, but not of revelry ;  
Music, but not of the voluptuous dance ;  
And throngs, but not of pleasure's midnight sons ;  
It is the heavy tramp of armed men ;  
The fiery trumpet's fierce and thrilling blast ;  
The onset and the death-shriek ; the wild shout  
Of angry multitudes, and clanging steel,  
Rending the midnight air. The clank of chains  
Sounds from her fetter'd nobles. Through the streets,  
In their young blood, her feeble infants lie,  
Dashed pitiless to earth.

But, lo ! a light  
Flames sudden on the darkness ; kindling up  
With its volcano fierceness, tower and dome,  
And myriad up-turned faces, and the flash  
Of sword and banner waving in the storm,  
The tempest of the battle. Her high towers,  
Her stately pillars, her long colonnades,  
Gleam in that ruddy glare. The river's breast,  
Where gilded barges slumber lazily,  
Sleeping and surgeless, as in mockery  
Of the wild tumult round, reflects it back.  
From spear, and shield, and gilded armor, gleams  
The fearful brightness of that rushing flame.  
Sweeping her midnight streets, th' affrighted crowd  
Fly awe-struck from the spot. The mother clasps  
Her wailing infant to her beating heart,  
In nature's bitterest agony, still true

To nature's holiest love. Fast to her robes,  
Her helpless, shrieking children wildly cling,  
Trembling, but trusting in their agony,  
To the strong bulwark of that faithful shield,  
That never failed before—a mother's love.  
Some gaze in stupid terror at the scene,  
Some fly with precious gems and treasured gold.  
Some vainly seek mid that tumultuous crowd,  
The heart's more precious gems, wife, children, all  
That made their life of life. At times are heard  
The sob, the shriek, the struggle, and the blow  
That speaks the struggle over, and the splash  
Of sullen waters, closing o'er the dead,  
Calmly as if the bleeding hearts within  
Had left no hearts behind, to bleed and break.

The word of God is sure. No battle sound  
Breaks the deep silence of proud Nineveh.  
Low in her desolation now she lies.  
Through her wide walls no human accents ring.  
Mid all her palaces and shrines, no sound  
Of busy life is heard. The flapping wings  
Of the wild cormorant, and the bittern's cry  
Ring through her silent halls. The adder crawls  
Along her marble pavement, leading forth  
Her young and hissing brood. From time to time,  
The angry snarl of warring beasts is heard.  
The lonely lion's deep and sullen roar  
Rings echoing through her vast and vacant courts.  
The fierce hyena makes his bloody lair  
Within the bowers of beauty. The sweet sound  
Of sackbut, dulcimer, and harp, are mute,



Save when the night winds sweep the moaning strings,  
Waking them mournfully. No human sound  
Breaks th' oppressive silence. No glad voice  
Of welcome issues from this mighty tomb,  
This city of the dead. For Thou, O God,  
Hast bared thine own, thine everlasting arm,  
And smitten are the guilty.

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## WACHUSET.

BY V. V. ELLIS.

WACHUSET ! on thy cloud-capp'd brow I stand,  
On the wide landscape at my feet to gaze ;  
The broad green fields of my own native land,  
Rejoicing in the sun's meridian rays ;  
Bright lakes by ruffling breezes kindly fann'd,  
Embosom'd in the bowers that summer weaves ;  
Rivulets sparkling over pebbled sand,  
Proud forests waving with their wealth of leaves :  
I gaze—and bless the God who bade the soil  
Give riches to contented industry,  
Yield a full harvest to the hand of toil,  
And nurse a people worthy to be free ;  
And may they guard that freedom, holily,  
Till thy proud summit crumbles to the sea !

## LINES,

WRITTEN IN A BOOK, BELONGING TO A YOUNG  
LADY, WHOM THE WRITER HAD NOT  
SEEN SINCE HER CHILDHOOD.

BY. J. H. MIFFLIN.

I PASS'D one gorgeous evening,  
As day began to pale—  
But once I pass'd—a quiet lake  
Within a lonely vale.

Its shores were fringed with willows,  
And many a flower was seen  
Above the placid mirror,  
That show'd the sky's serene ;

How often since I left it,  
That quiet little lake,  
Has heard the storm above it,  
In peals of thunder break ;

The summer flower has left it,  
Its willows lost their glow,  
And in ice has winter bound it,  
And imprison'd it in snow.

But through the changing seasons—  
In bright or cloudy day—  
I see thee, lake of summer !  
By the evening's softest ray.

And once in gladdest boyhood,  
I knew a careless child,  
With rosy cheek, and eye, and heart,  
How joyous and how wild !

How often since that moment,  
Her voice has rung with glee,  
How brighten'd is her beauty,  
May not be sung by me :

In sunshine or in shadow,  
Her pathway may have past ;  
I see her only with the step,  
She bounded by me last.

## POCAHONTAS.

BY H. F. GOULD.

BEHOLD the proud chieftain, whose Indian brow  
Is knit with a fearful intent !  
His spirit untaught in compassion to bow,  
Or a higher on earth than himself to allow,  
On the blood of the white man is bent.

That chief is Powhattan ! his barbarous throng  
With savage decorum have met,  
And in the dark council been solemn and long ;  
They've danced the rude war-dance, they've sung the  
wild song ;  
And, SMITH, thy last moment is set.

The monarch has given the awful command,  
The prisoner, before him, is led  
To the stone, his death-pillow, amid the strong band—  
The weapon is up in the nervous, red hand,  
And ready to fall on his head,

When, lo ! there darts forth from that terrible crowd,  
A female's young, beautiful form,  
Like the flash that breaks out, throwing off its black  
shroud,  
And leaps to the earth, from the fold of a cloud,  
Ere the thunder-peal sounds in the storm !

But not like the lightning, to kill or to scath,  
Comes the bright POCAHONTAS ! she flies,  
Like pity's blest angel, with tears on her path,  
To fall as a shield from her father's dread wrath,  
On the victim who under it lies.

Her arms o'er the form of the prisoner are thrown ;  
Round his neck falls her long jetty hair ;  
On his head lowly laid, she has pillow'd her own,  
And her voice rends the air with its piteous tone,  
As she shrieks, ' Father ! father ! forbear !

' Spare ! spare but his life ! 'tis thy daughter who cries—  
Her head shall receive thy first blow ;  
For, if by the hand of Powhattan he dies,  
The same shade forever shall darken our eyes—  
My blood o'er the white man shall flow !'

The sachem's proud spirit, that lately so wild,  
Came forth in the flashes of fire,  
That lit his stern eye, of its purpose beguil'd,  
Is melted and tamed by the tears of the child,  
Who, weeping, looks up to her sire.

' Rise ! germ of Powhattan,' he cries ; ' it is meet  
That mercy should conquer in thee,  
My own bird of beauty ! thy wing was too fleet,  
Thy glance is an arrow—thy voice is too sweet !  
Rise up ! for the white man is free !'

Now, harmless the death-weapon drops to the ground,  
From the grasp of the chieftain's strong hand,  
He has lifted his child, and the victim unbound,  
While the sounds of strange gladness are passing around,  
Where the plumed, painted savages stand.

The soul of a princess, indeed, was enshrined  
In her who the forest-ground trod ;  
And since, by the faith of the Christian refined,  
She has given her brow at the font to be sign'd,  
'Rebecca, a daughter of God !'

## THE SEA SHELL.

BY W. T. ELTON.

'Tis the hot noon, and pillow'd clouds are stooping  
Their burnish'd summits from the soft blue sky ;  
The leaves upon the far-off trees are drooping,  
And not a breath of fresh'ning air waves by.

For me, no forest twines its shady bowers,  
Barring the sunshine from the dewy earth ;  
No stream makes music, and no perfumed flowers  
Ope their bright leaves, and waken into birth.

O Fancy, aid me with thy dreams of splendor !  
Unto mine ears, I lift this ocean shell,  
And with shut eyes, my listless soul surrender,  
Creative Power ! to thy triumphant spell.

Hark ! the glad noise of distant waters booming,  
Sounds through the quiet of the summer air ;  
And see, above the dim horizon looming,  
What cloud-like sails gleam silvery and fair !

The ocean billows sparkle bright before me,  
On the wide circling beach, entranced I stand ;  
The screaming seabird spreads his pinions o'er me,  
Or runs with eager haste along the sand.

The rushing waves, upon the smooth shore dashing,  
Fall back in broad and glassy sheets of light ;  
Whose golden surface in the sunbeams flashing,  
Shines like a mirror to the dazzled sight.

The sky is clear, the dallying wind is throwing  
Upon my cheek the cool and feathery spray ;  
O'er the tall pines, a purple haze is glowing,  
As through their waving tops he bends his way.

Ah, stay, bright vision ! do not thus forsake me ;  
Spread thy close shadow o'er my heated brain ;  
Alas, that dull reality should wake me  
From dreams like these, to weariness and pain !



## ‘MUSING IN THE SHADY GROVE.’

BY J. PIERPONT.

To every man, however faithful he may be in discharging the active duties of life, there will come seasons when relaxation from labor is inevitable; when repose is grateful and even necessary; if for no other purpose, for this, that he may be the better prepared for future labor. The active, not less than the indolent,—perhaps even more than the indolent,—have their hours of musing: for though we do not understand that, in musing, the mind is brought down to a particular subject and engaged in intense thought upon that, or even that it is so much employed in direct application to a subject as in serious meditation, it is, still, more actively engaged than when it is abandoned to those vague day-dreams, those loose reveries, that are alike without reason and without object, in which the indolent waste their time and dissipate their energies.

There are probably few of us who have not, often, found ourselves employed in thus musing upon the scenes and events that are passing, or have passed before us. It is an employment to which we are often invited by our nature and our condition. The winter evening's fireside invites us to it, especially when we are enjoying it alone. The solitary walk in the spring-time, when the fields begin to put on their green robe; the deep shade of trees, that shield us from the summer's

heat; the sunny nook beside the grove, where we sit and listen to the rustling leaves and moaning winds of autumn, invite us, in a voice which we cannot resist, to muse upon what we see and hear, upon what we have been, and what we are; upon the revolving seasons and all their interesting changes; upon all the sublime courses of nature, the vicissitudes of human life, and the approach of that event that cometh unto all. We have, undoubtedly, all felt this invitation to meditate and muse; for it is the part of our nature to feel it: and we shall not have yielded in vain to this invitation from abroad, and this dictate of our nature from within, if we have mused upon all these things as the work of God’s hand; for then we shall have made this quiet, pleasant, though often melancholy employment the means of religious cultivation, and the source of religious confidence and joy.

In the first place, to muse upon the work of God’s hand is the best means of religious cultivation.

By ‘religious cultivation,’ I mean, improvement of our *moral* nature as *religious beings*. That improvement is effected by whatever exercises our moral sentiments and furnishes our minds with knowledge; especially, with the knowledge of God, of our relations and duties to him, and of his providence and purposes in regard to us; and by whatever exerts upon our moral sentiments and affections in regard to him, an exalting and a sanctifying influence; by whatever awakens our admiration of the physical attributes of the Deity, or whatever leads us to approve of what we know of his moral character; whatever makes us feel contented under his

government, safe under his protection, and composed under a sense of his presence.

Musing upon the works of God's hand has a tendency to all this. You go out, alone, among the things that God has made;—for, to muse profitably, and most pleasantly upon them, you must go alone. You retire from the contentions and collisions of busy life; you forget, for a season, its excitements and its claims. You look upon yourself as having, for the time, no share in human concerns—no sympathy with men. You stand, an insulated unit, among the countless myriads of God's creatures, of other natures and other destinies. The *vegetable world* spreads itself out widely before you. Your eye reposes upon the green mantle that is thrown over fields and groves, and it finds a pleasure in the repose. The waving cornfield, the fragrant pasture, the religious shade of old trees, in whose tops the spirit of God is heard moving as the wind passes through them; the garden, spreading out its early glories; the orchard, white with its redundant bloom; these things speak to you while you muse upon them, and speak in a voice full of meaning as it is full of melody. They speak of him who made them and moves them; who arrayed them in beauty, and filled them with perfume, and girded them with gladness: and they all press upon your understanding an argument, which you cannot resist, in favor of religion. They satisfy you that, let Superstition say what she will to render the Divine Spirit an object of terror to his creatures, that Being cannot be an object of horror whose mind is so full of the forms of beauty, and whose

hand is so constantly unfolding them. He cannot clothe himself with terrors, who doth ‘so clothe the grass of the field.’

And if, in the midst of these instructive musings upon the vegetable creation, the saddening thought comes over you that, in a few weeks, or days perhaps, its beauty will be all faded, think that though it shall fade it will revive and bloom again; revive and bloom, perhaps, for the delight of others, while you may be sleeping in the dust; but think, moreover, that the verdure, ‘which to-day is,’ will have done one part, at least, of the work which hath been given it to do, if it shall have led you, ‘in this your day,’ to a higher admiration of its Author, or to a more joyous communion with him.

Or if you are oppressed by the thought that the green glories of the year are fading even while you are musing on them, open the bosom of the earth, and muse upon the work of God’s hand in the *mineral kingdom*. I ask you not to consult the cabinets of princes, or to be dazzled by the diamonds that sparkle in the crowns of kings: for, though the light which burns in these gems was kindled up in them by the infinite Father of lights, yet it was brought out for our admiration and envy by the patient toil of man. I ask you not to muse upon the glittering ore that has passed through the furnace and the mint as the medium of human intercourse or the food of human passion. But open the earth’s bosom, or climb its rugged precipices, or go down into its caverns, and muse upon the works in which the skill and the passions of man have had no share;

the crystals whose sides are polished beyond the power of art, whose ends are cut with an accuracy which human skill cannot equal, whose glittering mass is compacted of plates so thin, so regularly disposed, that the most exquisite art, so far from producing their equal, is satisfied with having constructed instruments by which their structure may be seen, or their parts separated. Muse, too, upon the stones, in whose huge masses, even while embedded in the quarry, clouds, like those of an autumnal sky, have been painted, with a variety which has no end, and in colors, that, unlike the beauties of the field, will never fade : muse upon the ores that have been crystalized in caves, or in the solid rock, and have been tinged with dyes which no art can approach, and which nature, even in her gayest flowers, never surpasses : think, too, that this work was done in the secret places of the earth ; and done by the same hand that heaved and upheld the mountains, and this at the same time that it was driving the earth itself along its path through the heavens.

The *animal world* is around you, too : muse, then, upon that. You are yourself a part of that world. It is all the work of God's hand. The grassy field has its tenants. The ox and the ant are its tenants alike. The grove, and the air, and the deep and distant sea, are full of living and rejoicing things ; and for their sustenance and rejoicing, the grove, and the air, and the deep sea are full of the gifts of Him who openeth his hand to his creatures, and they are satisfied with good. In summer you withdraw from the field that is fainting with heat, and, under the covert of an oak or

a vine, you muse upon the benevolence that is displayed in the course of nature, around you. Do not the very clouds speak of the goodness of God, as their tribute falls upon the leaves that shelter you, and revives the fields that it sweeps over? That shower is the river of God; and the cloud that poured it forth from its bosom, is the curtain of his pavilion through which he sends down his blessings, while he veils his glory behind it.

Do not all these works of his hand, as you muse upon them, plead to your heart, as well as to your understanding, in behalf of the infinite power, the admirable wisdom, and all-present and untiring goodness of God? Does not a gentle voice seem to come forth from them all unheard, indeed, by the ear, but addressing itself to the understanding and to the affections? Does not that voice carry conviction with it, which no prejudice and no authority can resist? Are not its tones those of tenderness and persuasion? Does it not teach things concerning the Being that is over all and through all, which the wisdom of man could never teach? Does it not soften the heart that it may receive impressions, and does it not then give it impressions, which endure while aught of good is visibly stamped upon it? That sweet and eloquent voice, so much more kind and instructive than that of a mother, is the voice of God, speaking in the works of his hand: speaking to the understandings that he has given by his inspiration: speaking to the hearts that he has moulded and warmed, that the image of the invisible God might be impressed upon them. ‘Remember

that thou magnify his work which men behold;' for 'who teacheth like him.'\*

In the second place, we remarked, that to muse upon the works of God's hand is the source of religious confidence and joy.

This, indeed, it must be in as much as it imparts to our minds a better knowledge of the maker of all that we behold, and in as much as it excites within us emotions that are in harmony with the spirit of peace and benevolence that is operating so mightily yet so quietly around us. But while we muse upon the things that surround us on every side, and regard them all as the work of God, and see how they are all protected by his power and embraced in the arms of his love, we naturally think, nay, we cannot but think, that we, too, are the work of his hand, that we hold a high rank among his works, and we cannot then but feel that we too, shall be protected by his shield and followed by his care, through the whole range of our earthly being. Nor, though the voice of nature is not distinct in its declarations of a future existence, and of future bliss in the presence of God, is it yet at such a moment, especially, without its gentle intimations of a life to come, or without its emblems and analogies to excite the hope of a future life within us? We feel that it is *He* who has given us that hope. Has he given it only that it may delude us? Has he excited it within us that he may bitterly disappoint us at last? Among all the living things that we see, which, by their actions indicate their

\*Job xxxvi. 24, 25.

desires, we cannot see that he has awakened, in any one a desire for which he has furnished no corresponding object. Whatever he has made it the nature of his other creatures to desire, he has furnished to their desires. In our nature he has given us the desire of immortality : and

‘ Shall nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live ?’

To questions like this the gentle but solemn voice of God’s works answers, *no*. He who brings good out of evil and makes light break forth from darkness in the material works of his hand, will not, in his moral creation pursue a contrary course, and make evil to triumph over good by kindling up the light of hope in the bosom of his children, only that it may be quenched in the darkness of the tomb.

As we muse, moreover, upon the events of God’s providence, for the great circle of events is also the work of his hand, we gain confidence in the Being whose power keeps that circle perpetually revolving and perpetually subserving the interests of truth and virtue upon the earth. In our musings upon the course of events, as we have been concerned in them, we look back upon the path by which we have been led. We remember where in his faithfulness the supreme Disposer of events made us to feel the chastisements of his hand. Our hearts testify to ourselves that we needed the chastisement, and that it was wisely administered, although it was severely felt. Our hearts testify for our Great Teacher, that his rebukes have been given with gentleness, and that after long forbearance.



How then, can we but confide in such a director of our ways, for the time to come? How refuse to submit to his guidance and his discipline with the unshaken conviction that, as he hath hitherto been, he will still be with us for our good, and that if we are careful to please him, he will show us the salvation of the Lord.

Thus, by musing on the works of God's hand, are we brought to feel that religious confidence in the divine protection and guidance, which shall do much to sustain us under the most trying circumstances of life. It was in the midst of troubles that David seems to have stood at the time referred to in one of his psalms which could be accompanied by his harp only when it was strung to the fullest and strongest tone of religious trust; and in that trouble he found support by communing with the Maker of all things, among the things that were made. 'The enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate. I remember the days of old, I meditate on all thy works: I muse on the work of thy hands, and I stretch my hands unto thee.'

With such an example before us, the example of the man after God's own heart, the example of the meditative and the devout in all ages, let us not be ashamed or afraid to be often withdrawn from the follies of the gay and the engrossing engagements of the busy world, and to go forth alone among the works of glory and of beauty which every where invite us, and muse upon

them, and through them derive instruction and religious enjoyment. Think not that to do so is the part of those only, who are of a poetic or a melancholy temperament ; that it is an employment fit only for those who are unfit for the active and valuable labors of life. No man can labor always. The most active would labor more pleasantly to himself, and not less profitably to the world, would he, not unfrequently, find an hour to be alone among the works of God, holding religious communion with them, and through them, with their author. By so doing, we prepare ourselves for the duties of the present life, as well as for its best enjoyments. We come to the labors of life with spirits invigorated by the rest which they have been taking under the watchful eye of the Father of our spirits. And by so doing we become habitually prepared for a still more intimate and happy communion with him in a world where his presence and his care will be more fully realized ; and where his love, being more clearly apprehended, shall be more blissfully enjoyed and more worthily adored.

# THE SONG OF THE WINTRY WIND.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.

——Away!

We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!

MANFRED.

‘ADIEU! adieu!’ thus the storm spirit sang,  
‘Adieu to the southern sky;’  
And the wintry wind that round him rang,  
Caught up the unearthly minstrelsy.  
‘Adieu! adieu! to its flood’s bright gleams,  
Its waving woodlands, its thousand streams.’

‘Off! off!’ said the spirit; like the whirlwind’s rush  
His snow-wreathed car was gone;  
And their cold white breath came down the night,  
As his startled steeds sped on.  
Yet the night wind’s dirge o’er the changing year,  
Fell slowly and sadly upon the ear.

’Twas the song of woe,—of that wintry wind,  
As the laughing streams ran by,  
And linger’d around the budding trees,  
Once clothed in its own chaste livery.  
Its tones were sad, as it sunk its wing,  
And this was its simple offering:

‘ Farewell ! to the sun-bright south ;  
For the summer is hast’ning on ;  
And the spring flowers bright in their fragrant youth,  
Mourn not for the winter gone.

‘ But when days have pass’d, and I come again,  
Their forms shall have died away ;  
And mine must it be their cold shroud to twine,  
From the snow curls that o’er them lay.

‘ Farewell ! to the sun-bright south ;  
To its midnight dance and its song ;  
For each heart is out for the summer breeze,  
As it sports in its mirth along.

‘ And the student hath lifted his pallid brow,  
To list to its soothing strain ;  
But oft shall they sigh in the parching heat,  
For the wintry wind again.

‘ Farewell ! to the sun-bright south ;  
To the chime of its deep, deep sea ;  
To its leaping streams, its solemn woods,  
For they all have a voice for me.

‘ Farewell ! to its cheerful, its ancient halls,  
Where oft in the days of old,  
When the waning embers burnt low and dim,  
And dark strange stories were told ;

' My hollow moans at the casement bars,  
Stole in like a sound of dread ;  
And the startled ear in its lonely sigh,  
Heard the voice of the sheeted dead.

' But the days are pass'd—the hearth is dim,  
And the evening tale is done ;  
'Mid the green-wood now is the choral hymn,  
As it smiles in the setting sun.

' Farewell to the land of the south ;  
My pathway is far o'er the deep,  
Where the boom of the rolling surge is heard,  
And the bones of the shipwreck'd sleep.

' I go to the land of mist and storm,  
Where the iceberg looms o'er the swell ;  
Afar from the sunlit mountains and streams,  
Sweet land of the south ! Farewell !'

The song had ceased ; and the summer breeze,  
Came whispering up the glen ;  
And the green leaves danced on the forest trees,  
As they welcomed its breath again.  
And the cold rocks slept in the moonlight wan,  
But the wintry wind and its song were gone.



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## TO A LADY

ABOUT TO SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN.

OH ! do not mock the pencil's power,  
Nor bid the artist feebly trace  
An image of ethereal grace,  
A shade of thy celestial face,  
Still varying—lovelier every hour !

Deep in the holy haunted cell  
Of poet's thought, and painter's mind ;  
Beings that leave the day behind,  
From vulgar gaze forever shrined,  
In soft mysterious twilight dwell.

Their beauties language fails to catch !  
Their forms that float like clouds in heaven,  
Or play like waves in rays of even,  
O'er pebbly shores by breezes driven,  
No pencill'd hues, nor shapes can match.

But thou whose look has loftier beam,  
Whose lips seem warbling in repose !  
Thy form with softer movement flows,  
With more seraphic radiance glows,  
Than those that bless the poet's dream !





THE FORTY-NINE

*As published by Charles Power*

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Thou with bright beings of the mind  
Must pass away ; perplex'd and grieved,  
The thought half deems the sense deceived  
By things unreal—yet believed,  
Too beautiful to be defined !

Yet, no ; though painting dimly shew—  
As misty mirror, charms like thine,  
"Twill bear an image more divine  
Than brightest forms that round us shine  
In pride of living beauty's glow !

Then bid the pencil's art endeavor  
To fix the evanescent ray,  
That loves upon thy face to play—  
Reflection of a lovelier day,  
That lost with thee, were lost forever !

To Sully's touch alone 'tis given,  
Sweet visitant from brighter spheres !  
To place thy charms for future years,  
Beyond the blight of time and tears,  
To lift to hopes with looks of heaven !

## LINES,

### WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT.

SHE stands beneath the evening skies,  
Too fair to gaze on, save by night ;  
And thought is resting in those eyes,  
That else were all too bright.

Her pale brow leans upon her hand,  
White as a wreath of snow on snow ;  
And casting off their silken band,  
Her dark curls loosely flow.

O lady ! has the past so soon  
Begun to claim thy secret tears ;  
Ere yet thy life had reach'd its noon,  
Is thine, the fate of years ?

Thy dreams are of the silent dead,  
Of forms no longer by thy side,  
Of looks and tones forever fled,  
Too joyous to abide !

And memory fondly seeks to trace—  
Throwing on all a light divine—  
The lines of each familiar face,  
That once beam'd love on thine.

The hopes that wither'd in their prime,  
The fears that proved, alas, too true,  
The shadows of departed time,  
Are crowding on thy view.

The evening air is damp and chill,  
The crescent moon has brighter grown,  
Yet there, beloved, thou lingerest still,  
Unconscious and alone.

Forgive the thought so idly vain,  
But now I would not shrink to be  
A follower in death's vanish'd train,  
So I were mourn'd by thee.

R.

## THE MODERN JOB ;

OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

MR. JAMES EVELYN was a prosperous man. He inherited a very large fortune from kind parents, who had also bestowed upon him an education, and formed him to habits, better than silver or gold. From his earliest youth, he had been brought up with wise care ; and though not spoiled by injudicious indulgence, he never knew the hardships and privations, by which the temper of so many children are tried and ruined. Fearful that he might be injured by bad examples, at school, his parents employed the ablest masters at home ; and placed him under a private tutor, as his guide, companion, and constant attendant. This young gentleman discharged the delicate duties of his trust, with skill and success ; and remained faithful to his employers, without incurring the enmity of his pupil. Among other advantages, James Evelyn enjoyed that of a sound constitution. His robust and well proportioned frame was strengthened by salubrious exercise, regularly taken. As he passed from boyhood to youth, the sports of the field, his horse, and the manly exercises, took the place of balls and hoops ; and as he entered into life, at the age of twenty-one, health bloomed upon his cheek, and strength nerved his limbs.

His parents had died within a short period of each other, three years before, but their place had been

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supplied, as far as it could be, by an excellent guardian. In the choice of a pursuit in life, James had been left by his parents, to his own uninfluenced, or, at least, uncontrolled discretion. His father's property was ample, and being an only child, he did not need to follow any pursuit for a livelihood. It would have gratified his parents, had he shown an early inclination for one of the professions, and particularly the law. His father would repeat to him the names of the Mansfields and Broughams, the Marshalls and Websters, and wish that his boy might emulate their example. But James appeared almost wholly free from the strong excitement of ambition, and was not urged on, by the other powerful motive, necessity. He accordingly shewed but little inclination for the arduous profession of the law, from the time he was old enough to comprehend its laborious character.

As most of the associates of the family had been merchants, and James' father had been one himself, in earlier life, it was natural that the son should incline to the same pursuit. Although this was not what his father had most desired, it neither disappointed nor afflicted him. His self-respect would not allow him to think hardly of his son, for following in his own steps, and he was well aware that in a community like ours, the occupation of a merchant honorably pursued, was rather more likely than any other, to lead to wealth, influence, and all the happiness, which worldly prosperity, (as it is called,) can afford.

But whatever his wishes might be, was rendered of less moment, by his decease, on which event his ample

estate passed into James' hands. With the capital thus placed at his disposal, it is unnecessary to say, that he entered into business to great advantage, and with proportionate success. Without absolutely making himself a slave to his occupation, he never neglected nor slighted it, so that no opportunities of making money were sacrificed, either to pride or pleasure. His personal expenses were small, and almost all his gains went to increase his fortune, and led to still more extensive transactions. Business being prosperous, warehouses in request, and rents high, James Evelyn, with the approbation of experienced friends, made a judicious purchase of some old houses and shops, of no value as they stood, but which being torn down, opened a fine space for the erection of a block of buildings, exceedingly well situated for the transaction of business. By this skilful operation, James, at a single stroke, nearly doubled his capital. Some of his neighbors, when the arrangement was completed, wondered that so simple an operation had not occurred to them. Others, when James first began his new erections, ran over the list of some half dozen splendid speculations in real estate, which had ruined their projectors. The success of James, however, proved only that an undertaking, though apparently simple in its character and details, may imply sagacity in the first planner. It also proved, that the failure of many injudicious projects, is no sufficient reason for never engaging in one that is feasible.

The command of means daily becoming more ample, led James to vary and extend his business operations



still further. Being disposed to invest a considerable amount of capital in manufacturing stock, he took shares in a company consisting of solid capitalists like himself. Its affairs he understood to be well managed ; the market was not overstocked with the kind of goods manufactured, and in consequence the profits were steady and liberal. In these various ways, a few years only had elapsed, before James had added a very ample fortune of his own, to that which he inherited. He was already a rich man, at that time of life, when most persons are still engaged in the first struggle to establish themselves.

His business was such, as to leave him ample leisure. As his habits were temperate, he was not obliged to devote two or three hours a day, to sleep off excess or to repose from wild and irregular pleasures. A good education had opened his mind to the qualifications of knowledge. He had a taste for the arts ; was passionately fond of music, though no connoisseur ; loved paintings and engravings ; but above all loved reading. He had procured himself a large well chosen library, containing the standard authors of our own, and two or three other languages, and an ample supply of the rich and costly publications, voyages and travels, and works of natural history, which have recently issued from the English press. He wanted a specific motive and excitement to take up his pen ; but he read with a relish and with profit ; filled up his solitary hours, and enriched his mind, and placed himself, through the medium of books, in communion with the intelligence of the age.

Prosperous in his private affairs, utterly eschewing politics, as an unprofitable and anxious pursuit, blessed with health, and with an even temper, without cares or troubles, the condition of James Evelyn was as near perfect felicity, as often falls to the lot of man. The judicious reader perceives that one thing only is wanting in this sketch, and that indeed is a very serious omission. It was in due time supplied. We trust no warm hearted person of either sex will decidedly fall out with us, for applying the cold phrase of '*due time*,' to this event of all events in the life of man. We say again, it happened in due time, to James Evelyn. His temper was affectionate, but it was calm : alike removed from the extremes of coldness and impetuosity. He was not under the influence of the motives which 'prompt some young men to marry very early in life, of which, probably, vanity is not the least powerful. Actively and prosperously engaged in his pursuit, he soon found himself of as much consequence as he desired to be in society, without the added dignity of being lord of a household, and head of a family. Accustomed in his business transactions to look before he leapt, to distrust first impressions, and rarely to judge from the exterior ; he did not think it necessary to put the entire happiness of his life into the keeping of the first owner of a pair of blue eyes and rosy cheeks, that he might meet with in a ball-room ; and who, for aught he knew, might be inefficient, or ill tempered ; a slattern, or a scold ; and possibly, all united. His present condition was such as to content him, and he was in no haste to change it. His fortune was ample, and he did not feel tempted to

seek its increase by a mercenary match. But, in *due time*, as we said, he met with the attractive object, fell in love, wooed, and was married.

We have observed in novels and romances, that it is very usual to dismiss this part of the history, in a summary manner, as, by saying; 'the interviews of two lovers are dull to all but themselves;' or, 'we shall not inflict on our readers the details of an affair, interesting to none but the parties concerned.' This is an evasion and a pretence, on the part of authors. They know better. It is generally the most interesting part of their works. The reason why they omit it is, that it is impossible for any but a Shakespeare and a Scott, to touch it with any kind of life, spirit, delicacy, and truth. The novelists would give their eyes to be able to paint this part of the great picture of life. They do run through a few common places, about azure eyes, auburn hair, rows of pearls, taper form, ease and grace; but it is impossible, out of the resources of an ordinary imagination, to hit off with any spirit and truth, the one bright vision of our youth, the one great mystery of the heart. Having an humble and matter-of-fact story in hand, we shall leave this high matter almost wholly untouched; not because it would not interest the reader, were it described as it ought to be, but because our head is grey, our eye dim, our hand feeble, and our heart cold. We should but be laughed at, did we attempt to paint the lovely creature, to whom, in due time, (we repeat,) James Evelyn united his destinies. It may be supposed, that she was no ordinary person. The free and deliberate choice of a

man of taste, prudence, and fortune ; likely to be the dupe neither of vanity nor passion, could not but be endowed with the qualities, which awaken respect, as well as admiration and love. She was, indeed, a pearl without price ; and had long been the pride of her parents, and the joy and happiness of her friends. At the time the engagement of Emily Grey with James Evelyn took place, she was seven years his junior, he being then twenty-five, and she just arriving at eighteen. She had been brought up in comparative seclusion, as an only child, in her mother's house, and she a widow. This had given a shade of reserve to her manners, and want of great familiarity with life had imparted a slight self-distrust to her character. She possessed, however, an understanding too strong, and had received an education too judicious, in the family of her prudent and judicious mother, to betray the least awkwardness or surprise. However unexpected the occasion, she never failed to meet it with ease and dignity. Although cheerful, she had nothing *bruyant*. Quiet marked her movements ; and her conversation was free from boisterousness and harsh emphasis. She had a deep, rich, and well trained voice ; and in this she exercised her chief mastery over the hearts of others. It was impossible to resist its gladsome sound. It carried cheerfulness, tranquillity, and joy to the very heart of all who heard it. And when it was attuned to the accents of sorrow, when Emily accompanied herself on the piano, in some plaintive ballad, she unlocked the deepest springs of the sacred fountain of tears. She had no enemies, for wishing ill to none, speaking ill of none,

harsh, repulsive, lofty to none, but ever mild, respectful, kind, or affectionate, as the relations of life required ; she disarmed malice. Let it not be thought inconsistent if we add, that though she had as many friends as acquaintances, she had no *confidante*. With the disposition we have ascribed to her, this could not be for want of the enthusiasm or the girlish warmth, which became her years. Had a congenial being of her own sex fallen in her way, she would have had a *confidante*, and been happy in the possession of one to whom she could think aloud. But she did not feel the necessity of a gossiping partnership. The mere circumstance of being near neighbors did not seem to her, to furnish a ground for an exclusive and romantic mutual devotion. She had lofty ideas of love, and friendship, and confidence ; or, rather without reasoning upon the subject, her native delicacy of mind, took alarm at the freedom and exposure, which such an intimacy implies. Besides all this, she could have no *confidante*, in the common sense of the term, for she had nothing to confide.

Such a creature could not but be beautiful ; we mean, no degree of plainness of features would have weakened the attraction of such qualities. She united to them, however, the charms of a lovely person. Her hair was flaxen, long, glossy ; her eye large, soft, and of a mild greyish blue. Her eyebrows nobly arched ; her complexion transparent ; lips, cheeks, teeth, all that health, and symmetry, and youth could make them ; but if we were required, old as we are, to specify the most perfect of her personal beauties, we should try to

describe the exquisitely rounded arm, the soft white hand, and taper fingers. But enough of this cold and labored nonsense. She was a most lovely vision ; and when James Evelyn, in the pride of manly beauty, in the morning of life, rich, intelligent, popular, led his timid but dignified bride to the altar, a burst of admiration from the crowd, that filled the church, pronounced them the finest couple that had been matched in the neighborhood, for years.

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Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were taking an evening walk at their country seat, the Rocks. It was in the month of September, at the close of a sultry day. Their house stood upon an elevated promontory on the iron bound shore of New England. To the south and east it opened to the sea. The boundless ocean spread before them, and nothing but its heaving billows and the vessels moving upon it arrested the eye. A single obstacle only interrupted the uniformity of the watery expanse. A low and sunken ledge of rocks just raised its crest, at high water, above the tide, at a distance of a few hundred yards from the shore. Tradition affirmed that, at no very remote period, these sunken cliffs, now beaten by the everlasting waves, were a green and fertile isle, a fairy garden in the deep ; but currents had worn away its sides, and tempests had beaten upon the thin covering of soil, till at length, it was reduced to the state in which it now appeared ; the terror of the benighted mariner, who was so unfortunate as to make this part of the coast in a gale.

Mr. Evelyn's house stood in the midst of a prettily

cultivated and well planted enclosure. Sheltered by the rising ground in the rear, and by the native forests with which it was crowned, the gardens and the groves, grew with a luxuriance, not usually witnessed so near the sea, where the prevalent easterly breezes and the salt air are supposed to have an unfriendly effect upon vegetation. Noble rocks of porphyry rose precipitously in the forest behind them, fringed with wild-flowers and covered with rich damp moss. Mr. Evelyn had called in art, not to supersede, but to co-operate with nature. He had in some places removed the tangled underbush ; filled up a few of the inequalities on the surface ; opened paths about the rocks and through the forest, but considered it the greatest triumph of art to conceal the little which art had done. He had not scared away the grey rabbit from his native resorts, and the partridge scarce whirred up in the woodland pastures, till the foot of the intruder was upon her.

But the immediate shore of the sea was the favorite resort both of James and Emily. Calm and tranquil in their tempers, they loved to contemplate the bold features of nature, and the war of the elements. The coast of the little promontory, on which Mr. Evelyn's house stood, was a continuous line of broken and precipitous rocks. To the homeward bound mariner, nothing could be more terrific ; to the contemplative spectator, seated upon the shore, and surveying the scene, nothing more grand and lovely. How often had they sat there for hours and watched the rising of the tide, while ledge after ledge, along the shore, gradually disappeared, and each succeeding wave, as it rolled upwards toward the land and displayed its rich green

summit, before it broke in a long line of foam, attained a higher point upon the rocks. Sometimes, when they had inadvertently too long retained the position, which they had occupied while the tide was low, and while engaged in conversation, had allowed their thoughts to wander from the scene before them, into the distant worlds of fancy or reflection, an unexpected shower of spray, scattered from some aspiring wave, would break over them, and drive them to a higher station on the cliffs. Hours and hours would they sit, awaiting the moment when the tide would reach an elevation, at which the waves would begin to resound, as they were beaten out of the shelving caverns, beneath the precipitous rocks; and each successive billow, as it was thrown furiously back, would recoil,—broken, seething, and foaming, scattering its spray abroad on the adjacent rocks, and surging back into the deep, like a furious squadron of horse beaten back, broken, and discomfited from the bristling squares of infantry. Even the storm, instead of being terrible to them, presented but a new form of grandeur and beauty. Sheltered in a secure nook from its fury, it was glorious to behold the mighty ocean, mounting up from its profound depths, towering aloft and pushing its watery battlements toward the shore, as if the mountains were loosened from their roots and moving to battle, till they broke upon the adamantine rocks, with a roar and a crash, that made the earth reel with the concussion.

The aspect of the sky, as Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, on the occasion to which we have alluded, were taking their accustomed evening's walk, portended the gale,



which is almost periodical at this season of the year. The weather for some days, had been sultry, but before Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn had finished their accustomed round, the wind had shifted from the west to the north east: light white clouds began to shoot across the upper region of the sky; the air became cool, damp, and at last raw and chilly, and the surface of the sea was roughened by low, driving waves. They loitered awhile to note the successive changes of the heavens, the ocean, and the landscape. The sky darkened, the trees began to bend before the increasing wind, the cattle came home from their pasture, and the birds were seen fluttering to their retreats. Soon nothing animated, but the seagulls was to be seen in the air; and the roaring of the waves along the beach announced the gathering storm.

‘Do you not now,’ said James, to Emily, ‘agree with Lucretius, that it is sweet to witness from the shore the mighty troubles of the stormy sea?’

‘What?’ replied Emily, ‘that it is sweet, as he says in the very next line, to behold from a place of security, another’s peril? Had Lucrētius maintained only, that it was pleasant, from a spot like this, to behold the troublous workings of the ocean, the hours and hours that we have braved wind and rain, and even driving sleet, to watch them, would have confirmed the truth of his remark; but he seems so to have expressed it, as to make it absolutely necessary, that you should be pleased in contemplating another’s trouble.’

‘You know he disclaims this,

*Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,*

‘Sed,’ interrupted Emily,

‘Sed—quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suavo est.’

‘And what does the distinction,’ she continued, ‘amount to? Not, says he, that it is a delightful pleasure to see another in distress: (and such a pleasure would, of course, be the pleasure of none but a fiend, of a wrecker on the coast of Cornwall;) but what? ‘because it is sweet to witness evils from which you yourself are exempt.’ Now the pleasure of such a spectacle I cannot comprehend.’

‘You do not, then, agree with De la Rochefoucauld, that we all take delight in beholding our neighbor’s trouble?’

‘Let *that* answer for us,’ said Emily, pointing her hand to a vessel just visible, and already laboring in the storm. Although not sufficiently acquainted with marine affairs, to understand the full extent of its danger, she could easily conceive, that its position was critical. It was apparently a homeward bound ship, surprised by the gale upon a portion of the coast, where it was impossible to make a harbor, and where it was, to say the least, a matter of doubt whether it would be able to weather either of the promontories, within which it had been already driven by the gale.

‘A dangerous antagonist you,’ said James to his wife, ‘for by this single illustration, you have at once overturned the prose and the poetry of De la Rochefoucauld and Lucretius. It is, indeed, only when we are able to divest the terrific scenes we behold of all associations with human suffering, that we can contemplate them with satisfaction. Lucretius had certainly never seen a vessel go to pieces on the rocks.’

The scene of which they were now the witnesses, was not one of very rare occurrence. It occasionally happened that ships were surprised by easterly storms, on this part of the coast, whose rocks bore a name sufficiently expressive of the disasters they occasioned. The sailors called the sunken ledge, to which we have already alluded, ' the Graves ;' and many a brave heart, which had spent itself in its last agonies upon their broken crags, had felt too well how appropriately the ill-omened appellation was bestowed.

The increased violence of the storm, and the lateness of the hour, made it necessary for Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn to retire. Their thoughts and sympathies were with the vessel, that was buffeting the gale ; but it was impossible to lend her aid, even were they ever so well apprised that she needed it. This dangerous line of coast was sufficiently provided with light houses ; and to kindle a beacon on the hill, as Emily had at first proposed, would have served rather to mislead, than to guide the vessel. In the course of the night, the storm increased : the wind became furiously violent ; its voice was heard from the forest, and heard from the iron-bound shore. The crash of falling trees announced the havoc that was abroad in the woods ; and at times a single mighty billow could be distinctly felt, as it broke with deadening weight upon the beach. Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn endeavored from their windows, to obtain a glimpse of the vessel, as occasionally a broad sheet of lightning seemed to spread itself out over the land and the sea ; but it was impossible to penetrate the horrid gloom, which closed in the horizon. At midnight

they were awakened by an appalling sound. Emily at first believed it was a clap of thunder ; but it was speedily repeated, and her husband recognized it too certainly as a signal of distress. This heart-rending sound was continued at short intervals for an hour. It then ceased, and about the same time the violence of the storm began to abate. The wind veered a little from the northeast, and blew with rapidly decreasing force. The roar from the woods was quieted, and the voice of the billows along the rocks gradually settled into that distant tumult, which lulls the ear accustomed to its not unpleasing monotony ; and James and Emily, after the anxieties of the evening, looked forward to a tranquil night, and the restoration of the peace and beauty of nature in the morning.

James was early abroad. His grounds bore witness to the violence of the storm, the preceding evening. They were filled with leaves and branches, which had been torn from the forest ; and traces of the salt spray were visible on the grass. Many of the trees about his walks were sadly twisted and shattered ; and the gravelled paths were not a little damaged by gullies worn by the rain. These, however, were little matters and scarcely arrested his notice. He hastened to the shore, and to a little cove, directly opposite to the ledge of rocks, where, if any where, he hoped to learn the fate of the vessel. His first glance, but too painfully fulfilled the apprehensions, which he had felt during the violence of the storm. The sea between the beach and the Graves, a distance of four or five miles, was covered with small fragments of wood and broken packages of merchandize,

which too plainly indicated, that she had been dashed upon the rocks. A piece of a mast with a torn sail, lay near enough to be perceived as such. Farther along the beach lay an object of more painful interest, the body of a seaman dreadfully bruised and lacerated, and containing scarce the vestige of human features. The inhabitants of the neighborhood had, by this time collected on the beach ; and boats were got out to pick up the fragments and render assistance, if possible, to any of the unhappy sufferers, who might be found floating on portions of the wreck ; for it was already too apparent, that the vessel had wholly gone to pieces. One of these boats proceeded to the *Graves*, where, though it was manifest from the direction of the floating fragments in the vicinity, that the vessel had been dashed to pieces, not a trace of her was now to be found. It was evident that she had been riven to atoms in the course of a few hours, all her contents sunk in the deep, and that her brave crew had perished. From the appearance of several of the articles, which were picked up, there was no doubt that the vessel was a ship homeward bound from China, laden with teas, silks, and nankeens.

James had concealed from his wife, the evening before, the fact, that he was in daily expectation of the return of a vessel from Canton, with a valuable cargo, and that there was, of course, a possibility, that their own interest might be deeply concerned in the effects of the storm. He thought it unwise to agitate her with new causes of concern, which a few hours might prove groundless. When he visited the beach in the

morning, and perceived the sad indications of the wreck, from the character of which it appeared too plainly, that it was a Chinese ship, he felt a foreboding that it might have been his own vessel. A jury of inquest was immediately summoned on the body of the poor fellow found upon the beach. But his features as far as they remained unmutilated, could be recognized by none of the jury or bystanders ; and no mark remained upon the fragments of his torn clothing, by which it was possible to tell who he was. Portions of the wreck were found along the beach or brought in by the boats, and curiously examined. But they were mostly mere splinters ; nor was James sufficiently acquainted with the *minutiae* of the construction of his vessel, to be able to pronounce positively on the grain of wood or the shape of small portions of sail, which were successively brought to him by the neighbors. One of the returning boats brought in a tea-chest almost entire. The name of Houqua, (the Chinese merchant, from whom the cargo of James's vessel was purchased,) was entire, but that portion of the paper which contained the name of the ship was worn off. Hours were spent in this anxious scrutiny ; and though all the circumstances we have mentioned, were consistent with the supposition that the vessel was Mr. Evelyn's, they did not establish the fact. There were other vessels expected from Canton, and the name of the same Chinese merchant was on half the tea-chests imported into the country.

Weary with the excursion, he returned to the house. His wife was waiting upon the piazza, to

learn the result of his inquiries. He immediately communicated it to her, and thought it now proper to make known to her the especial causes of his anxiety. He had scarcely done so, when he saw a couple of fishermen, who had exerted themselves in collecting the fragments of the wreck, entering the gate of his enclosure, with a large painted fragment upon their shoulders. James readily conceived it to be some portion of the vessel, from which those who had picked it up, supposed he could form a conjecture, what ship it was. They laid it upon the ground before him. It was, in fact, the plank from the stern of the vessel, on which the name of the ship is painted. It was much shattered, and worn at each end, by beating upon the rocks. Some of the letters were covered with mud; and the two extremities were worn off, leaving but the middle portion of the name uninjured. James, scarce daring to cast a glance as he did so, passed his foot across the plank, to remove the clay which covered a part of the name, and without uttering a word, pointed to the letters, as he called to his wife to notice them. The letters . . . NING STA . were distinctly visible; and Emily had just learned from him, that the MORNING STAR, was the vessel whose arrival was daily expected by him.

This vessel contained about one half of that portion of her husband's property, which was employed in commerce. He had another ship equally valuable at sea. He was, as we have said, extensively concerned in manufactures; and had invested considerable property in real estate. His vessels were of the most substantial quality, built with the greatest care, both for sailing and strength.

They were both considered as fine ships as were ever launched at Medford. In selecting his captains and officers, and shipping his crews, James was careful to employ none but the most skilful and trusty officers and the best seamen. No ardent spirits were permitted in his vessels, but a liberal commutation was made to the men in tea and other small stores. In consequence of these precautions against most of the causes of disasters at sea, and having divided his property, so as to prevent its being put too much at hazard on one risk, James had often sent his ships to sea with partial insurance, and in the present case with none at all. This fact he also communicated to his wife, adding that the storm of last night had cost them 'a hundred and thirty thousand dollars.'

Emily stood a single moment absorbed in thought. She was about to reply; when the coroner who had been holding the jury of inquest, came up from the beach, and stated that the seaman, whose body had been found, had been at length recognized by a mark on his neck, as John Brown, a worthy fellow from the neighborhood, whose devotedness to an aged mother and to a wife and two children, were proverbial in the village. Mary Brown had already heard the sad tidings. She was, with an infant in her arms, kneeling over the bruised remains of her husband, and rending the air with frantic cries. She had lost the husband of her affections, the father of her children, the supporter of her aged mother, her hope and stay in life. The coroner, in mentioning these circumstances to James and Emily, was deeply affected by the scene; and as



he passed onward to the village, Emily took the arm of her husband, which was offered to lead her into the house, and looked up to him with an expression, which needed no interpreter. That look told him, that when she compared what the storm had done for them, with what it had done for poor Mary Brown, she had no sorrow to waste on the wealth they had lost.

‘It has cost us, indeed,’ she said, ‘a large amount of property ; but we have enough left, and even were it otherwise, you remain. But what is left to yon poor creature, but agony and despair, poverty unalleviated, and a widowed broken heart?’

James fully partook his wife’s sentiments on the occasion, and before their breakfast was despatched, their minds had settled into their accustomed trains of feeling and thought. The storm and the shipwreck were forgotten, as far as their own loss was concerned ; and thought of only in connection with the search, which, under James’ direction, was made for the other bodies ; or the kind messages of condolence and relief sent by his wife to Mary Brown.

Mr. Evelyn’s house was at a distance of about fifteen miles from Boston, and two or three from the high road. There was, consequently, not much incidental communication with either. No one came to the Rocks, (which was the name given to Mr. Evelyn’s place,) unless on some particular errand of business or pleasure, as it was impossible to follow the coast further in any vehicle.

Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn had scarcely entered their house, before a messenger arrived on horseback, in evident

haste with a letter from James' agent in town. The appearance of the horseman indicated anxiety and bad tidings ; which Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn naturally ascribed to his either having brought intelligence of the wreck, or learned it since his arrival. He handed his letter in silence to James, who, having opened, and cast his eyes over it, read it aloud to his wife. It informed him, that in the height of the storm of the preceding night, a fire had broken out in a carpenter's shop adjoining his block of stores. Owing to the combustible nature of the shop and its contents, the fire had got great headway, before it was discovered. The inclemency of the night delayed the assembling of the firemen and citizens. The fire rapidly ran back into a court, wholly consisting of old wooden buildings, which were soon one wide waste of flame. The fury of the storm, which was then at its height, baffled all attempts to master the conflagration. The flames were driven in fiery sheets upon Mr. Evelyn's buildings. The first was his own warehouse ; and it was wrapped in flames, before the people had assembled in sufficient numbers to save its contents. They consisted of a large amount of China goods, which were nearly all consumed ; and the small portion rescued was rendered worthless, by being thrown into the street, and rained and trampled upon. The devouring element spread from roof to roof : all attempts to arrest it were unsuccessful, and in a few hours nothing was left of the buildings, but the cracked and blackened walls. James, in reading the letter to his wife, added, that the policy of insurance on his buildings had expired the day before, and had not yet been renewed. The

fire had consequently occasioned a total loss of the buildings and the property belonging to himself, contained in them; 'and this, dear wife,' said he, with the help of the *Morning Star*, relieves us of one full half of all we were worth. The contents of my own warehouse, and the buildings, could not be rated at much less than a hundred thousand dollars.'

His wife expressed her concern, in some natural terms of surprise and regret; but reverting to the train of thought still fresh in her mind, she said, 'You shall leave me at poor Mary Brown's cottage, as you go to town. I am sure I shall there forget the fire, as easily as the shipwreck.'

'Thank you, Emily,' exclaimed her husband, 'for this lesson of fortitude and resignation. I find too, though you will not agree with Lucretius, that so long as you are safe yourself it is pleasant to behold the troubles of another, you are yet determined to derive from the greater trouble of another consolation under your own.'

'And after all, what have we lost, husband? You will make a few less figures in your ledger; or your figures will not count so high; and possibly you will think it necessary to sell your country house, and live the whole year in Boston. But retaining, as we shall, not merely the necessities, but what most of our neighbors deem the luxuries of life, who could be so weak as to mourn, because he must write down an income of ten thousand dollars, instead of twenty, or because he cannot afford to own one house more than he can live in?'

James left his wife at Brown's door, which was at so

little distance from their own, that she could conveniently walk home. Arrived in town, he went to contemplate the ruins of his property. It was a scene of desolation. Chimneys were still standing, like the ruinous minarets of a deserted mosque. The granite door ways and window frames had crumbled and fallen. A heavy steam rose from the cellars where some of the timbers were still on fire ; and the streets were strewn with the trampled ruins of merchandize. James surveyed the spectacle with nearly as much equanimity as the bystanders, and with a great deal more than was evinced by some of his tenants, who had lost their all in his stores.

After a few moments passed in this way, he hastened down the street, to attend a meeting of the stockholders in the Bubbleton Manufacturing Company. This was one of the establishments, which had been set up a year or two before, for the manufacture of coarse woollens. James had early turned his thoughts to the expediency of investing a part of his property in manufactures. Many branches of commerce languished ; a good deal of the trade of Boston had been transferred to New-York, in consequence of the superior facilities of communication with all parts of the country, possessed by that city. Experiments judiciously conducted had satisfied James, that in a steady market, and a fair course of trade, manufactured articles of a coarse kind could be made in this country, as cheaply as they could be imported. Believing, too, that it was for the interest of the country, that its pursuits should be diversified, and that all its interests would be benefited, by the

introduction of a new branch of industry, he had invested fifty thousand dollars in the Bubbleton stock. Handsome profits were at first made ; but for the last year or two the dividends were much less satisfactory ; in fact, for the first half of the last year, they were merely nominal ; and for the second six months, there was no dividend at all. Various causes were assigned for this, the sufficiency of which, as he was busied with other matters, James had not investigated. It was stated, in general, that the business was overdone at home : the market was glutted here, and goods were poured into the country from England, in such incredible and unusual quantities, that they were sold at auction to the ruin of their foreign owners, and their competitors in this country. Meantime, an operation had been going on at Bubbleton, which James did not fully comprehend. A considerable number of additional shares had been created, although the stock yielding nothing, could not be in request at the market. This state of things served to make an investigation necessary into the real state of the affairs of the company ; and a committee of the stockholders had been raised for that purpose. Their report was to be made the day after the occurrence of the fire, and James repaired from the scene of the conflagration, to attend the meeting.

The report was brief but conclusive. It amounted to this ; that owing to the depressed state of the market, a course of mismanagement, some injudicious purchases of real property, the rapid improvements in machinery in factories subsequently erected, the interest paid on borrowed money, and other causes, too tedious to be

enumerated, the entire capital of the company was sunk ; and that the utmost amount, which could be realized, from all the buildings and fixtures, would barely pay the debts of the corporation. Many were the long faces, many were the impatient exclamations, on the part of the stockholders. Mr. Evelyn was the largest. He had invested, as we have stated, fifty thousand dollars in the stock, and learned from this report of the committee, that it was sunk to the last farthing.

It was certainly rather an unfortunate moment to receive such a piece of intelligence ; and James immediately turned his thoughts to the proper method of communicating it to his wife. He was apprehensive, that rumor, in some one of her protean forms, might carry the intelligence to her ; and, perhaps, in some distorted and exaggerated shape, so as to create her needless concern. He accordingly wrote her a short letter, containing the facts of the case ; and as the mail was just closing and would reach the post office near his house, three or four hours before his own return, he sent it by that channel. On handing it in at the post office, several letters were delivered to him, addressed to himself ; which, having business of urgent importance to attend to, he reserved till he should return home in the evening. Among them was one from the commander of the *Flora*, his other ship, then in the India Seas. At the usual hour he left the city and returned to the Rocks.

His wife had received his note acquainting her with the Bubbleton disaster. She met her husband with

cheerfulness, at the door, and was rejoiced to find that his own countenance was unclouded. He had in the course of the day, experienced a loss of nearly three quarters of his large property; and a considerable portion of it by extraordinary casualties. But he had never placed an inordinate value on money, nor prized it for his own sake. Since his first acquaintance with Emily, he had chiefly valued it, as it might put it in his power to surround her with the elegancies of life. He had long seen how little these contribute to the real happiness of existence; and perceiving the equanimity, with which his wife bore the repeated losses, that had crowded so rapidly upon them, he met them himself, with corresponding fortitude.

‘And now, my Emily, let us see what good news Captain Duncan writes us of the Flora. It is, I think, time at length for the tide to turn.’ With these words, drawing his chair nearer his wife, he opened and read the following letter:

‘BATAVIA, OCTOBER 9TH, 1821.

‘JAMES EVELYN, Esq.

‘*Honored Sir,*—My last respects to you of the 1st ult. will have made you acquainted with our progress, till we reached the coast of Sumatra. From that time to the present, we have experienced a train of disasters, of which it becomes my painful duty to give you information. Upon our arrival on the coast, we commenced trading with the natives for pepper; and met with tolerable success at several small settlements, on the outside of the island. Some of these lie upon small rivers of good depth, enabling us to run up to the

settlements. In other cases, we have been obliged to send our boats a considerable distance. The tribes which inhabit this part of the island, are, as you know, nominally subjects to the king or sultan of Achin; but seem, in reality, a lawless set, as little bound by any regular government, as by the law of nations or the common dictates of humanity. On the fifteenth of the month, our disasters commenced. The vessel was proceeding slowly along the coast, almost becalmed. We fell in with a fishing boat, containing three natives, of a squalid and repulsive appearance; opium eaters, no doubt; but who gave us no reason to suspect them of mischief. They gave us to understand by signs, that abundance of pepper was to be had a few miles up the river, the mouth of which we were just opening. I entered the stream; but perceived no settlement. The natives gave me to understand, that it was farther up the river. After some hesitation, I concluded to send the first officer with five men in a boat to explore the river, and commence a trade with the settlement, if he found the fishermen had given him correct information. He left the boat at ten o'clock in the morning of the sixteenth, and ascended the river, accompanied by the natives, in their canoe. Having directed him to proceed at his own discretion, I felt no particular anxiety at his not returning by night. As he, however, continued absent all the next day, my apprehensions were painfully excited. I stood in with the vessel, but finding the water to shoal rapidly, and the stream being narrow, I soon came to anchor. I was now somewhat at a loss how to proceed. To go up the river, where I



had so much reason to expect a hostile reception, with a very small force, was to invite aggression. To separate the greater part of the ship's company from the vessel, was to expose her and the property on board, to the risk of what might befall her, on this strange and inhospitable coast. We were at best, since the departure of the first officer's company, weaker than we could have wished, counting in all, but sixteen hands, and one of these a Sicilian, a person on whom we placed but little reliance. Humanity, however, if no other motive, required prompt and vigorous efforts to recover our lost companions. I accordingly selected seven of the most trusty and courageous hands, and took them with me, in the long boat, in the bow of which, I contrived to fix a small swivel. We were fully armed with muskets, pistols, hangers, and pikes; and took a suitable store of provisions. The vessel was put in the best state of defence, which circumstances admitted, and placed under the command of the second mate, with such instructions as our disagreeable position required, and orders to defend her to the last, against any hostile attempt. Having made all these arrangements, I left the vessel on the morning of the eighteenth, and proceeded cautiously up the river. Its banks were for several miles a continued jungle on both sides, presenting no trace of habitation, nor signs of life. Deeming it necessary, however, to explore the river with great care on both sides, we made but slow progress up the stream, and calculated at night-fall, that we had proceeded but about ten miles from the ship. I concluded it best, on every ground, to lie by

during the night, which, however, I found no means of doing, but by making fast the boat to the root of a tree, which projected into a stream. The shore was so swampy, as to make it impossible to land. This was an exceedingly uncomfortable night. We were filled with anxiety for our companions, who had been now, for several days, separated from us; and not without apprehensions for the ship below. The heat was intolerably oppressive. The jungles we knew exhaled a pestilential miasma, almost always fatal to strangers. Insects in great quantities, surpassing all experience and belief, fastened upon us, and deprived us of sleep; and just after nightfall we were greatly disconcerted by being witnesses of a mortal combat between a royal tiger and a boa constrictor, at the foot of a tree, about twenty yards from that to which we were moored. We remained in this unpleasant condition, till about the dawn of the next day, when we were most painfully excited, by hearing the discharge of our ship's guns from below. I had concerted with the second mate the manner in which he should endeavor to give me the signal, should he be attacked in my absence; but the distance at which the vessel lay from us, made it impossible to ascertain, whether the guns were discharged in the manner agreed upon. But as it was either a signal of an expected attack or as the guns were actually fired to repel one, it seemed my painful duty to descend the river, without loss of time, leaving, for the present at least, our unfortunate companions to their fate. We had not proceeded far on our way back, before the man who was seated high on the bow of the

boat, upon the look out, dropped dead before us, killed by a shot from some concealed enemy on shore. As this seemed to show that we were betrayed into an ambush, and as we were, even in the middle of the stream, within reach of the shore on either side, our situation became indescribably distressing; the men being already worn out by the labor and anxiety of the preceding day, and the loss of sleep. We expected every moment to see boats putting out on either side, to intercept us; but nothing of the kind took place, nor were we fired upon again in this way. Meantime, however, the report of cannon was heard in quick succession from the ship; and as we moved rapidly down the stream with the current, we could soon hear the discharge of musketry. About seven o'clock in the morning, we came within sight of the vessel. She lay in the position in which I had left her, with a flag flying from her main-top-mast head, for my return; this having been agreed upon as a signal between us, to hasten my return after I should be in sight of the ship. A vast number of native boats were hovering round her, just without range of the guns, which had hitherto kept them at bay. I relied, of course, upon the guns to keep the approach of the vessel open to me; but with great promptness and sagacity, six or eight of the largest boats shot out from behind a small projecting point, which I had to pass on my way to the ship, and placed themselves directly in the wake of my boat, just without the reach of our muskets. This manœuvre was perceived from the ship, and evidently embarrassed them. They could not fire at the boats, without

running the greatest risk of destroying us ; which was precisely what the natives had foreseen. Not content with this advantage, they began to bear down upon us, and soon discharged a volley of musketry into our boat, by which one man was badly wounded, thus reducing my effective numbers to six. We attempted to fire our swivel at them, but the man who pointed it was immediately picked off. So large was their number,—not less than sixty within pistol shot of us,—that it was certain death for any one of our party, to raise his head above the boat's side. Situated as I was, I began to fear it would be impossible for me to get on board my ship. The immense number of the enemy hovering round it in all quarters, kept the eight poor fellows on board, very busily employed in holding them at bay ; and for the reason stated it was impossible to point the long guns at the boats directly in my wake. Seeing no other practicable course to pursue, I steered our boat down past the ship, hoping it might be in the power of those on board, after I had got by, to stop the canoes behind me from passing. The second mate, on board the ship, comprehended the reason of my movement ; and the moment I had got past the stern of the vessel, poured the contents of one of his cannon from the stern of the ship, into the two boats nearest in pursuit of me, and with prodigious effect. They were both sunk, and multitudes in them, no doubt, shot or drowned. But the moment I endeavored to round to, and board my vessel on the starboard, six or eight boats of natives threw themselves in my wake, thus again silencing the ship's guns, so that the utmost I could effect was to pursue

my course unmolested down the river ; but it was at the painful sacrifice of leaving the Flora behind me. Of her fate from this moment, I can offer you nothing but conjecture. Her handful of men kept up for some time, as I could judge by the report of their guns, a vigorous defence ; far more so, than I had supposed it was in the power of so few persons to sustain, for such a length of time, and under circumstances so discouraging. At length the firing ceased ; and a few moments after, a tremendous explosion took place, evidently caused by the blowing up of the vessel. In what way this was caused, whether by accident, in handling the powder, or in despair, and to prevent her falling into the hands of the natives, I am wholly unable to say.

I need not state that it was with the greatest distress of mind, that I became assured by this explosion, of the utter loss of the vessel and property confided to me. I can truly say, such were my painful feelings on this account, that I forgot my own situation, perilous as it was. We had every reason to expect an immediate pursuit by our relentless foes ; and the only method of escape, that of putting out to sea, in the boat we were in, with our small supply of provisions and feeble force, was itself fraught with peril. There seemed, however, no alternative. We toiled with unremitting diligence at the oar, and at nightfall, by the blessing of a merciful Providence, we fell in with the *Regulus*, from Salem, bound to this place. We were taken on board by Captain Hathorne, and treated with great kindness, and arrived safely the day before yesterday.

It is unnecessary for me to enlarge on the distress of

mind with which I perform the painful duty of writing you this letter. I trust you will read it with all possible allowance, and unfortunate as I have been, that you will not see cause to charge me with neglect of duty.

I remain, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE DUNCAN.'

'Thus, then, my dearest wife,' said Mr. Evelyn, 'we complete the work of the day. The information contained in this letter assures us of the entire wreck of our fortunes. We rose this morning rich,—affluent. I may possibly, from the wreck of my estate, gather together what will yield us a trifling annuity; at the utmost five hundred dollars a year. Emily, can you bear poverty?'

'Like all untried things, I must learn by experience, whether I can bear it. Actual want of food and clothing would, I presume, distress me as it does others. Cold will pinch me; hunger waste me; but I shall not allow the imagination to do either. Of all you have lost to-day, the greater part was of no use to either of us; as far as the essentials of life are concerned. Your income was twenty thousand dollars; we expended, perhaps, five. We could, therefore, conveniently spare three fourths. The loss of the other fourth will occasion a change in our mode of living; when I see how far that change goes, I can tell how I shall bear it.'

James and his wife immediately set about the work of retrenchment. Large as his capital was, his extensive business, suddenly arrested by such a tremendous loss, left him with some obligations to meet. To discharge

these, he had to sell the valuable lot of land, on which his buildings had stood, his town-house and furniture, and the retreat at the Rocks. These were all brought to the hammer, as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made. On the morning of the sale, James delicately hinted to his wife, that they had better visit a friend in the country ;—wishing to withdraw her from a scene, which he thought might distress her.

‘If,’ said she, ‘you would really wish to go, and to have me go with you, I make no objection. If it is to spare me what you think will be a painful scene, it is unnecessary. And as it is now desirable, that we should raise as much as we can from the disposal of the fragments of our property, I think that by attending the sale, it may be in my power to contribute to this object.’

And she did so. She stated to the assembled purchasers the value of the rich carpets, over which she had formerly moved in grace, the admired of all beholders. She took the astral lamps in her hands, and explained their peculiar workmanship. She commented in brief and unaffected terms, upon the merit of the well selected engravings ; and playfully took Grace Rosebud by the hand, a beautiful and blushing girl, that stood near her, and led her up before a splendid mirror, that the company might see the perfection of the plate. When the auctioneer reached the piano she sat down to it, and accompanied herself to a plaintive little air, which went to the heart, even of the most indifferent of that heartless throng. But perceiving that she was shaking her husband’s fortitude, she

addressed a few words of civility to the company, pleaded an engagement, and disappeared.

After disposing of all his property, and paying all his debts, Mr. Evelyn found himself in the possession of a sum of money, sufficient to enable him to purchase an annuity of five hundred dollars, for the joint lives of himself and wife, and the survivor. With this they established themselves in a pleasant country village, as boarders in a frugal family. They paid for their board two dollars each per week, leaving them more than half their income, for their clothing and other expenses.

The major part of the inhabitants of the village, as in most of our country towns, formed an intelligent, virtuous, and amiable community. The number of those of an opposite character was not greater than is found every where else in town and country; but as the village was small, it was easier than it would otherwise have been, for these last to make themselves felt. The Evelyns were soon remarked in the village which stood in the centre of the town of Tattleborough, not far from their former abode at the Rocks, not only as among the most cheerful and apparently the happiest people in the place, but as seemingly among the most comfortable. They were manifestly as well dressed people as any in the place. If a neighbor called in to pass the evening with them, he was pretty sure to be offered a glass of uncommonly good wine. If a worthy object of charity came along, Mr. Evelyn was ready with as large and frequently a larger subscription than Dr. Longleech, or Squire Closefee. Large and valuable books were piled upon the table in the parlor, and frequently very



expensive ones ; and before long, the Boston baggage wagon deposited a very handsome piano, at the door of Mr. Evelyn's lodgings.

All these circumstances excited considerable sensation among a certain part of the people of Tattleborough, with a vague and growing impression, that things were not entirely right. In the first place, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Evelyn had ever said a word upon their private affairs, to one of their neighbors ; a thing of itself very unpleasant to some of the people of Tattleborough, who reversed the old maxim, and held that what is nobody's business is every body's business. In the next place, all the discontented and unprosperous, as they thought themselves ; all the slovens and slatterns ; all those, who, constantly straining at what they could not afford, pinched themselves in what they could, considered themselves as insulted by the apparent comfort, and visible neatness of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn's establishment. Mrs. Evelyn's beauty, which was unimpaired, was taken as a personal affront, by five or six sharp-favored neighbors ; and Mr. Evelyn's well-bred and active politeness drew from more persons than one a sneer, at the wonderful way some people had of getting along, who were bankrupts.

These things worked together for evil ; and got the worthy people of Tattleborough, alluded to, into a great fret ; which was increased by some imprudent expressions, which had dropped from Mr. Evelyn himself. Business having taken him for a day or two to town, he was heard to say on his return, that he should have preferred making the journey on foot, for his health,

but being pressed for time, he had altered his mind, and concluded to take his coach and four. And Mrs Charity Harkwell remembered to have heard, at a late hour of a dark night, when he returned, the trampling of steeds and rattling of wheels, coming up to the door of Mr Evelyn's lodgings. The high grounds of Tattleborough overlooked the sea; and Mr. Evelyn was heard to say to his wife, on his return from a walk, that he had been seeing four of his finest ships pass up the bay that morning. As the facts we have related, in the course of this narrative, were notorious, and as it was no secret that Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn professed to have lost their property, and to be in straightened circumstances, these expressions awakened in the gossips of Tattleborough a strong belief, not only that things were not right, but that they were very wrong; and after having talked it over at sundry tea-tables, in the bar-room, and the meeting house porch on Sunday, they succeeded in impressing the mind of Deacon Pitchpipe with the notion, that there was something in the matter not dreamt of in his philosophy, and that it was the business of himself and brethren to ferret it out.

The deacon accordingly made Mr. Evelyn a visit; talked of the weather first, then of the roads and travelling; then of the new factory; then of politics; then of the weather again, the last winter, the present summer; the prospects of a crop. Mr. Evelyn tried to help the conversation out of these deep and time-worn ruts, but the wheels of the deacon's intellectual vehicle constantly slipped back to them. The deacon felt dissatisfied with himself, and especially so, at finding

he made no progress in the object of his errand. At last, after a convulsive effort, he cast his eye round the room, noticed the books and piano, smacked his lips at a glass of fine old Madeira he had just swallowed, said he heard Mr. Evelyn had been unfortunate; had lost a great deal of property; was very sorry for his misfortunes, was very glad to see he had things so comfortable about him, and would like, 'as the saying was, to get a leaf out of his book, (he hoped the gentleman would excuse him,) would like to know how he managed to get along so comfortable, and be so happy and cheerful, as it were.'

Mr. Evelyn, not suspecting the semi-official character of this visit, attached no particular importance to his reply to this question, and answered with a smile, 'that he had the *Philosopher's Stone*.'

The deacon's face gathered blackness at the sound. He had but an imperfect idea of what was meant by that expression; but understood in general, that the *Philosopher's Stone* was one of the works of darkness; and understood Mr. Evelyn to admit, that he was in possession of some more than human, or rather, less than human resources. After spending another embarrassed quarter of an hour, he took his departure, rather more stiffly and coldly than he had entered.

Although not much enlightened, or satisfied himself, the deacon's report was considered as perfectly satisfactory to the majority of the gossips of both sexes, who were collected at Mrs. Harkwell's to hear it.

'To be sure, the *Philosopher's Stone*;' said Mrs. Harkwell herself, 'a man may well ride in his coach

and four though he is a bankrupt, who has the Philosopher's Stone, to buy carriage and horses with.'

'Yes, yes;' said Abigail Broadfist, 'madam may afford to have her thrumming piano, pounding away from morning to night, enough to stun a body.'

'I thought,' said Colonel Fourthproof, (whose red nose gave lustre to a countenance, not otherwise very beaming,) 'that that mighty fine sherry came from some place, where it is warm, winter as well as summer. The Lord preserve his people, from all popish and diabolical arts.'

The colonel's particular pique against Mr. Evelyn, was founded on this, that though the latter always had a glass of wine to offer a friend, he was himself a drinker of cold water, which was, in fact, the secret of his being able to preserve a very small store, which he retained at the sale of his property, precisely for the purposes of hospitality, and that he might send a glass to the poor, in case of sickness.

The schoolmaster was asked to explain what the Philosopher's Stone exactly was. He pronounced it a diabolical invention, contrived by Mahomet, when he was pope of Rome, and brought over to this country by the witches of Salem; and that whoever had the Philosopher's Stone, could turn all other stones and even brickbats, provided they were well burned, into gold.

This explanation threw the company into great confusion; and very high and threatening language was used. The character of the place; its spiritual welfare; its temporal prosperity; the lives and health

of themselves, wives, children, flocks, and herds, were pretty soon decided to be in danger, by the presence of such people as Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, in the town. But before proceeding to extremities, and to keep on the safe side of the facts of the case, they concluded, for the more effectual ferreting out and discountenancing of all necromancy, and magical and diabolical arts, to go and lay the circumstances fairly before Moll Pitcher, to whom this portion of the good people of Tattleborough were daily in the habit of resorting.

Moll Pitcher, or as she is called still in the neighborhood where she resided, Molly Pitcher, was no ordinary woman. Her grandfather possessed the gift of divination; that is, the tough old Marblehead seaman, (for such he was,) could tell when it was going to storm, almost as sure as the almanac; and was too well acquainted with the roguish boys about town, not to give a pretty shrewd guess, when Captain Kingsbury's Moses-boat was carried off, who was in the mischief. Old John Diamond, for that was his name, had also been a piece of a merry good hearted wag in his youth; and the bare glimpse of a tidy petticoat always set his heart to thumping, in his broad weather-beaten bosom. When the pretty girls came to get their fortunes told by old John Diamond, he was apt to be a long time puzzling about their plump little hands, before he could make out the lines to his satisfaction; and never failed to give them the promise of having a handsome sweetheart. John's liberality on this point, and his known willingness at all times to take a commutation of his fee in a hearty smack, established his character as a soothsayer,

from Sandy Bay, round to Pulling Point. After lying in abeyance one generation, the gift revived in his granddaughter Mary, the renowned Molly Pitcher. Mary Diamond, in her youth, was beautiful; she had a pair of eyes as bright as her name. She married, had one son who was lost at sea, and soon after was left a widow and childless, and Mary's lonely heart drooped within her. She was intelligent beyond her station in life; shrewd, thoughtful, and romantic. She lived within the roar of the resounding sea; her haunts, in her lonely rambles, were among the caves of the ocean; and she loved, at the cold grey dawn, to climb the lofty rocks, which overhung her humble cabin, and look down upon the villages of Lynn, the heaving shore, and out upon the eternal waters. The busy and prosperous denizens of the world did not fully comprehend poor Molly's mood, which shaded off at last, perhaps, into heart-stricken melancholy. At times she certainly wandered. Her descent from John Diamond was not forgotten. She was poor; she was lonely; she was contemplative, and saw more of the movement of things, than many gifted with more worldly wisdom. In short, poor Molly, by degrees, was made to be a fortune-teller and a diviner, in spite of herself. For a long time she disclaimed the character, and denied herself to many who sought her. This was ascribed to churlishness, and a desire to extort more generous pay. The more she shunned resort, the more she was visited; till the poor creature at last was obliged to tell fortunes in self-defence. But it speaks volumes in Molly's favor, that she was never accused

of being in league with evil spirits; nor were the disasters suffered by her neighbors, in field or fold, laid at her door. In truth, there was nothing terrific in her mode of divination or attendance. A faithful tabby cat was her only companion, and poor Molly saw all things (which she saw at all,) in the bottom of her tea cup. Her humble dwelling on the road to Salem, was easily identified, by two enormous bones of a whale, which her opposite neighbor had set up as gate posts. Many a respectable tradesman, farmer, and shipmaster, from the neighboring country, half ashamed to be caught inquiring for Moll Pitcher, would express a curiosity, as he drove into the town, to see the bones of the whale, which he understood were set up somewhere in these parts.

Mr. Evelyn knew Molly well. His wife and he had often encountered her on her solitary rambles about the Rocks. He had often bidden her to his house; but she never entered any habitation but her own. He gave her the freest range of his grounds and woods; conversed with her about her own affairs; entered into her feelings; and discovered, that when she was not bewildered, she was an uncommonly shrewd and observant person. In return, he opened himself freely to her, spoke of his pursuits, tastes, and intentions; and in this way obtained her confidence and friendship. Since his misfortunes, his new abode was at a greater distance from Molly's humble retreat; but he had nevertheless met her twice at the Rocks, when he had been there on business, and had conversed with her unreservedly, on the change of his circumstances, and his present situation. The calm

and quiet philosophy of Mr. Evelyn struck the key note in Molly's intellectual system. The harsh, money-making, selfish world, irritated, perplexed, and well nigh crazed her; and she wept tears of joy, when she witnessed the elastic and unpretending cheerfulness, with which James bore his troubles.

'And the dear lady,' said she, the last time she had met Mr. Evelyn, 'how does she bear the hard change? 'Tis a cruel world for the poor soul to struggle through, without the thing they all love, yea, worship, without the money.'

'Emily bears her change of circumstances,' said James, 'like an angel. She is the same kind, uncomplaining being, you knew her here; not a murmur nor sigh escapes her.'

'Too good for the world,' said Molly, 'too good for the world! They will tease and torment her. And now she is poor, if she should become a lone and friendless creature like me, who knows but they will come and persecute her as they did me, and make her tell fortunes and find out stolen goods. If it were not for the hidden cool caves of a day, and the still kind moon at night, I should have gone crazy long ago. But on the top of the rock, it is sweet to watch the glorious stars; and near by is the graveyard; and there all is peace,—peace,—peace. Many is the good fortune I have told for others; but who will tell a good fortune for poor Molly?'

'Were I what I lately was, Molly,' said Mr. Evelyn, 'you know, that if what the world calls good fortune, would make you happy, you should not have cause to complain.'



‘ And do you, James Evelyn, do you, who valued so little the worthless dross, who have enjoyed it without pride, and parted from it without sorrow ; do you think it is this, for which poor Molly mourns ? Alas ! I would dig in the earth ; but not for golden ore ; and the lost ones that lie there, I may not bring them up. But in truth, I have been to the graveyard, with my mattock at midnight, and thought to try ; but that was when I was not in my right mind. Could ye give me your calm, contented mind, James Evelyn, the gold ye have lost, would be to me as worthless as it was to you. But beneath the sod, and beneath the sea, there lie Molly’s treasures ; and sometimes in the deep caverns, the waters speak so soft and low, I cannot but start, as if it was that kind voice, which was once music to poor Molly’s ear. But farewell, James Evelyn ; the goods of this world could not spoil you, and that shall enable you to bear its frowns. Farewell, poor Molly’s good word is worth but little, but such as it is, you will never want it.’

It was but a few days after this interview, that the gossips of Tattleborough, in considerable numbers, repaired, as a kind of deputation, to Moll Pitcher’s cabin, to lay their troublous case before her. Many of them were her old customers. She had promised Miss Charity Harkwell a husband, years ago, which was one of the greatest stretches of conscience Molly ever committed, and shook her reputation, as a true prophet, in the opinion of most persons, except the lady herself. She had given Colonel Fourthproof pretty strong hopes of commanding the brigade ; and Thomas Twigmore, the schoolmaster, had nearly worried her into the

reversion of the ushership at the Littlefield Philosophical and Manual Labor Institute. But to do Molly justice, although like the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, she took fees from all of them, she administered her favors with a pretty strict eye to merit. It required a smart, thrifty lass, to get any thing of a match out of Molly's tea cup. She fobbed off the forward, impertinent sluts, that were continually pestering her, with ordinary fellows. She put several on rigid probation, and sentenced more than one, to solitary blessedness for life.

Molly saw the troop wending their way toward her cottage. She knew them all at a glance; and as her mind was pretty full of the recent troubles of her friends, the Evelyns, who she knew had settled down in the midst of this precious neighborhood; and as she had heard all the tattle of the place, from some of them, who had of late been separately to consult her; she had a kind of foreboding, that the visit now made her, had reference to the Evelyns. This was one of those shrewd guesses, which persons of rapid apprehension occasionally make; which often come to nothing, and sometimes prove true. A few such lucky hits had originally gone far to establish Molly's character for divination. Moll framed her question with a very considerable latitude, to fit almost any state of the case; for, of course, she knew nothing of their precise errand.

'And what are ye doing with the Evelyns, good people?' she said, 'I know your thoughts.'

This struck the nail on the head; and terrified those whose fanaticism had not mastered their humanity.

They stood abashed, in the presence of one, who, they thought, read the ill nature of their hearts.

Molly perceived that she had hit the mark ; and sternly repeated the question. ' And what are ye doing with the Evelyns, Deacon Pitchpipe, Master Twigmore, and you, Nabby Broadfist ; I hope, Nabby,' added she, in a half whisper, to the damsel, ' that ye mind your ways ; the smart cocked hat and epaulet I spied for you in the tea cup, last christmas, had almost vanished before the new year. But neighbors, gossips, all, what are ye doing with the Evelyns ? I know your thoughts.'

With a great deal of hemming and ha-ing, and appealing from one to the other, and stammering, and confusion, the deacon, and schoolmaster, and Colonel Fourthproof made out to explain their errand. They stated the notorious loss of property, which the Evelyns had met with ; that nevertheless they appeared to live in comfort, and want for nothing. That Mrs. Evelyn had her piano, and Mr. Evelyn his hogsheads of wine ; that they had books to read, and clothes to wear, and money to give, when it was asked ; that Mr. Evelyn had been lately heard to say, that ten of his best ships had come in that morning ; that he had boasted of riding in his coach and four ; and finally declared that he had the *Philosopher's Stone*. These strange and uncomfortable doings had perplexed the good people of Tattleborough ; they were an honest, hard working people, who paid their taxes, (' when you are sued,' muttered Moll, ' and not before, and that ye know, Squire Closefee, right well ; for you spirit 'em up not to pay, and then you set the constable on 'em,') and were

opposed to all popery, witchcraft, and black art; they took the philosopher's stone to be neither more nor less than one of the works of the devil; and had come to ask Mrs. Pitcher's advice what they had better do. And saying this, by way of fitting the action to the word, Twigmore attempted to lay a silver dollar, (the fund which had been raised by the company, to cross Molly's palm,) in her broad, outstretched hand.

Molly drew herself up, with unaffected native dignity, and turned her hand, with a repulsive gesture, away from Twigmore. As she gathered up her thoughts, to reply, the long and confidential intercourse she had had with the Evelyns rushed upon her mind, and particularly their last interview. She remembered many instances of Emily's kindness to herself in the winter, and in sickness. The admirable conduct of both in the reverse of their fortunes, (with which her conversations with Mr. Evelyn had made her well acquainted,) crowded upon her recollection. She was provoked at the senseless persecution they encountered; vexation mingled with her tenderness; and, as usually happens in such cases, she ran off in a somewhat extravagant and mock heroic strain, in which, as in the character of Hamlet, it was not easy to discriminate the method of madness, from the agitation of a shrewd, but excited intellect. Looking sternly round upon the group, and stretching forth her hand, in an oratorical manner, she commenced her address, with an exordium, not precisely calculated, according to the precepts of Quintillian, to conciliate the audience:

‘Louts, tipplers, and busy bodies,—I told ye I knew

your thoughts, when I asked what ye would with the Evelyns. Go back to your place, vain, tormenting people. What! do ye wonder that they live in comfort? Do ye not know that the man is free from debt, and hath a quiet conscience; and that his wife is an angel of goodness? Ay, free from debt, farmer Shortswath, and well were it for you, if you would be the same. And when I tell you his wife's a good tempered soul, your husband will know what that means, Jane Peckstill. Ye tell me they live in comfort. Well, when he lost the fortune of a prince, (which he spent, ye Skinflints, as nobly as an imperial monarch,) he saved a poor five hundred dollars a year; and less than half of that pays the board of himself and wife. Does the like sum pay your bill at the bar-room of the tavern? answer that, Colonel Fourthproof, as you hope one day, to be a brigadier; but I have turned, and turned my tea cup over and over again, and not an inch can I start you from your regiment, Colonel. And the wine he gives you to drink, (and there I blame him,) he has it for you, because it never wets his own lips. I do not wonder that passes your understanding, George Guzzlewell. And then she dresses tidy, does she, Nab Broadfist? I tell ye, malkin, ye might rig on a new changeable lustring every day in the month, and put Emily Evelyn into a single plain calico once a year, with a pretty sprig on a white ground, (and I see her neat little shape as plain as if she was here,) and ye'd always look like a slut, as ye are, and she like a lady. And she has her piano, has she, you Eunice Screechowl, that yape in the front gallery o' Sundays, till ye take the curl out of

the minister's wig? I'll tell you how she has it. It's not her own, Eunice, for that went with the rest of her rich things; and they tell me, she took a leave of it, that would have melted the heart of your nether millstone, Sam Poorgrist, or your own, which is as hard; but she hires it in Boston, if ye must know, and pays a few dollars a year for the use of it; and the poor soul allows it *is* a little extravagant; but her husband obliges her to keep it, and makes it up by saving in something else, because he says he cannot live without his wife's music. Do you think your husband, Eunice Screechowl, will say as much, if I ever let you have one. Thank your stars, I have picked you out an old quarter gunner, that has been as deaf as a haddock, since the war at Tripoli. But the last time I turned the tea-cup for ye, he had got a hearing trumpet in his ear. Unless he gives that up, ye lose him. And you, Twigmore, you do not see where he gets his books. At the public library, you oaf; and what is the public library for? And do ye suppose that James Evelyn is a thick-pated fellow, like yourself, that must thumb, and thumb, and thumb, till the leaf is worn into rags, and then not half understand it, Thomas Twigmore? And when his elegant books were brought to the hammer, did he not calmly say, 'I could have read but few of them had they remained my own, and what I have leisure to read, I can borrow from the public library?' And his coach and four ye cannot comprehend. There, there it goes, louts, tipplers, gossips,' pointing at the Salem stage that dashed by at the moment; 'that's James Evelyn's coach and four, and my coach and four, and yours, Charity

Harkwell, if ye choose to ride in it ; and quite as creditable it would be to you, I can tell ye, as your own old square top chaise, and poor bareboned spavined beast, to go limping along with ye. And his ships did he talk of,—James Evelyn's ships ? Yes, well I remember, ships he had ; and dreadful was the storm that sent one to the bottom. Could the bright and blessed moon have called off the roaring waves, she would have done so. We toiled all night, the moon and I, to save the noble vessel. I was at Pigeon Cove when the storm came on, and that you remember, Richard Smugglejug. They heard my tramp, at the dark midnight, like an earthquake, through Beverly and Danvers. But the bright moon that had raised the storm, could not lay it, and James Evelyn's ship went upon the Graves. But did he boast of his five good ships ? Now look out upon the ocean, louts, tipplers, gossips, there they go, five, ten, twenty ships, dancing over the tide, and gladsome to the heart of him that sees them. The owners are eaten with care ; the owners mayhap are loaded with debt ; the owners are worried to sell the cargo ; but whosoever has a heart to rejoice in the prosperous works of his neighbor and the wonders of Providence, he is the lord of what his eyes rest on. He has the comfort of all he sees, while others have the cares. The town is his, and the country is his. He enjoys the stately palace, whose fair proportions meet his eye ; he enjoys the broad fields, which spread beneath his feet. They yield him all the pleasure which man can derive from them. He owns their beauty and their fertility ; the proprietor owns but their trouble and weariness.

'And what is the *Philosopher's Stone*, Doctor Long-leech? A thing, I trow, that's not over plenty among your ill-savored rubbish. What's the philosopher's stone, Thomas Twigmore? A thing ye'll not pound into your poor brats, for you have not got it yourself; and how shall they teach that have not learned, Thomas Twigmore? What's the philosopher's stone, Eunice Screechowl? Your quarter gunner, that you leave me no peace for, (and a weary long time he tarries I grant ye, and that's not the worst of it, 'twill be longer ere it's shorter,) he'll hardly bring you that from his foreign travel. I'll tell you, louts, tipplers, gossips, and you busy bodies and trollops, it's *domestic peace*. It's a gentle temper; mark that, Alice Sourface. It's a clear conscience; hear ye that, Ichabod Prowlwood. It's temperance, Colonel Fourthproof. It's patience, Amanda Flashfire. It's brotherly love, you Job Pesterkin, that swore your own sister's child into the state's prison, for passing a counterfeit bill on ye, and who made it ye know yourself, as well as any body. It's these that make the plenty and the happiness of the Evelyns, and their philosopher's stone is a CONTENTED MIND.'

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ERRATA.

Page 269, eighth line from top, for '*temper*,' read '*tempera*.'

Page 272, seventeenth line from top, for '*qualifications*,' read '*gratifications*.'



## SONG.

Oh, come to the beach, the cool, cool strand !  
The crested billows are foaming :

Oh, sweet on the shore,  
To meet thee once more,  
And go with my lady love, roaming.  
Come to the beach, come to the sea,  
Come to the sparkling sands with me !

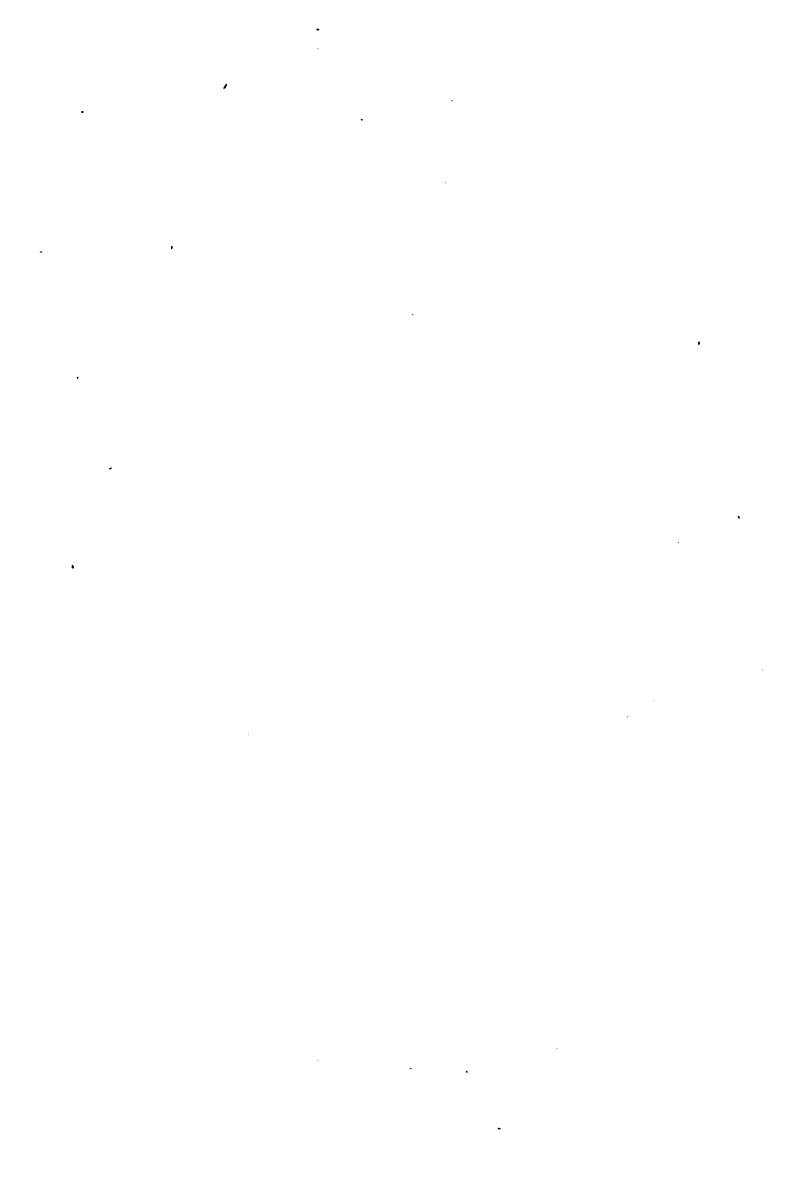
Gaily we trespass on ocean's bed,  
And precious the moments we measure :

The tide comes in dread,  
With hurrying tread,  
To dash o'er my full cup of pleasure.  
Come to the beach, come to the sea,  
Come to the sparkling sands with me.

Of coral, and shells, and green sea-weed,  
I will build for thee, dearest, a grotto ;

Inscribe, here we met,  
Oh ! ' do not forget !'  
Write it deep in thy heart, 'tis love's motto.  
Farewell to the beach, farewell to the sea,  
I hie to the sultry town with thee.

M. M. B.



Printed by R. Hoole

## THE PEASANT GIRL.

SWEET daughter of content !  
Some dreary years have past,  
Since, fairest of the innocent,  
I gazed upon thee last.  
And still the thought of thee,  
Is like a beam of light,  
That glances on life's troubled sea,  
When all around is night.

I know not where thou art,  
Meek and confiding one !  
I only know that from my heart,  
Thy image has not gone.  
Thy looks of glad surprise,  
Thy curls of flowing jet,  
Thy smooth brow, and thy earnest eyes,  
I never shall forget.

I will believe that time  
Has pass'd, and harm'd thee not ;  
That thine has been a fadeless prime,  
A calm secluded lot ;  
That still thy brow is fair,  
Thy heart serene and mild ;  
That thou art still unchanged by care—  
A happy peasant child !

W.



PEASANT GIRL.

Published by Cha<sup>s</sup> Bowen.

Printed by F. Noon.

That thou art still unchanged by care—  
A happy peasant child !

W.

## R U T H.

SHE clasps Naomi's neck and sighs,  
And clings in wild devotion there,  
And, lifting up her earnest eyes,  
She murmurs, ' Mother ! hear my prayer !

' If some lone dove, on wounded wing,  
Should flutter to thy gentle breast,  
My mother ! wouldst thou coldly fling  
The trembler from its place of rest ?

' That lone and weary dove am I !  
The home, the hearth, I leave for thee,  
In darkness and deserted lie,  
My mother ! wilt thou turn from me ?

' *His* smile, who made that home all light,  
*His* voice, who breathed the hallow'd vow,  
The ray went out, in death's dark night,—  
The sound,—the grave hath hush'd it now.

' Oh ! ' Where thou goest, I will go !'  
The shrine at which thou kneel'st in prayer,  
The skies that o'er thy pathway glow,  
Shall see thy child beside thee there.

' Oh ! ' Where thou diest, I will die !'  
Thy home is mine, and mine thy God,—

The very grave where thou dost lie,  
Shall shelter me beneath its sod ;

‘And death, whose thrilling whisper rolls,  
Like thunder to the worldling’s ear,  
Shall come like music to *our* souls,  
And tell that heaven and life are near !’



## DREAMS OF FAME.

What though the radiance which was once so bright,  
Be now forever taken from my sight ?

WORDSWORTH.

'Tis strange, how quickly they depart !  
The hopes, which once within the heart,  
    Were so elate and strong ;  
When life to us was warm and new,  
And pleasures were not half so few,  
    And days not half so long !

The thought of fame ! it was a spell,  
To conjure from their hidden cell,  
    A crowd of passions then ;  
To bid me spurn the common lot,  
Nor die ' forgetting and forgot,'  
    Forever more by men.

The brightest dream, which day or night,  
Arose on Fancy's dazzled sight,  
    Was still of after days,  
When fame, around my pallid brows,  
Should twine her fadeless laurel boughs,  
    And crown me with her bays.

O ! had I thought to see the time,  
When I should deem those hopes sublime,  
    Mere fallacies of youth ;

How had the castles in the air,  
Which seem'd so very brave and fair,  
Sunk at the startling truth !

But haply, never to my gaze,  
Did destiny the curtain raise,  
To show a day like this ;  
I cherish'd the illusion still,  
Which time I thought would soon fulfil,  
And—' ignorance was bliss.'

The fate of those misguided men,  
Who sought subsistence by their pen,  
And, after they were dead,  
Received the honors that in vain,  
They strove so madly to obtain,  
While famishing for bread—

The fate of such, I used to think,  
Was one from which I would not shrink,  
One not too dearly bought ;  
So I might live, like them, enshrined  
For ages in the human mind,  
Revered and unforget !

But now, the poet's fatal gift,  
The sage's aim, the statesman's drift,  
How bootless they appear !  
I would not waste a day of life,  
In pain, and penury, and strife,  
For all they hold so dear.

Ambition never may again,  
So fill my heart, and fire my brain,  
    To seek a deathless name ;  
My stocks are paying six per cent,  
And I am very well content,  
    Without the meed of fame.

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## SONNET,

WRITTEN ON WAKING AT SEA

BY E. R. LASCELLES.

How changed the scene ! our parting gaze last night,  
Was on the city's overshadowed domes,  
The city of our kindred and our homes ;  
And tall masts bristled in the moon's pale light,  
Like an old forest stripped by winter's blight ;  
But now, the horizon's rim alone we see,  
And the blue ocean stretching far and free,  
O'er which our ship in lonely beauty roams.  
The day-star glitters through the purple air,  
And in the brightening east a crimson haze  
Tinges the leaping waves that cluster there,  
And with their foaming ridges softly plays.  
The sea how boundless, and the sky how fair,  
Thus sending up their morning hymn of praise !





Painted by J. W. Smith.

Engraved by J. B. Neale.

# THE WOMAN & HER CHILD.

London: Published by Charles Fowler.

1841.

## THE RETURN.

THE dark and lonely valley of Einterfeldt is traversed by the lordly Rhine, which, having poured its mighty waters through the lofty oaks and tufted shrubs of that sombre ravine, continues its course along the base of a steep mountain, clothed with gigantic pine trees. The mountain shrubs dip their branches into the noble river, while it pursues its way in untroubled majesty ; reminding us of the even tenor of a good man's life.

Upon the summit of the mountain, and overhanging, as it were, the calm waters of the Rhine, stood an ancient edifice, the residence of many successive generations, who had, by turns, passed away, like the flowers of the field. From the earliest ages of the world, when fresh and young it arose in unsullied beauty, from the hands of its Creator, the river had quietly pursued its course. For upwards of four hundred years, the castle, erected by the hands of man, had stood reflected in its waters. The inanimate works of God remained ; the edifice raised by his creatures was yet unshaken ; but the fair, the young, the brave, where were they ? In the feudal days, when proud barons had there exercised a tyrannic sway, streams of human blood had mingled with these waters ; reeking corpses had there found an unhallowed grave. Sounds of fierce conflict had issued from these time worn walls, and they had also rung to notes of wassail.

Fair ladies had looked from these narrow windows ;

harps and lutes had echoed through these halls ; nor had the voice of love been mute there, though there too, perhaps, the tears of wounded affection had flown ; for where love is, there is also woe. And infants had clung to their mothers' knee ; and glad nursery shouts had awakened the sullen echoes. But now they are still. Powerless lies the gallant knight ; dull is the eye of beauty ; hushed is the voice of infant glee. All are bound by the same spell ; and that spell is *death*. Thus do we tread upon the dust of by-gone generations, to be in turn trod upon, when it is our hour to join the mighty family of the past. Then others shall step into our places as lightly, and fill them as unthinkingly as we do those of the departed. Little is it to be wondered at, that the superstitious should have peopled their chambers with the ghosts of their predecessors, whose tables they sit at, whose seats they fill, on whose couches they repose ; and that they should imagine them as returning to claim, or at least to haunt their original possessions.

Did thoughts such as these occupy the mind of the young boy, who sat by the margin of the river, gazing wistfully on the surrounding objects, with looks so anxious and uncertain ? His age might be fifteen, but his countenance wore an air of thought unsuited to his years, and still less in keeping with his parti-colored dress, his harlequin's jacket, and fantastic cap, which betokened him to belong to a company of wandering players. The sun had not yet dispersed the mists of morning ; the dew was without lustre upon grass and flower. A solitary star still lingered in the heavens, as if faintly disputing the empire of the night, with the rosy

clouds, which gradually flushing into a deeper crimson, announced the near approach of the sun.

The boy sat at some distance from his companions, a group of strolling players, who had been performing at the provincial theatre of the neighboring town; and who, in their fantastic dresses and shabby finery, formed a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Joyously occupied in emptying a can of old Rhenish, and singing in chorus, occasional snatches from a drinking song, in honor of the Rhine: they looked towards him now and then, jeering at his sadness, or addressing him in mock heroics.

The young harlequin rose, and wandered along the banks of the river, unheeding their jests. He came to a rustic bridge thrown across the water, on the other side of which, stood an old out-house or barn, belonging to the castle. He crossed the bridge, and entering the barn, sat down on the ground in a wistful reverie. 'It is strange!' said he to himself, 'but these scenes seem all familiar to me; that old castle; this barn; the deep blue river;—perhaps the rising sun may dispel these foolish fancies; but voices that I have known and loved seem forever ringing in my ears.' As he spoke, a peasant girl passed by, singing in a sweet clear voice, a well known German air, with Schiller's beautiful words:

'Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,  
Die mit seelenvoller Melodie  
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen?  
—Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.'\*

\*Do you ask for the nightingales, who, with melodies full of soul, enchanted you in the days of spring? They existed only whilst they loved.



The boy listened with breathless attention, and sighed deeply as the sound died away in the distance. At that moment the sun, bursting in glory through a veil of clouds, dispelled the mists of morning, and poured his crimson light upon valley, mountain and river. A Gothic church appeared in the distance, embosomed in trees, the glittering spire and the lowly houses of the adjacent hamlet, becoming gradually more distinctly visible, while the deep toll of the bell, as it swung to and fro, announced the commencement of some village festival.

But the attention of the wanderer, was suddenly diverted from the contemplation of inanimate scenery, by the striking appearance and picturesque beauty of two little girls, who were crossing the bridge, carrying between them a basket of freshly gathered roses, while from under their snowy caps, their fair hair was blown aside, like clusters of waving silver. They came on tripping lightly, until they reached the barn, where the harlequin had taken up his resting place. 'Surely,' exclaimed the boy, 'I am in a dream; for the faces of these children are familiar to me. The air to which I now listened, I have heard before; or rather voices which I have heard, and forms which have appeared to me in my dreams have suddenly become realized.'

Meanwhile, the children stood gazing with faces expressive of innocent wonder, but without any mixture of fear, on the intruder. They spoke to each other, and his eyes glistened with tears. Another chord of memory was struck. The little girls looked at him with sympathy; and at length the elder of the two,

advancing timidly, asked him if he wanted any thing. 'Nothing,' said the boy; 'and yet I should wish you to tell me the name of this place, and to whom it belongs.' 'That is the castle of Einterfeldt; and our father is the Baron de Walstein. We live there; we have always lived there. My father is very kind; he will give you whatever you are in want of, though he does not like to see strangers; for he has been very sad and lonely ever since my mother died; and that was of grief for the loss of our poor brother, Carl, who was lost many years ago.' 'Carl!' said the boy, 'that is my name. If I had two little sisters like you, how I should love them!' 'And have you none?' 'None; nor father nor mother.' 'How sad!' said the children; and as they spoke, they drew nearer, and sat down, one on each side of him.

'My story is indeed very sad,' said the boy; 'I do not know who I am, nor where I was born, nor who are my parents. But I can remember, that when a very little child, I lived in a castle, by the side of a large river. And I also distinctly remember the accident that separated me from my parents.' 'Tell us!' cried both the children eagerly. 'I remember,' said the boy, 'that on the margin of the river, there was a cove shaded with trees, and that I used often to go there, attended by my nurse, to play by the edge of the water. I recollect that a storm of rain set in, and I was not permitted to go there as usual. One day, tired of this confinement, I stole from my nurse, and ran down, alone, to the cove. I found it extended by the floods, which had been supplied by the rains, and poured from

every mountain and slope. The river was rushing by in a dark blue torrent, and all the hill sides around me were sending their noisy rills into its convulsed and whirling bosom.

‘I was delighted with the uproar around me; and seeing a little boat dancing on the edge of the water, I climbed into it, and pushed into the cove. No sooner had the boat swayed from the shore, than it was caught by a current, and swept down the stream like an arrow. At first I was frightened, but in a few moments finding myself upon the broad bosom of the river, descending like a bird upon the wing, I became delighted, and clapped my hands for joy. Thus I went on for a long time, but at length I grew weary, and lay down in the boat to sleep. Totally unaware of my danger, though borne along with dreadful velocity, I was soon wrapped in slumber. My dreams were sweet and peaceful, but they were suddenly interrupted. The boat was caught in a whirling eddy, near the shore, and was instantly upset. I was cast into the water, and with the violence of the shock, awoke. For a moment I struggled with the waves; the waters were soon piled over my head, and I sunk senseless into the bosom of the river.

I remember nothing more, until I found myself surrounded by strange faces, and by a multitude of persons, whom I had never seen before. They were a company of strolling players, who had found me lying cold and senseless on the banks of the river. They had the humanity to take me with them; and afterwards became fond of me; and as, in their roving life, they

had no means of discovering who I was, or who my parents were, they brought me up; taught me to tumble and perform feats for exhibition, and when I grew old enough, they made me appear as their harlequin. They have preserved the clothes I wore when they found me, as the only chance of my ever being identified.

‘I have led a strange, wandering life, and have travelled through many countries; through France, and Spain, and Switzerland. I have seen the blue skies of Italy, the beautiful bay of Naples, with its orange groves and volcanoes; the vineyards of Spain, and the Alps crowned with snow. Yet waking or asleep, the remembrance of some other country which I had before seen, has always haunted me; and I have a dim remembrance of my father, and of the blue eyes and gentle smile of my mother. To-morrow we go on to Munich; and this wandering life which I have never liked, seems more distasteful to me than ever. Strange, foolish fancies have come over me. It seems to me that I have seen that castle before; that old church, and this broad rolling river; even that I have somewhere before heard your voices; and yet, surely, it cannot be!’

The two little girls, who had listened with wrapt attention, now looked at each other with tears in their eyes, and the elder said, ‘Come with us to our father, Carl, he will like you for your name. Come, and perhaps he will be able to assist you.’

So saying, the children rose, and Carl, following their guidance, they arrived, after a short walk, at the gate of the castle. An old grey headed porter, who seemed almost superannuated, sat at the gate, and smiled

on the children as they passed. The boy looked at him doubtingly, and seemed about to address him; but after a lingering look, passed on. A noble wolf-hound, that crouched at the old man's feet came fawning up to the children, and Carl looked at the dog so earnestly, that the little girls thought he was afraid, and told him he need not fear, for that Leolf was old and gentle. But the boy seemed like one in a trance; and looked at every tree and flower with a bewildered gaze. At length the children, with a joyous exclamation, pointed out their father, who stood before the door of the castle, leaning on his staff. His hair was grey and his steps were feeble, but it seemed as if grief and not time had impaired his strength, and silvered his locks; for the lustre of his eye was undimmed, as he fondly gazed on his children, while, with eager gestures, they related their adventure. The boy stood behind a few steps, with his eyes fixed in vacancy. But when the baron advanced and spoke to him, he started, like one awakened from a dream. They gazed at each other for a few moments.

Then the voice of nature prevailed over time, absence, and change. The father and the son rushed wildly into each other's arms, and remained locked in a long embrace. No word was spoken, no doubt was expressed on either side; and it was not until Carl was seated by a blazing fire in the castle hall, with his little fair haired sisters clinging to his knees, that the baron would listen to his story or relate, in return, the events which followed his disappearance; the agony of the parents; the fruitless search; the reward offered in

vain for his discovery, and the death of the mother, who could not survive the loss of her favorite child, but worn out by fears and anxiety, sank into a premature grave.

The next day, proper measures were taken to ascertain the identity of the young harlequin with the only son of the Baron de Walstein. These were soon procured, but the baron needed only to trace in the features of his son the likeness of his departed wife.

On the following Sunday, solemn thanks were offered up to heaven for the return of the young wanderer to his native land; and on that evening, Carl, with his newly found sisters, knelt before the grave of his mother, and hung a chaplet of white roses on her tomb. The flowers were wet with the dew of evening; but with it were mingled the tears of the young and the innocent.

F. E. I.

## TO JANE.

WRITTEN UNDER AN ENGRAVING OF A DOVE  
AT A FOUNTAIN.

THE wild dove, to the garden spring,  
May come and lave its wandering wing,  
And bend above the waters bright,  
And murmur, with a dove's delight ;  
But holier, in the solitude,  
Its own pure fountain of the wood,  
That blessed home,—that shadow'd nest,  
Where, soft and sweet, its dear ones rest !  
And flinging from those pinions fair,  
The silver drops that linger there,  
The bird will leave the garden spring,  
And wave for home its weary wing ;  
Ah ! thus for thee in haunts of light,  
The stream of joy will sparkle bright,  
And thou wilt stay thy step, and sip  
The fairy draught, with smiling lip,  
And linger long amid the flowers,  
That blooming wreath in pleasure's bowers ;  
And thou wilt weary, like the dove,  
And turn thee, from the wave away,  
To that fair fount of truth and love,  
That springs within thy home for aye :  
Oh ! calm and blest be there thy rest,  
As the wild bird's in woodland nest.

FLORENCE.

## SCENE ON THE KENTUCKY.

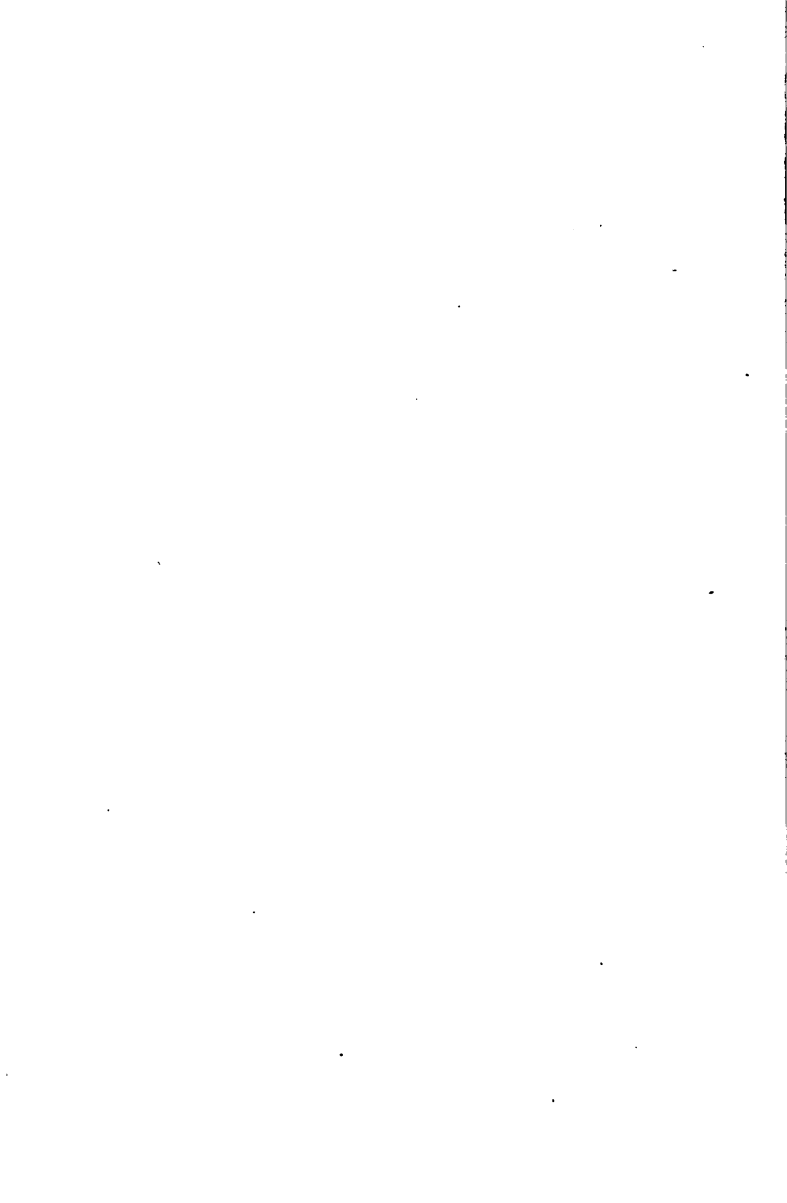
BY LACY D. ORNE.

SWIFT as a moving shadow,  
Our light boat cleaves the tide ;  
The pale rocks rush like phantoms by,  
As down the stream we glide.  
'Tis strange—there is no zephyr,  
The glassy waves to curl ;  
No snow-white sails above us,  
Their swelling sheets unfurl :  
Yet onward with the current,  
With silent speed we sweep ;  
The seabird with a bolder flight,  
Skims not the foaming deep.

The sunlight glitters freely,  
But not for us it shines ;  
It runs not o'er our shaded track,  
In bright and quivering lines.  
The summer wind is pleasant,  
And faint with perfume blows ;  
It stoops not to the cheerless stream,  
That now before us flows.  
The birds are singing sweetly,  
Where laden boughs are stirr'd ;  
The music of their happy tones,  
May here be rarely heard.



Pale, desolate and lofty,  
The tall cliffs rear their forms ;  
Shielding the wave that glides below,  
From sunshine and from storms ;  
Rising like giant pillars,  
To yon far line of sky,  
Which, through the narrow vista,  
Gleams brightly on the eye—  
Brightly as hopes of heaven,  
To weary pilgrim's soul,  
When, from the darkness of the world,  
He looks upon his goal.





## REBECCA AND IVANHOE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THE light of life was on his cheek again,  
And his eye lifted slow and faintly—and  
Circled the wildering scene ; as though a dream  
Like those of dying men, had sunk away  
Before the just triumphant energy  
Of a strong spirit, in that doubtful time,  
When life hangs balanced—yet had left enough  
Of its impressions on the mazed brain,  
To give faint feeling of reality  
To the dim vision.

He awakes again

As to strange music, when the wavy sound  
Of voices new to him are in his ear,  
And woman's gentle tones of melody,  
Are floating round his sick and weary head.  
A change indeed ! when last his lightning eye  
Was glancing on blue heaven and green earth,  
'Twas in the noise of battle, and its flash  
Was answer'd by a thousand flashes round,  
And beauty dark, and valor in his helm,  
Still met its keen encounter : then eclipse  
Fell on his reeling brain—and sudden night  
Seal'd up the world in quick extinguishment,  
And all was rayless.

'Twas a change indeed !

When last his ear was sensible to sound

It was the mingled voice of a vast host,  
As though the elements, in concert wild,  
Troubling the ambient air, were pouring out  
Their stormy music ;—'twas the clang of shields,  
The shouting of fierce men—the trumpet's blare,  
The rush of steeds, and ringing of quick hoofs—  
The hiss of spears, shooting the dusky sky,  
And clangor of rent armor—sword and helm,  
And shrieks of women, mid the heavy fight.  
These were the last tones, from the heaving earth,  
That fell on his mail'd ear. The rest was night,  
And silence, as though a deep grave had closed  
Above creation, mid some festival,  
Or tumult through its borders.

He awakes.

The sight of beauty and the sound of arms,  
Have sunk to echo and to shadow now ;  
And the resounding lists remember'd are,  
As billowy thunder on a distant sky,  
After the tempest cloud has swept the land.  
He wakes mid gorgeous couches, and rich walls—  
And gold is round him, and his visor lies  
Close at his feet, on carpets of old Ind,  
And oriental perfume breathes around  
His softly pillow'd head. His slow hand pass'd  
Across his dazzled eyes—as though a charm  
Were on his crowded vision.

' Where am I ?

Where the trumpets, and the gold garland where,  
She held above my brows ? where is the cry  
Of the hoarse Templar, and his leaping steed—  
And where the meteor blade, and the black arm

Of the unconquer'd knight. Ha ! where am I ?  
Are angels round me—the bright ministers  
Of spheres we dream of, are they gathering here  
To take me to their home ?'

Lo ! as he spoke,

A golden curtain drew, and one whose eye  
Had bode entranced upon his chivalry,  
One whose young heart, in gazing, had grown mad,  
Mad with first love's idolatry, stood there—  
Her step arrested, and her finger raised  
In cautioning silence—her dark dark eye  
Anxious, but not tearful, bent on him,  
Inquiring and yet pleading—as of one  
Who would rebuke his spirit for the strife,  
It seem'd to hold in that extremity  
With some strong presence that would master it.

It was the Jewish maid ! how pale and pure  
She stood above his couch, and minister'd  
In that hard hour of struggle. A dark slave  
Moved by the quick commandment of her eye,  
And the still language of her frequent sign,  
Knelt at his side and balm'd his bleeding wound,  
Till pain sunk down enchanted.

He would speak—

But as he gaz'd upon her turban'd brow,  
He falter'd—Then outspoke the maid, ' Sir knight,  
Fear not, thy language will be mystery  
To these poor ears. I too of England come,  
Though garb'd like heathen daughter. I am one  
Of this green island—of despised race,

Whom christians hold contaminate with all  
The poison of a mortal leprosy.'  
'Nay, nay,' the knight cried, as the mantling blood,  
A moment cross'd his brow; 'a hand like thine—  
Speaks nobly for the heart that guides it—no!  
Maiden most beautiful! my thanks, my prayers,  
Are pour'd for thee—and be thy father's name,  
Blessed or curst, thy destiny is sure—  
Thy spirit links thy lineage with heaven!'

She sat beside him—for his head had sunk  
Wearied and overpower'd—and his eye closed  
As if in sleep—and when it did unveil,  
She whisper'd him to silence, bidding him,  
In tones like some sweet instrument, to lie  
Obedient to the mystery of her art,  
That, ere eight suns had coursed the sky, should bring  
Health to his shatter'd frame. 'A miracle!'  
He cried, and raised him on his quivering arm,  
And gazed into the deep founts of her eyes—  
'Lovely physician! if thy words be true,  
And thou can'st give me to the field again,  
To horse and buckler, and the warrior train,  
And pour the tide of health along these veins,  
That beat now like an infant's—unto thee,  
In poor reward for such high services,  
I swear yon glittering helmet heap'd with gold.'

He ceased. Her eye was on him—and the blood,  
In rush tumultuous from the citadel,  
Spoke from her forehead as it swept her frame:

' O not thy gold—not gold—the heart has mines  
Deeper than earth ; deeper than ever man  
Descends for such poor dust, and riches there,  
Indeed make dear the casket that contains them.  
I ask no gold—but thy heart's faith ; believe  
That God hath fashioned us with fountains here,  
To leap within our bosoms, and o'erflow  
As ready as a christian's, when the voice  
Of pity stirs their waters. O, believe  
The Jew asks no reward for sympathy—  
No boon that man can give ; his only prayer  
For guerdon is the blessing of that God  
Who made both Jew and Gentile ; O, believe  
Our hearts have tears within them, and our hopes  
Range yet above Golconda's gems and gold !'

She has departed, and the knight alone,  
Sunk on his silken pillow, listens yet  
To the sad echo of that fine rebuke,  
That charm'd him like a song. He had no words  
To answer spell like that ; and the warm shame  
Rose at the summons of her queenly tones  
Till his cheek burnt before their majesty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time fled. The knight is in the field again—  
And she of Israel—is the maid forgot ?  
Ah ! no ; and often as the tale is told  
To her to whom his earlier vows were given,  
The christian warrior breathes a silent prayer,  
For Jewry's noble daughter.



## ANECDOTE.

SOME visitors to the Falls of Niagara, found an Indian standing on a rock above the cataract. At a little distance was a projecting point of land, between which and the spot where the savage stood, the rapids were sweeping with a smooth but swift current. One of the travellers asked the red man if he could swim through the rapids to the point. 'I cannot tell,' was the reply, 'but I will try if you will give me that flask of brandy, which your servant has in his hand.' The flask was accordingly given to him, and taking it in his hand, he plunged in the tide. He swam vigorously, and soon seemed about to achieve his dangerous enterprize. But deficient for a successful execution of the exploit, either in strength or skill, he missed the point, and shooting a little below it, he was instantly at the mercy of the rapids. He saw his error and his danger, and struggled with desperate energy to gain the land. In vain! Every sweep of his vigorous arm leaves him farther from the island, and nearer to the spot where the glassy water bends over the rock. Seeing all chance of escape was passed, the savage ceased his efforts, and drifted in the stream. Then rising on the tide, he held the flask in one hand, while he wrung out the cork with the other, and applying the inverted vessel to his lips, disappeared over the cataract!

Is there not some analogy between this desperate savage and the votaries of pleasure? Do they not

venture into a smooth but deceitful tide, for light and transient gratifications, and lose themselves fatally and forever in that ever troubled abyss, in which the streams of vice and folly terminate ?

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## AN INDIAN DIRGE.

BY I. MCLELLAN, JR.

RAISE the wail of Indian wo,  
For our youthful king is low !  
Silent lies he on his bier,  
At the close of his career !  
Let the mournful horn bewail  
On the hills and in the vale ;  
Let the hunter of the deer  
In the distant forests hear ;  
And the fisher on the sea,  
And the herdsman on the lea ;  
Wake the sleeper in his tent  
With the wild and sad lament !

Yet weep not for him who goes  
To that clime of long repose ;  
He hath to his fathers gone  
Far beyond the golden morn,  
To a land of light and bloom  
Where the air is all perfume,

And a thousand crystal rills  
Flow for ever down the hills.  
There with all the dead he roves,  
Feasting in Elysian groves,  
Or with glittering bow and spear  
Hunts the herds of browsing deer.

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## THE VOICE OF THUNDER.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Voice from the deep of air !  
That speakest from thy shrine of stooping clouds,  
Shaking the buried in their marble shrouds,  
How stern thou pealest there !  
Thou makest men grow pale,  
Rebuking them amidst their mirth,  
Till they look upward from the heated earth,  
In wonder and in wail !

No sound that rides the sky,  
Calls to the human heart with such a thrill,  
Commanding its proud pulses at its will,  
As thine, O voice on high !  
No sound sublimer rolls  
Above old mountains, valleys; and the sea,  
To stir, with its great music, full and free,  
The deep fount of our souls !

## THOUGHTS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

WHATEVER may be said against the doctrine of Pope's *Essay on Man*, that God is the soul of nature, it is, if not too strictly interpreted, both true and important: it helps our meditations: by observing the manner in which our minds act at once upon every part of our frame, we are able to conceive how the Eternal mind can be present and exert its power at once in every part of nature. The reflections to which we are thus led are all delightful and inspiring; the smile which we always see upon the beautiful face of nature becomes intellectual and eloquent; it conveys to us a feeling not of lifeless beauty and grandeur,—it seems to us like the expression of a mind and heart.

If such be the practical result of this doctrine, and undoubtedly it is, though divines lament its tendency, and philosophers exhibit the possible danger of its tendency, which we would by no means be understood to deny, it is desirable to look upon nature as the frame, and God the soul, when we meditate upon the visible world. Nothing in this world was made without its purpose of instruction. He who came from heaven directed his hearers to regard, not merely the sun shining in his strength, but to stoop to consider even the delicate flower. Does any one suppose that the sun does nothing more than give light to the world? or that the moon goes through her rolling circle of changes, or the stars wheel in their bewilder-

ing paths, merely to remove the darkness of night? There is beside a higher purpose—a moral design. These things are meant to instruct us in our duties as well as our devotions. The plant that grows up and dies in a summer, fulfils the purpose of its existence, and is thus entitled to give instruction to man; we may learn even from a flower to answer the design of our being before we decay and die. There is no excess even in the fanciful lessons sought out by oriental imaginations. We may learn generosity, if we will, from the tree which yields its fruit in reply to the blows that are aimed at its limbs; from the noble plant that is wounded when it gives the balm; or from the rock which rewards with diamonds the hand that rends it. In truth, we may commune with nature as long and as familiarly as we will: all the thoughts when thus engaged tend to rise upwards as naturally as the eye glides over a summer evening landscape up to the bright western sky.

We regard the changes more than the ordinary appearance of nature, and each of these changes holds a language to the heart of man. By a most familiar association, the spring reminds us of the springtime of existence, and the autumn warns us of its close; the one always reminds us of the other. It is the most interesting of all subjects of reflection; melancholy, perhaps, to some, but not the less interesting, and we might say, not the less happy; for, by the arrangement of Providence, there is something sad or at least inclining to sadness in our hearts, in moments when we are most truly happy; and it is also true, that, while we

think of death with aversion and dread, we think of every thing that reminds us of it with thoughtful pleasure. Even when we think with most dismay of the end of our pilgrimage, it is with a kind of sober enjoyment that we number the hours which are bringing us nearer to the last.

The spring and the season of life of which it reminds us, are not the most favorable to reflection; all is activity both in human life and in nature; they have enjoyment of their own, but there is something fanciful in our impressions of the happiness of childhood. We say it is free from cares. Free from manly and maturer cares no doubt it is; but it has its own calamities, and 'little things are great to little men.' To an intellectual being in the perfection of his powers, thoughtfulness and happiness must be one, and the least thoughtful time of life cannot possibly be the most happy. We confound the pleasure with which we recall our childhood with the pleasure which we enjoyed when young, whereas we know that memory gives a surprising charm to events and scenes which had no pleasure in them. There is luxury in recalling the time when we were young; sometimes those recollections, when we least expect them, burst upon the soul like a flash from heaven; it seems like seeing the dead return—we walk in imagination over familiar fields, and listen to familiar sounds from the forests and the waters—we enter dwellings that have long been desolate, and their windows seem to kindle with hospitality as bright as we have seen them in the setting sun; all this vision is one of the purest pleasures the mind can ever know;

but it is a mistake to suppose that we ever enjoyed the present as we now enjoy the past.

The autumn is a season both of thoughtfulness and enjoyment, and we should receive the instruction which it gives. We fade as a leaf, and we feel a natural interest in every thing whose fate seems to resemble our own. It adds beauty to the clear heavens and mild suns of autumn to have them thus associated with the time when we begin to descend the vale of years. The decline of the year is beautiful at first ; there is nothing which foretells the coming desolation. The air is so clear and bright that all things seem distinctly visible, and distant objects are brought nigh. So it is with the beginning of age ; that place in life where the path just begins to slope gently downward to the grave. The passions are weary and begin to rest ; the heart communes with itself and is still ; the soul is withdrawn from the cares and pleasures of the world, not suddenly, but it gently unclasps the hold of their attractions. But the face of nature begins to change ; the frosts commence and the woods put on their fanciful dress, in which the gay confusion of color stands in wild and solemn contrasts with the reality and the feeling of decay. It reminds you of the unnatural cheerfulness, the ambitious youthfulness, by which human nature sometimes endeavors to cover the traces of its own decay. But soon this brilliancy disappears ; the forests grow dark and dim : the winds sigh mournfully beyond the mountains, and seem to be collecting their might : the clouds float heavily in the heaven and cast a continual gloom beneath ; the red leaf sighs and whispers ; at last

the deep storm comes on sweeping away the leaves by millions ; and while all nature lies cold and shivering beneath its power, it howls with savage exultation over the ruins of the fallen year. Such is too often the desolation of man when the close of his life is nigh.

This change in the season is not destruction ; it is only the preparation for another year. The song of the spring birds will wake all nature from its wintry sleep : the hand that rules the universe will bind Orion, the wintry constellation, and release the sweet influence of the Pleiades, to bless the world again. The snows will retreat to the caves of the mountains ; the streams will move once more with music in their flow ; and all this vigor of new existence will be owing to the seeming death which nature has passed through.

So we may well believe, the change of death will be favorable to the just. They will throw off the mortal frame which, whatever may be its strength and beauty, was meant only for a perishable thing. They will not be sad to resign it, because they remembered that it was but dust : and all they leave, is nothing compared to the glory to which they go. The soul no longer weighed down with its burden of mortality, will exult in free and noble action, and will move with bold and boundless flight through the immeasurable depths of heaven. Death will come like the angel to the apostle in his dungeon, lighting up the darkness, striking off his chains, throwing wide the gates and leading him out rejoicing in his freedom to enjoy the creation of God. Immortality then, should be the prevailing sentiment of every heart. Feeling that we are immortal,

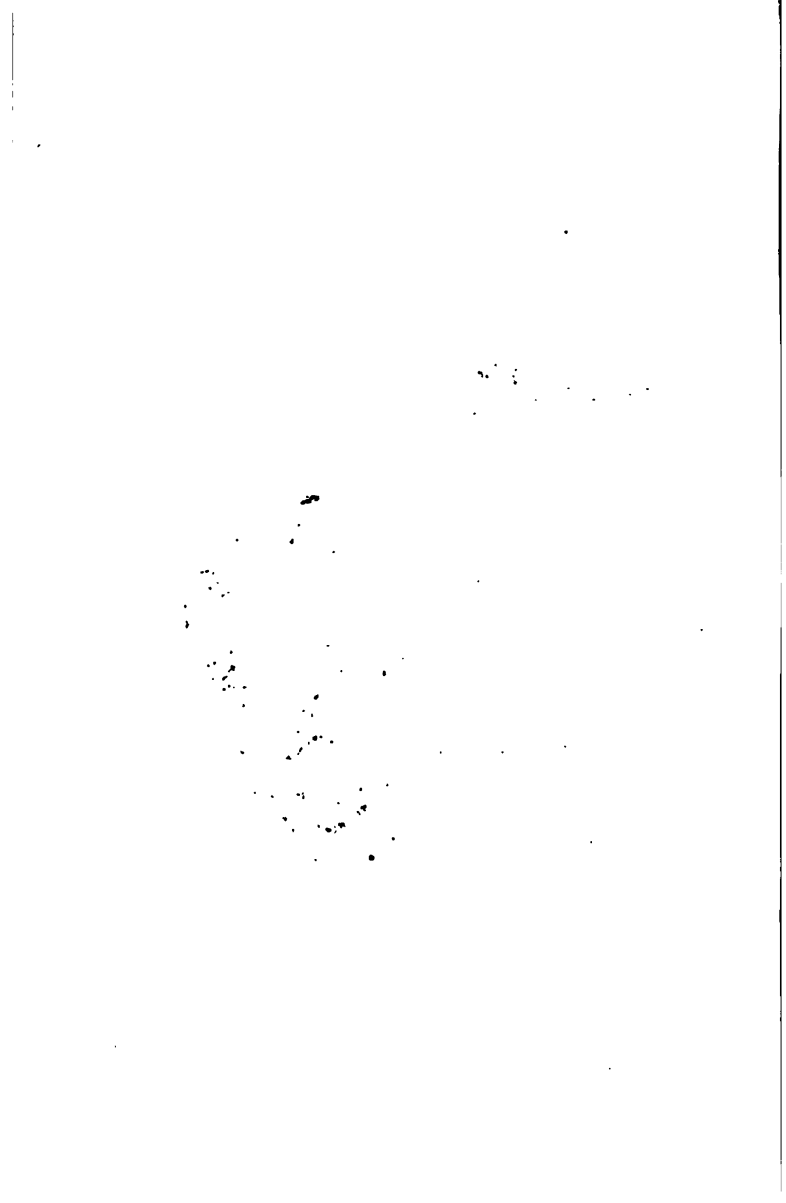


we shall not fix our attachment on things that perish, to be miserable when we lose them : we shall surrender those things which can go with us no farther than the grave, since death cannot deprive us of one of the attainments of the mind or the affections of the heart ; we shall cherish the feelings, learn the language and form the habits of that better country to which we hope to go.

Such are the most familiar reflections inspired by our communion with nature, and thus, with sweet and gentle tones, it reminds us of the things which concern our welfare.

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